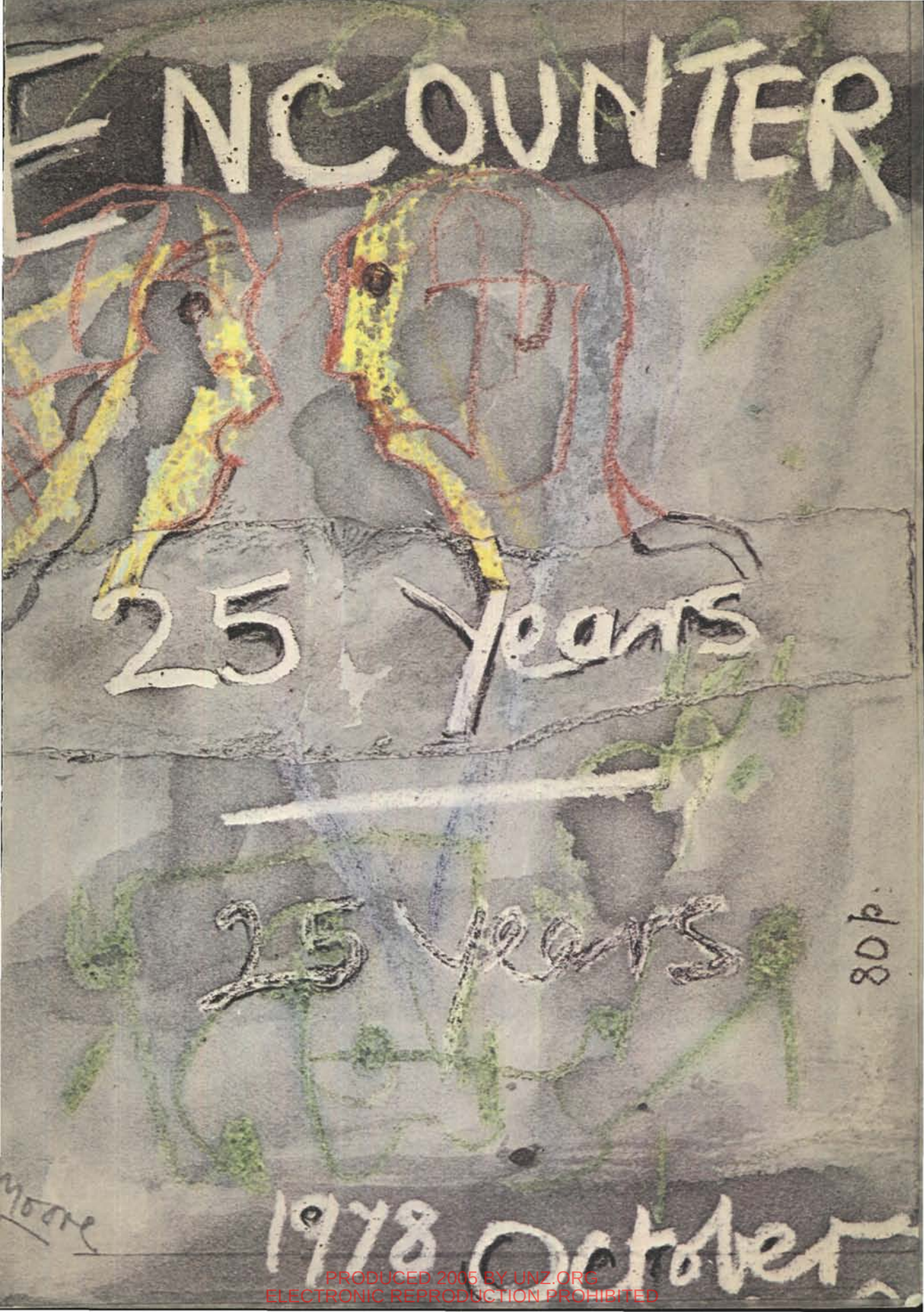


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLIGH *Gavin Kennedy*
An extensive biography of Captain Bligh, giving the true story of the mutiny and of Bligh's later extraordinary career. £8.50

GREEK HOMOSEXUALITY *K. J. Dover*
To what extent and in what ways was homosexual behaviour approved by the Greeks? Here is the first serious examination of this question, written by an eminent classical scholar. Sir Kenneth Dover is President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and President of the British Academy. With 56 pages of illustrations. £15

MYTHS OF THE ZODIAC *Hugh Lloyd-Jones & Marcelle Quinton*
Retelling of the zodiac myths by the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford with photographs of original sculptures. Sequel to *Females of the Species*. £6.95

TRUTH & OTHER ENIGMAS *Michael Dummett*
Collection of important philosophical papers by the Wykeham Professor-elect of Logic at Oxford, author of *Frege: Philosophy of Language*. £18

SCIENCE & ITS CRITICS *John Passmore*
Assessment of the place of science in the modern world by the author of *100 Years of Philosophy, The Perfectibility of Man* etc. £6.95 & £2.95

DANTON *Norman Hampson*
Biography of the most enigmatic of the French revolutionaries. £9.80

THE FLOWER OF LIGHT *Gladys Mary Coles*
Critical biography of the novelist Mary Webb, who died 50 years ago. £7.95. Published simultaneously: reprints of Mary Webb's two best-known novels, *Precious Bane* and *Gone to Earth*, with new introductions by Gladys Mary Coles (£5.95 and £1.95).

SEARCH FOR HARRY PRICE *Trevor Hall*
Investigation into the life of the instigator of the frauds at Borley Rectory, 'the most haunted house in England'. £7.95

SYRIE MAUGHAM *Richard B. Fisher*
Biography of Somerset Maugham's controversial wife, a leading interior decorator of the inter-war years. £7.95

FICTION

YOUNG ADOLF *Beryl Bainbridge*
A story that has the ring of truth in all its details of a five-month period in Hitler's early life about which no hard facts are known. £3.95

Jack & Jill by Helen Hodgman (£3.95); *The Bookshop* by Penelope Fitzgerald (£3.95); *Playmates* by Eva Hanagan (£4.95); *A Woman Waiting* by Margaret Powell (£3.95); *The Mark of St. Crispin* by Virginia Moriconi (£4.95).

DUCKWORTH
The Old Piano Factory, 43 Gloucester Crescent London NW1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCTOBER 1978
VOL. LI NO. 4

Encounter

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTONY THWAITE
MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley* ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, D. J. Enright, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman*
PUBLISHING ADVISERS: *Lord Ardwick, Blouke Carus, Lord Cudlipp, Cecil Harmsworth King, Leon Levy, Jack Watmough*
Per copy: UK 80p: USA & Canada $2.00. Back numbers £1.00 ($2.50). Postage extra: 15p (25c)
Annual Subscriptions: UK & Europe £8.75: USA & Canada $21.00 surface, $26.00 by air: Elsewhere £10.00.
Binder for six copies: £2.00 ($4.00).
Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc., P.O. Box 1425, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. *©1978 by Encounter Ltd.*
Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp or International Reply Coupons).

25th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

(COVER BY HENRY MOORE)

ON INTELLECTUAL REVIEWS 3 *Goronwy Rees*
FLIGHTS OF FANCY *(story)* 11 *William Trevor*
SPECTRUM:
UNIVERSITIES 27 *Anthony Quinton*
THE MESSAGE 29 *P. B. Medawar*
POETRY 30 *Peter Porter*
ART & TIME 36 *Bryan Robertson*
CHURCHILL'S CHILDREN 40 *Ferdinand Mount*
HOW TO BE A CONSERVATIVE-LIBERAL SOCIALIST 46 *Leszek Kolakowski*
THE FLOUNDER 50 *Günter Grass*
THE CASE OF THE "DARWIN-MARX" LETTER 62 *Lewis S. Feuer*

MEN & IDEAS
AN AGE OF EMBARRASSMENT 82 *Edward Shils*

POETRY
MALLARMÉ & THE LANGUAGE OBSESSION 96 *John Weightman*

POINTS OF THE COMPASS
CASTRO PLUS 20 112 *Hugh Thomas*

RELIGION
EVENSONG AT PETERBOROUGH 121 *Philip Toynbee*

LANGUAGE
THE POINT OF SEVERANCE 129 *R. W. Burchfield*
WHERE IT'S AT 134 *David Lodge*

POEMS
D. J. Enright 26, *Tom Paulin* 45, *Anthony Thwaite* 78, *Vernon Scannell* 80, *Peter Porter* 81, *J. C. Hall* 95, *R. S. Thomas* 110, *Douglas Dunn* 111, *Geoffrey Grigson* 128, *Peter Redgrove* 142

BOXES
"Off Drinks & Bores" (Robin Maugham) 9,
"Afternoon Prayers" (Isaac Bashevis Singer) 124

AUTHORS 144

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony Burgess

Ernest Hemingway and his World

'Told with the taut objectivity of a Hemingway story, this masterful biography gives us a big hunk of Hemingway, shorn of self-made legend and myth . . . Burgess builds a marvellously vivid portrait of Hemingway by a slow accumulation of small details . . . The text is interwoven with a stunning gallery of photographs, many of them rare, which alone makes the book worthwhile.' *Publishers' Weekly* With 116 illustrations £4.50

Francis King

E. M. Forster and his World

'Covers all the important aspects of the life in an informed, well balanced and intelligent way, with a marvellously rich selection of pictures' *John Lehmann.* Based on personal acquaintance, a compelling study which includes fascinating glimpses of the friends who affected Forster's emotional life, and of the many personalities – C. P. Cavafy, D. H. Lawrence, Benjamin Britten, members of the Bloomsbury Circle – he encountered. With 122 illustrations £4.50

Michael Levey

The Case of Walter Pater

'An act of restitution . . . admirable and persuasive' *Peter Conrad, Observer.* The first full-scale biography of a courageous and remarkable Victorian figure, Michael Levey considers the man who instigated in England a daringly hedonistic approach to the arts, and discovers a sensitive, lonely, yet surprisingly unsolemn human being. With 9 illustrations £8.50

Roy Strong

And When Did You Last See Your Father?

The Victorian Painter and British History

'Argumentative, stimulating and absorbing . . . a plea for a better understanding of how the Victorians saw history, how they made images of it for themselves, how those images permeated popular histories' *Marina Vaizey, Sunday Times.* With 186 illustrations, 13 in colour. Hardcover £7.95, paperback £3.50

Prices apply in UK only

Thames and Hudson

For our complete catalogue and details of new and forthcoming titles, please write to 30 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QP (mentioning Encounter)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goronwy Rees

On Intellectual Reviews

INTELLECTUAL is an expression frequently employed by some intellectuals as a term of abuse for others with whom they happen to disagree. It is also used by so-called "practical" men, who have their feet firmly on the ground, and their eyes raised no higher, as a word of contempt for ineffectual theorists who, in their pursuit of ideas, forget those earthy and mundane considerations which, it is implied, occupy the minds of sensible men to the exclusion of everything else. Nothing is more damaging to a politician or a businessman than to be labelled an intellectual; unless of course you happen to be Dr Kissinger, for whom special arrangements have to be made.

The assumptions underlying this pejorative use of the word *intellectual* are that what inspires men to effective action is, not ideas, but material interests; and equally, that effective action is the only thing with which sensible men are concerned. If this were true, of course, the world would have little use for the intellectual, and there would be little room in it for a review like ENCOUNTER, which is sometimes referred to in the press as "the magazine of the egg-heads." It should be added, however, that such assumptions reflect a highly dogmatic and distorted view of history, of which, in modern times, the greatest exponent has been Karl Marx. In particular, they wholly ignore the part which ideas have played in the history of Western civilisation, in which the spirit of free and unfettered intellectual inquiry has probably had a profounder influence than in any other civilisation of which we have knowledge. Indeed, one might well say that the pursuit of ideas for their own sake is the distinguishing mark of Western civilisation, as opposed to others, and has been the primary reason both for its immense material progress in modern times, and for its expansion throughout the rest of the world.

It is true, of course, that at the present time there is a significant revulsion in many areas of the world against certain aspects of Western civilisation. Nevertheless, there are no peoples who would willingly forgo the material benefits which it is capable of conferring on them. Few, however, are willing to accept the essential precondition of the material progress achieved in the West: that is to say, the right of free intellectual inquiry whatever the results to which it may lead. It is also true that the West itself has, at the present time, to a significant degree lost confidence in the pursuit of ideas for their own sake, because of the almost uncontrollable consequences to which it has led. Indeed, the disrepute into which the intellectual has fallen may be regarded as a symptom of that loss of self-confidence.

IT IS A QUESTION whether this excess of self-doubt is merely a momentary check to the expansion of Western civilisation, or a portent of its permanent and inevitable decline; and, if the latter, what will take its place. What is certain is that the answer to such questions will depend very largely on the position which, in the immediate future, the intellectual occupies in Western society. For just as, during the last five hundred years, the intellectual, with his commitment to free inquiry, was primarily responsible for those scientific and technological discoveries which have transformed the face of the world, so today he remains the only true inheritor of the values which made them possible. In this sense the intellectual, so far from being an ineffectual angel beating his wings in the void, might be described as the only practical revolutionary of modern times.

The primary condition of his achieving this position was the acceptance by Western society, though often grudgingly and reluctantly, of the necessity for the unfettered pursuit, discussion and dissemination of ideas. Whenever this necessity has not been recognised, even those who have hoped to share the material benefits of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western civilisation have found their ambitions cheated. Mere acceptance of such a neccessity, however, is not enough. It requires the creation of a variety of institutions, and the establishment of certain freedoms which, until very recent times, have been the particular privilege of the West: universities, scientific institutions, learned societies and academics, universal education, freedom of speech and expression.

Among such institutions, and as a beneficiary of such freedoms, an intellectual review, such as ENCOUNTER would claim to be, plays a not inconsiderable part, both as a forum for the interchange of ideas, and as an indispensable link between those who are actively engaged in the process of intellectual discovery and the general public whose lives are profoundly affected by its results. To the actual process of discovery such a review cannot hope to make any significant contribution; but in creating an intellectual climate in which that process can flourish and be fruitful it has an essential part to play. An intellectual review is a market-place for ideas, and it should be the freest of markets; whether such reviews prosper in any society might well be taken as a measure of its intellectual vitality.

IT IS WORTH NOTICING that the kind of contempt into which the intellectual has fallen today is of comparatively recent origin. During the 19th century, to have used the word intellectual in a pejorative sense about, say, the *Edinburgh* or the *Fortnightly Review*, or about their contributors, would have been to convict oneself of a kind of philistinism which was rightly condemned by the best minds of the day because it implied a rejection of everything which was capable of bringing a certain degree of sweetness and light into men's lives. The respect and attention paid to the intellectual reviews of the 19th century was a recognition that they constituted a public stage for the discussion and debate of ideas which was essential if any progress was to be made in solving the vast and urgent problems with which men and women were faced as a result of the industrial revolution. It was a recognition also that a major object of such debate and discussion was the creation of a large and informed body of public opinion which was accustomed to the disinterested examination of intellectual problems. It has been left to our own day to believe that this can be safely left to experts.

In his excellent book *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters*, Mr John Gross—once an assistant editor of ENCOUNTER and now Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*—has traced the declining fortunes of the intellectual review from its position as an essential element in the formation of an educated body of public opinion, to that which it occupies in our own day, when it rarely aspires to be more than the isolated voice of a clique or a sect. Indeed, the very title of his book is an indication of how little the intellectual may hope to form or influence public opinion at the present time. The immense prestige and authority enjoyed by the intellectual reviews of the 19th century arose out of a sense that they trafficked in a kind of wisdom which was superior to the ordinary man's, even though it was accessible to him. The contemptuous dismissal of intellectuals and all their works by men like Vice-President Agnew reflected a belief that the ordinary man's wisdom is the only kind that matters. And no doubt anyone, in making such a claim, might have seemed to be more "democratic", less "élitist", than those who think that the state, if it is to function properly, needs something more than the wisdom of the ordinary man. Yet if that were really so, then democracy has come to mean something very different from what it meant to those who have contributed most to making it an effective and viable form of government.

IT SHOULD ALSO BE NOTICED that there are geographical as well as historical conditions attached to the decline in the fortunes of the intellectual. Just as they rose to their dizziest height in Western Europe, so it was there also that they have sunk to perhaps their lowest depths. But by what to many may seem a curious paradox, in Eastern Europe, and particularly in the Soviet Union, the intellectual, the writer, the *entrepreneur*, as it were, of ideas, still maintains the kind of prestige and position that he once enjoyed in the West. In the Soviet Union, the publication or suppression of a book like *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* required the intervention of the highest organs of the state, and Khrushchev's favourable verdict was regarded, though wrongly, as the promise of a new dawn of liberty. The debates and discussions which accompanied Mr Dubcek's short-lived tenure of power in Czechoslovakia provoked an intellectual ferment so intense that it required Soviet tanks to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suppress it. And further east in the Communist world, the cultural revolution in China, which was essentially a crisis of ideas, involved a conflict on which Mao Tse-tung staked the entire future of the Chinese People's Republic.

We may deplore the fact that in the intellectual controversies of the Communist world it is usually the worst who come off best and the best who come off worst, and that, when discussion becomes too acute, it is the *KGB* which is called in as the final arbiter. Nevertheless, it is difficult to doubt that the disabilities and restraints, of a highly painful nature, to which intellectuals are subjected in the Soviet Union are a kind of backhanded recognition of the power and influence which ideas are presumed to exercise. The Soviet Union regards ideas as so many hydrogen bombs which could blow it to pieces unless they were subjected to the most severe control. Indeed, this tacit recognition of the power of ideas has seduced some Western writers and intellectuals into the belief that it is itself a sufficient justification of a system which is otherwise the most philistine and *bien pensant* in the world.

BY COMPARISON, the almost total freedom of expression now allowed to writers and intellectuals in the West may be regarded as the reflection of the belief that, whatever they say, it does not really matter to anyone else except themselves. *Qu'est ce m'importe ce que m'importe seul?* What does anything matter if it matters only to me? says Malraux, in a splendid sentence of his *Anti-mémoires,* which precisely identifies the dilemma with which the intellectual in the West is apt to be faced.

It is a situation in which the expression and exchange of ideas belong to a sphere in which the public or the common interest is not involved. And indeed, sadly enough, it is a position which some intellectuals in the West have adopted as a defence of their own right to total freedom of expression. In the controversy created by the exhibition of pornography or violence on television, in the theatre, or on the screen, one of the favourite arguments advanced in its defence is that such exhibitions cannot be considered moral or immoral, harmful or beneficial, because they have no effect on their audience. This does not, apparently, conflict with the additional claim that they are, or may be, works of art. One might say that a critical point had been reached in the history of Western culture when works of art are defended on the ground that they are morally neutral and have no effect upon their audience. If intellectuals in the West have fallen into contempt perhaps they are themselves, at least in part, to blame.

IN SUCH A SITUATION, what can a review like ENCOUNTER, or any other review which has the same objectives, do to maintain, defend and promote the values which have traditionally been the source of the intellectual's prestige and influence in the West? The most obvious answer is, of course, very little; and all the more so because one might reasonably ask whether such a task is any longer necessary or is one to which a mere magazine can usefully aspire.

One asks such a question because, in one very important respect, the status of the intellectual and the function which he might claim to perform have suffered a fundamental change since the end of the Second World War. That change has been brought about by the expansion of university education in the last 30 years, involving an immense increase in the numbers not merely of those receiving university education but of those responsible for providing it. It might be thought that such an expansion could not fail to be an advantage to the intellectual, compensating him for his loss of influence and prestige in the world at large by providing him with a professional field of activity in which his particular kind of work is all-important; a *hortus inclusus*, as it were, in which he can cultivate his own rare flowers to his heart's content.

And in one sense this is true. The immense resources invested in recent years in the expansion of university education are an explicit recognition that, in the post-industrial era, the intellectual, with his command of skills and techniques which only higher education can provide, has become a key figure on which the efficient functioning of society depends. This has required a progressive multiplication both of the number of university students, and, in consequence, of university teachers.

The greater part of this increase, of course, has occurred in the field of pure and applied sciences, which are the lifeblood of post-industrial society. But it is also shared by teachers of the humanities, both because no university is worthy of its name unless it aspires to cover the entire field of human knowledge and because in the modern university there are certain subjects, notably

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sociology, anthropology, archaeology, which are neither arts nor sciences in the strict sense, and which draw nourishment from the widest possible variety of academic skills and attainments. It would be difficult indeed to decide whether the anthropology of a Lévi-Strauss should be properly described as a science, as it professes to be, or rather as a form of vast epic poem, like Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, creating a new mythology adapted to the needs, real or imaginary, of post-industrial man.

THE RESULT HAS BEEN that intellectuals of all kinds, humanists as well as scientists, creative artists, critics, have been drawn increasingly within the ambit of the university and are now happy to discharge on the campus the functions which they once performed within less restricted horizons. No university worthy of its name is today content to be without its own tame writer in residence, its own teachers and exponents of the creative arts, and the free criticism of literature, processed to the requirements of "Eng. Lit." and other language schools.

And no doubt, again, this has been to the benefit of the intellectual. The university offers him security (at least, unless he offends his pupils too much by demanding a certain minimum of knowledge and application). It gives him a recognised position in the establishment, an assured financial status, the confidence that society needs him just as it needs the engineer, the doctor or the accountant. And no doubt it is good also for society. It is right, and indeed essential, that the hundreds of thousands of students who are now being programmed for the tasks which they are expected to perform should not leave the university without at least some nodding aquaintance with intellectual activities that are being pursued for their own sake, and not for any advantage they may bring with them.

UND DOCH! AND YET! With all these advantages, the universities' growing monopoly of the available supply of intellectual talent, which is never unlimited, and of disinterested intellectual enquiry in certain respects represents an impoverishment of the intellectual life of society as a whole. A university, and particularly the contemporary university, which has very largely become, directly or indirectly, the subsidised servant of industry and the state, can never provide a substitute for that free interchange of ideas between genuinely independent minds on which any society which claims to be civilised depends. It can at best lay the foundations for it. Nor, since the Middle Ages, have the universities played any significant part in that dizzy intellectual take off into the unknown which has been Europe's greatest contribution to history. And this is necessarily so. The primary functions of the university are teaching and research, and these are admirable and necessary activities. But neither of them is the primary and direct concern of the intellectual, whether as artist or critic.

The groves of Academe, however pleasant, and however productive of their own particular kind of fruit, still demand, or should demand, a certain measure of seclusion and isolation from the less well-ordered areas beyond their walls. It is not surprising that students today should complain that they find the university aloof and irrelevant to their own immediate needs. For so it is, and inevitably so. The students' only mistake is to suppose that it could, or should, be otherwise. But they would have a real ground for complaint if, when they had put the university behind them, they continued to be deprived of an opportunity to relate ideas to their own lives.

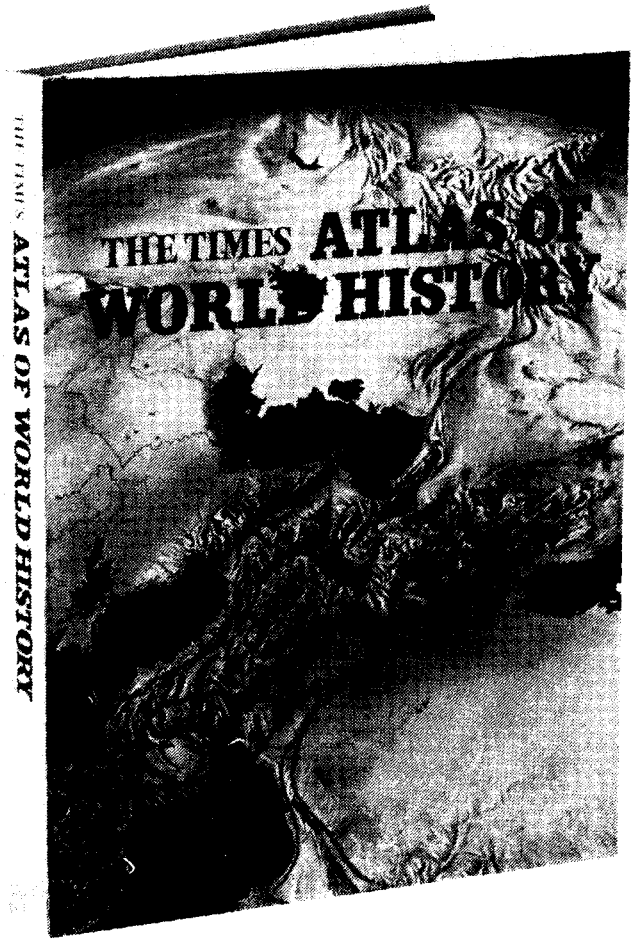
DURING THE TWENTY-FIVE years of ENCOUNTER's existence, rebellious students, and sometimes their teachers, who entertained a false expectation of what universities have to offer, and were led to believe that they had to look elsewhere to satisfy their needs, have played a highly significant role in Western society. Indeed, in the United States, in the 1960s, it seemed for a time that they had the power to make or break Presidents, while only ten years ago, in Paris, it looked for a moment as if the French government itself would crumble under their assault.

Yet, paradoxically enough, the revolt of the young reached its highest point precisely when the Western economy and the capitalist system at which it was directed had reached the peak of post-War expansion and prosperity. Equally paradoxically, with the advent in the 1970s of an era of economic depression, inflation, and mass unemployment, the tide of revolt receded. It almost seemed as if youthful rebellion had been, after all, just one more of those many forms of conspicuous waste which the capitalist system feels it can afford in the full flush of prosperity.

The young, and some of the not-so-young, dreamed of an alternative or counter-culture,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TIMES PUTS WORLD HISTORY ON THE MAP



The Times Atlas of World History presents the drama of World History in the arena of its action: the lands and seas of the world. This entirely new and authoritative work of reference combines the visual detail and excitement of an atlas with a full-scale narrative of world history from the earliest times to the present day. Planned for the general reader as well as the student, it is the work of over eighty professional historians. It contains over 600 new maps and illustrations and 400,000 words of narrative, glossary and index.

£20

Available from all good bookshops

TIMES BOOKS
18 Ogle Street, London W1P 7LG (01-637 5724)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which should in all things be what the life of reason and learning are not, of "doing their own thing", which in most cases meant reacting immediately to whatever stimulus affected them most powerfully at the moment, and in practice very largely involved a repudiation of what they had in common with the great majority of their fellow men and women. They envisaged a life of conscious nihilism, which would bring them into direct contact with the warm and instinctive life of nature, as opposed to the arid intellectual deserts of reason; and they treasured most those parts of themselves, and particularly perhaps their sexual parts, whose vitality and spontaneity most closely united them with nature, as opposed to their enemy, the machine, and as much as possible liberated them from the intellectual constraints which most sharply distinguish the human being from the animal. Joyfully entering in the cloud of unknowing, they surrendered to its embrace like the lover to the loved one, to enter into the state of beatitude where there is no distinction between the knower and the known.

In the 1950s and 1960s such dreams haunted the minds of an entire generation of young men and women; and in this they were very largely encouraged by the media, which had suddenly discovered that the young constituted a hitherto undiscovered and unexploited gold-mine. And so long as economic growth and expansion

Of Drinks & Bores

"You sit down and I'll go and get our drinks brought," Willie told me.

So off he went and minutes passed. Presently he appeared staggering under the weight of a large tray of ice and a bottle of whisky and two glasses. "There was no one about, so I did it all myself," he said triumphantly. "I even broke up the ice."

Willie measured out two large jiggers of whisky into the glasses, which he half-filled with ice. "But wait until the ice has melted a little," he told me. "Now. It's ready to be drunk," he suddenly announced.

We drank happily.

"You know, when I look back on all the stories I've published," he said, "I simply don't know how they came to be written. I really believe they just must have flowed from my pen. I can't believe that I made any effort at all. They'll be forgotten, of course, because the language they're written in will be dated."

"I bet they won't be forgotten," I said.

"I know they're translated and read all over the world because of the fan-mail I get," Willie continued. "But you must remember the intelligentsia despise me. Take that magazine that's indoors. What's it called? ENCOUNTER? Well, all the writers on ENCOUNTER despise me completely. I read it just to find out what's going on and what people are interested in. But I must confess I find it terribly boring."

Willie and I met again at 7.30; at 7.40 he asked when drinks were coming. "You'll have to wait for five whole minutes," I answered.

Robin Maugham

"*Conversations with Willie, Reflections of Somerset Maugham*" (W. H. Allen, 1978)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undiscovered and unexploited gold-mine. And so long as economic growth and expansion continued, such dreams, fantasies, hallucinations, seemed a perfectly harmless and legitimate form of recreation or self-indulgence. But they showed themselves singularly incapable of meeting and surmounting the harsher economic climate of the 1970s, in which, for many devotees of the counter-culture, its dreams withered away, and the joys of "doing one's thing" began to seem less seductive when they had to be reconciled with the necessities of making a living, which is, after all, very hard to do entirely on one's own.

Yet, if the dream of a counter-culture did not meet the test of reality, neither did it vanish without leaving any trace. It has left what may well be a permanent mark on the culture, the arts, and even the politics of capitalist society, particularly because of its radical rejection of the commitment to reason which was, in the eyes of the counter-culture, the original sin of the West. Even today, for thousands of young and even middle-aged people, now ready and anxious to play their part in life as managers, administrators, technologists, civil servants or what not, the ideas of the counter-culture still linger on, like memories of some Land of Lost Content, as the faith by which, however hazily, they live; but now, as it were, only in their spare time, because so obviously in conflict with the principles which actually govern them in the conduct of their day's work.

BUT SUCH DREAMS, memories, nostalgia, have also left other and more sinister marks behind. For some, their withering away has come to seem as if they had been stripped of a natural birthright, and as a result has left behind cheated expectations and bitter resentments and hatreds from which they can only find relief in direct action of the most violent kind, so that terrorism has become one of the great growth industries of our time. Indeed, it flourishes on such a scale that when governments meet on the summits where they try to concert agreed solutions to such problems as economic stagnation, mass unemployment, unstable currencies, the falling dollar, they must also take into account, as a matter of equally urgent priority, the difficulty of devising agreed measures to protect themselves against an efflorescence of terrorism which threatens the stability of every civilised government in the world.

A REVIEW which, like ENCOUNTER, is committed to a belief that a free exchange and discussion of ideas is an essential feature of any civilised society has to recognise that, as things are today, it operates under conditions which are not favourable to its success. Some of those conditions are, from the point of view of Western society, external ones. They arise in general out of the existence, in the Soviet Union and its satellites, of an alternative society and ideology which, by its own standards, the West cannot hesitate to characterise as barbarian, both in the sense that they are hostile and alien, and in the sense that they lack those minimum guarantees of individual freedom and security in the absence of which no society can claim to be civilised.

ENCOUNTER was in fact founded, twenty-five years ago, as a result of a growing realisation, on the part of many people, that this alternative society constituted a challenge in face of which the liberal intellectual tradition of the West was in danger of going by default, simply because the means did not exist by which anyone could speak for it. It was precisely in order to provide such a voice that ENCOUNTER, together with *Der Monat* in Germany, *Preuves* in France, *Tempo Presente* in Italy, entered on publication. Such a venture would not have been possible at all at that time without the generous assistance and support of the United States, and there are some who have for that reason claimed that ENCOUNTER's pretensions to unrestricted freedom in its choice of subject matter and contributors was vitiated by its very origins. To believe this would be as absurd as to deplore the post-war reconstruction and recovery of Europe because the original initiative towards it came from the great Secretary of State and of the Army, General George Marshall.

Of the four magazines which joined in the original venture, only ENCOUNTER is still in being and this year has been able to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday. Some might conclude from this that the purpose for which they were founded has already been sufficiently achieved and that ENCOUNTER survives only as a ghost of forgotten intellectual battles. Others would say, with more justification, that when the casualties have been so heavy it is all the more important that ENCOUNTER should survive to carry on their work.[1]

[1] It is encouraging, however, to know that *Der Monat* (1948–71) is now to renew publishing. Its first issue is already in the press. It will, as it was 30 years ago during the Blockade, be edited in Berlin and published in Munich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Margaret Forster
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
Memoirs of a Victorian Gentleman
A brilliant and original biography and one of the most imaginative literary creations of modern times.
170 illustrations all by Thackeray himself.
De luxe binding and endpapers reproducing Thackeray mss.
£8.75

David Caute
THE GREAT FEAR
The anti-Communist purge under Truman and Eisenhower
"The most complete account of the subject yet written" **Library Journal**
£9.95

Heinrich Böll
AND NEVER SAID A WORD
A new translation of this early classic by the author of **Group Portrait with Lady.**
Translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz. **£4.50**

Secker & Warburg

There is all the more reason for thinking this because the dangers to genuinely independent and unrestricted intellectual discussion are, in Western society, not merely external but internal. There is the belief that intellectual discussion, and indeed any form of disinterested intellectual activity, is a kind of harmless game for a frivolous minority, who can be safely allowed to indulge themselves in it as they wish because they are not likely to make any effective use of their freedom. There is the growing specialisation in all fields of knowledge which threatens to make discussion of them the monopoly of a privileged academic class and not, as it should be, a distinctive feature of a healthy democratic society. There is a kind of crisis of intellectual confidence, which tempts many young people (and indeed many of their teachers) to believe that they must look elsewhere than to the West for their salvation.

IT IS PERHAPS SUFFICENT to say that ENCOUNTER stands at the opposite extreme from all three of these standpoints. It would claim that the disinterested and unfettered discussion of ideas is not a frivolous diversion but an essential ingredient of any civilised society. It would claim that the specialisation of knowledge is a threat to us all unless there exist organs of intellectual discussion in which its results can be made available to those who are not specialists, in which specialisation can itself be exposed to criticism and be called to account when it tends to make knowledge the possession of a few and not of the many; and in which some attempt is made to contribute to the unity of a culture which threatens to fall apart as a result of its own divisive and fissiparous tendencies. And finally, it would claim that for Western man there is no alternative but to pursue even further the road of rational inquiry and discussion which first made him aware of his own potentialities. It is possible that for others there may be different roads to freedom and to knowledge. But Western man is committed to the only one whose secret has as yet been revealed to him.

How far ENCOUNTER has been able to justify these claims in its own columns is of course for others, and particularly its own readers, to decide; but perhaps it is fair to say that it is with reference to them that the magazine would wish the first twenty-five years of its life to be judged, and would hope to base its continued existence.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Trevor

Flights of Fancy

IN HER MIDDLE AGE Sarah Machaen had developed the habit of nostalgically slipping back into her childhood. Often, on a bus or at a dinner party, she would find herself caught in a mesh of voices and events that had been real forty years ago. There were summer days in the garden of her father's rectory, her brothers building another tree-house, her father asleep in a brown-and-orange striped deck-chair. In the cool untidy kitchen she helped her mother to make strawberry cake; she walked with the old spaniel, Dodge, to Mrs Rolleston's Post Office and Stores in the village, her shoes dusty as soon as she took a single step. On wet winter afternoons, cosy by the fire in the drawing-room, the family played consequences or card games, or listened to the wireless. The war brought black-out curtains and rationing, and two evacuees.

At forty-seven Sarah Machaen was reconciled to the fact that her plainness wasn't going to go away. As a child she had believed that growing up would put paid to the face she couldn't care for, that it would develop prettily in girlhood, as the ugly duckling had developed. "Oh, it's quite common", she heard a woman say to her mother. "Many a beauty was as plain as a pikestaff to begin with." But no beauty dawned in Sarah's face.

Her older brother became a clergyman like their father, her younger one an engineer. She herself, in 1955, found employment she enjoyed in the firm of Pollock-Brown Lighting. She became secretary to Mr Everend, who at that time was assistant to the director in charge of publicity, whom he subsequently succeeded. The office was a busy one, and although Sarah had earlier had ambitions to work in the more cultural ambiance of a museum or a publishing house she soon found herself taking a genuine interest in Pollock-Brown's range of well-designed products: light fittings that were increasingly specified by architects of taste all over Britain and Europe. The offices of the firm were in London, a large block of glass and concrete in Kingsway. Twenty miles away, in factories just beyond the Green Belt, the manufacture of the well-designed fitments took place.

Since 1960 Sarah had had a flat in Tufnell Park, which was quite convenient, the Northern line all the way to Tottenham Court Road, the Central on to Holborn. The brother who was a clergyman lived in Harrogate and did not often come to London; the one who was an engineer had spent his life building dams in Africa and returned to England only with reluctance. Sarah's parents, happily married for almost fifty years, had died within a month of one another in 1972, sharing a room in an old persons' home that catered exclusively for the clergy and their wives.

But even so Sarah was not alone. She had many friends, made in Pollock-Brown and through the Bach choir in which she sang, and some that dated back to her schooldays. She was a popular choice as a godmother. She was invited to parties and went regularly to the theatre or to concerts, often with her friend, Anna, whose marriage had failed six years ago. She lived on her own in the flat in Tufnell Park now: when first she'd lived there she'd shared it with a girl called Elizabeth with whom she'd been at school. Elizabeth, a librarian, was bespectacled and rather fat, a chatterbox and a compulsive nibbler. She hadn't been all that easy to live with but Sarah knew her well and appreciated her kindness and her warmth. It had astonished her when Elizabeth began to go out with a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man she'd met in her library, a man whom she later became engaged to. It seemed to Sarah that Elizabeth wasn't the kind of girl who became engaged, any more than she herself was, yet in the end Elizabeth married and went to live in Cricklewood, where she reared a family. Sarah took in another girl but this time the arrangement didn't work because the new girl, a stranger to Sarah, kept having men in her bedroom. Sarah asked her to go, and did not attempt to replace her.

Almost every weekend she made the journey to Cricklewood to see Elizabeth and her family. The children loved her and often said so. Elizabeth's husband enjoyed chatting to her, drinking gin and tonic, to which Sarah had become mildly addicted. It was a home-from-home, and it wasn't the only one. No husband disliked Sarah. No one found her a bore. She brought small presents when she visited. She struck the right note and fitted in.

Now and again these friends attempted to bring Sarah into contact with suitable men, but nothing ever came of such efforts. There'd been, while she was still at the secretarial college she'd attended, a man called George who had taken her out, who had embraced her and had once, in his bed-sitting room, begun to undress her. She had enjoyed these attentions even though their perpetrator was not a person she greatly cared for. She had been quite prepared to permit him to take her clothes off and then to proceed in whatever way he wished, but he had suddenly appeared to change his mind, to lose interest or to develop nerves, it wasn't clear which. She'd felt quite sick and shaky, sitting on his lap in an armchair, while his fingers fell away from the buttons he'd been undoing. A moment later he'd clambered to his feet and had filled a kettle for tea. As an experience, it was one that Sarah was destined never to forget. She recalled it often as she lay alone in bed at night, extending her companion's desire and sometimes changing his identity before she did so.

Sarah was not obsessed by this and she made efforts not to dwell on it. She learnt to live with her frustrations, wondering as she grew older if some elderly widower, no longer moved by physical urges but seeking only an agreeable companion, might not one day propose marriage to her. Alone at night her thoughts went further, creating the widower as a blind man who could not even sense her plainness, whose fingers caressing her face felt a beauty that was not there. Other scenes took place, in which the widower ended by finding a vigour he thought he'd lost. It often astonished her in the daytime that she had imagined so.

On the other hand, her friend Anna, the one whose marriage had failed, lived a rackety life with men and sometimes said she envied Sarah the quietness of hers. Now and again, having dinner together after a visit to the theatre or a concert, Anna would refer to the lovers she'd had, castigating most of them as selfish. "How right you are", she had a way of saying, "to steer clear of all that." Sarah always laughed when Anna said that, pointing out that it hadn't been her choice. "Oh, choice or not, by God you're better off", Anna would insist. "I really swear." Then Anna met a Canadian, who married her and took her off to Montreal.

That was another person to miss, as she had missed the people of her childhood, and her friend Elizabeth—for it naturally wasn't the same after Elizabeth married. She had often thought of telling Anna about her longing for a relationship with a man, but shyness had always held her back. The shyness had to do with not knowing enough, with having so little experience, the very opposite of Anna. Yet once, when they'd both had quite a lot of wine to drink, she'd almost asked her what she should do. "Just because I'm so wretchedly plain", she'd almost said, "doesn't mean I can do without things." But she hadn't said that, and now Anna was gone and there was no one else who wouldn't have been just a little shocked to hear stuff like that. Not in a million years could she have said it to Elizabeth.

And so it remained. No widower, elderly or otherwise, proposed marriage; no blind man proclaimed love. What happened was rather different from all that. Once a year, as Christmas approached, Pollock-Brown held its annual staff party at the factories beyond the Green Belt. Executive and clerical staff from the building in Kingsway met the factory workers in their huge canteen, richly decorated now with Christmas hangings. Dancing took place. There was supper, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1478
1978 **Oxford University Press**

Germany 1866-1945

Gordon A. Craig

The author examines the weaknesses of the political structure created by Bismarck and the way in which, compounded by the social and foreign policies of his successors, they issued in the Great War. The second half of the book chronicles Hitler's rise to power and the lurid history of his regime. £10
Oxford History of Modern Europe

Jutland and After, May 1916 - December 1916

Arthur J. Marder

In the twelve years since *Jutland and After* was published, Professor Marder has amassed a great deal of new material, from personal reminiscences as well as books and articles. His broad conclusions remain unchanged, but the additional material fills in gaps and further clarifies the account. Insofar as any historical work can be described as definitive, this new edition merits the claim. Second edition illustrated £9.50

The Oxford Companion to Spanish Literature

Philip Ward

Here is a comprehensive reference guide to the whole field of literature written in the languages of Spain from Roman times to the present day. Central and South American literatures are given treatment on a par with the literatures of peninsular Spain, and ample coverage is given to living writers. £10

The Shaft

Charles Tomlinson

'Tomlinson uses words like colours. Patterns of sounds either suggest themselves to him, or else he lays them on his verbal canvases with such professional ease that they seem to have grown there. His flowing, descriptive poems are uniquely delightful, leading from surface to surface in such a way as to suggest depths, or in some cases, to a dissolution of the surface altogether into pure sensation.' *The Listener.* Paper covers £2.50

Sun, Moon, and Standing Stones

John Edwin Wood

'All archaeologists will be indebted to Dr. Wood for the very clear way in which he has explained things which hitherto will have baffled them.' R. J. C. Atkinson. 'Admirably lucid . . . . balanced account . . . . anyone who wishes to understand the reasoning on which modern hypotheses concerning "archaeo-astronomy" are based should read Dr. Wood's book.' *The Listener.* Illustrated £6.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unlimited drinks at the firm's expense. The managing director made a speech and the present chairman, Sir Robert Quinn, made a speech also, in the course of which he thanked his workers for their loyalty. A thousand Pollock-Brown employees let their hair down, typists and secretaries, directors, executives who would soon be directors, tea-women, mould-makers, van drivers, lorry drivers, warehousemen, finishers, polishers. In a formal manner Mr Everend always reserved the first dance for Sarah and she felt quite proud to be led on to the floor in the wake of Sir Robert and his secretary and the managing director and his secretary, a woman called Mrs Mykers. After that the Christmas spirit really got going. Paper hats were supplied to everyone, including Sir Robert Quinn, Mr Everend, and the managing director. One of the dispatch boys had once poured a little beer over Mr Everend, because Mr Everend always so entered into the spirit of things that horseplay with beer seemed quite in order. There were tales, many of them true, of sexual congress in out-of-the-way corners, particularly in store-rooms.

"Hullo", a girl said, addressing Sarah in what for this one evening of the year was called the Ladies' Powder Room. *Female Staff* a painted sign more ordinarily stated, hidden now beneath the festive card that bore the grander title.

"Hullo", Sarah replied, unable to place the girl. She was small, with short black hair that was smooth and hung severely straight on either side of her face. She was pretty: an oval face with eyes almost as black as her hair, and a mouth that slightly pouted, dimpling her cheeks. Sarah frowned as the dimples came and went. The girl smiled in a friendly way. She said her name was Sandra Pond.

"You're Everend's girl", she added.

"Secretary", Sarah said.

"I meant that." She laughed and the dimples danced about. "I didn't mean nothing suspect, Miss Machaen."

"Suspect?"

"You know."

She wore a black dress with lace at her neck and wrists. Her feet were neat, in shiny black shoes. Her legs were slim, black-clad also. How nice to be so attractive! Sarah thought, a familiar reflection when meeting such girls for the first time. It wouldn't even matter having a slack, lower-class accent, as this girl had. You'd give up a lot for looks like that.

"I'm in polishing", the girl said. "Your plastic lamp-shades."

"You don't sound as if you like it." Sarah laughed. She glanced at herself in the mirror above one of the two wash-basins. Hurriedly she looked away.

"It's clean", Sandra Pond said. "A polishing machine's quite clean to operate."

"Yes, I suppose it would be."

"Care for a drink at all, Miss Machaen?"

"A drink?"

"Don't you drink, Miss Machaen?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"We're meant to mix at a thing like this. The peasants and the privileged." She gave a rasping, rather unattractive laugh. "Come on", she said.

Beneath the prettiness there was something hard about her. There were flashes of bitterness in the way she'd said "the peasants and the privileged", and in the way she'd laughed and in the way she walked out of the Ladies' Powder Room. She walked impatiently, as if she disliked being at the Christmas party. She was a prickly girl, Sarah said to herself, and she wasn't at all glad that she'd fallen into conversation with her.

They sat down at a small table on the edge of the dance-floor. "What d'you drink?" the girl said, immediately getting to her feet again in an edgy way. "Whisky?"

"I'd like a gin and tonic."

The dimples came and went, cracking the brittleness. The smile seemed disposed to linger but did not. "Don't go way now", the slack voice commanded as she jerked quickly away herself.

"SOMEONE LOOKING after you?" Dancing with the wife of the dispatch manager, Mr Everend shouted jollily at Sarah. He wore a scarlet, cone-shaped paper hat. The wife of the dispatch manager was eyeing, over his shoulder, a sales executive called Chumm with whom, whenever it was possible, she went to bed.

"Yes, thanks, Mr Everend", Sarah answered, waving a hand to indicate that he mustn't feel responsible for her.

"Horrid brute, that man", Sandra Pond said, returning with their drinks. "Cheers",

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WIDENING SPHERE

Changing Roles of Victorian Women

Edited by MARTHA VICINUS

The nineteenth century saw a steady widening of the sphere of women's interests and activities, as the plight of the Victorian female underwent real though gradual change. These essays, all new, speak to the dual nature of the legal and social constraints of the period: On the one hand, the stereotype of the perfect lady and the restrictive laws governing marriage and private property posed limits to women's independence. On the other hand, some Victorian women chose lives of great variety and complexity.

Indiana 288 pages £11.20

PARAMILITARY POLITICS IN WEIMAR GERMANY

JAMES M. DIEHL

This original and thoroughly researched study analyses the rise of paramilitary organisations and their fateful impact on political life in the Weimar Republic. Professor Diehl shows how the trauma of war, defeat, and revolution divided Germany into hardened, mutually hostile sociopolitical blocs which employed paramilitary formations to defend their interests.

Indiana 416 pages £12.25

IN SEARCH OF BUDDY BOLDEN

First Man of Jazz

DONALD M. MARQUIS

The beginning of jazz and the legend of Buddy Bolden are inextricably entwined. Just after the turn of the century black New Orleanians could often hear Bolden's powerful horn "calling his people home" in the rhythms of the emerging jazz sound. He blew with all his body and soul people said; some said he broke his heart when he played. Whatever he lacked in technical finesse he made up for in style, and it was this—his unique style, both musical and personal—that made him the first "King" of New Orleans jazz.

Louisiana 280 pages £7.00

CAROLINE DURIEUX'S LITHOGRAPHS OF THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES

Introduction by RICHARD COX

The lithographs that have been brought together for this new volume are organised into three sections—"Latin America," "New Orleans," and "To the Tragic Spirit"—and provide a rich and comprehensive summary of her work of the thirties and forties. "The style is simple and ingenuous. . . . But it is far from artless; on the contrary it is mature and sophisticated. . . . It is like an epigram delivered in a deadpan manner: the meaning sinks in casually; when all of a sudden the full import dawns, it haunts one for days. Her work has that quality because its roots are deep, its visions profound."—Carl Zigrosser, the late art critic and curator of prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts.

Louisiana 112 pages £10.50

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PUBLISHERS GROUP LTD.

70 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3BY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she said, raising a glass of what looked like whisky and touching Sarah's glass with it.

"Cheers", Sarah said, although it was a salutation she disliked.

"It began last year here", Sandra Pond said, pointing with her glass at the dispatch manager's wife. "Her and Chumm."

"I've never met her actually."

"You didn't miss nothing. That Chumm's a villain."

"He has that reputation."

"He screwed her in a store-room. I walked in on top of them."

"Oh."

"Oh in-bloody-deed." She laughed. "You like gin and t, d'you? Your drink, Miss Machaen?"

"Please call me Sarah. Yes, I like it."

"Whisky mac this is. I love booze. You like it, Sarah?"

"Yes, I do rather."

"Birds of a feather." She laughed, and paused. "I seen you last year. Dancing with Everend and that. I noticed you."

"I've been coming for a long time."

"How long you been at P-B, then?"

"Since 1960."

"Jesus!"

"I know."

"I was only a nipper in 1960. What age'd you say I was, Sarah?"

"Twenty-five?"

"Thirty. Don't look it, do I?"

"No, indeed."

"You live alone, do you, Sarah?"

"Yes, I do. In Tufnell Park."

"Nice?"

"It is quite nice."

Sandra Pond nodded repeatedly. Tufnell Park was very nice indeed, she said, extremely nice.

"You sit there, Sarah", she said. "I'm going to get you another drink."

"Oh no. Let me. Please." She began to get to her feet, but Sandra Pond shot out a hand, a movement like a whip's, instantly restraining her. Her small fingers pressed into the flesh of Sarah's arm. "Stay right where you are", she said.

An extraordinary thought occurred to Sarah as she watched the girl moving rapidly away with their two empty glasses: Sandra Pond wanted to share her flat.

"Now, now, now", Mr Priddy from Accounts admonished, large and perspiring, staring down at her through thick spectacles. He reached for her, seemingly unaware of her protestations. His knees pressed into hers, forcing them into waltztime.

"They do an awful lot of good, these things", Mr Priddy confidently remarked. "People really get a chance." He added something else, something about people getting a chance to chew the rag. Sarah nodded. "We've had a miracle of a year", Mr Priddy said. "In spite of everything."

She could see Sandra Pond standing with two full glasses, looking furious. She tried to smile at her through the dancing couples, to make some indication with her eyes that she'd had no option about dancing with Mr Priddy. But Sandra Pond, glaring into the dancers, hadn't even noticed her yet.

"Mrs Priddy couldn't come", Mr Priddy told her. "Tummy trouble."

She said she was sorry, trying to remember what Mrs Priddy looked like and failing in that.

"She gets it", Mr Priddy said.

Sandra Pond had seen them and was looking aggrieved now, her head on one side. She sat down at the table and lit a cigarette. She crossed her thin legs.

"Thank you very much", Sarah said, and Mr Priddy smiled graciously and went away to do his duty by some other lone woman.

"Can't stand him", Sandra Pond said. "Clammy blooming hands."

Sarah drank some gin and tonic. "I say, you know", a man called out, "it's a hell of a party, eh?"

He wasn't sober. He swayed, with a glass in one hand, peering down at them. He was in charge of some department or other, Sarah couldn't remember which. He spent a great deal of time in a pub near the Kingsway building, not going home until the last minute. He lived with a sister, someone had once told her.

"Hey, who's she?" he demanded, wagging his glass at Sandra. "Who's this one, Sarah?"

"Sandra Pond", the girl said sharply. "In the polishing department."

"Polishing, eh? Nice party, Sandra?"

"If you like the type of thing."

"The drink's good."

"It's free, you mean."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTUMN BOOKS

The Last Chronicles of Ballyfungus
MARY MANNING

In this novel Mary Manning has lovingly chronicled the foibles and escapades of the extraordinary characters of Ballyfungus, resulting in as hilarious an evocation of Irish life as has ever been presented.

0 7100 8922 8, £4.50

Lead us into Temptation
BREANDÁN Ó hEITHIR

This translation of O hEithir's award-winning Irish novel *Lig Sinn i gCathú* will introduce English readers to a writer who is being hailed as one of the most original talents to have appeared on the Irish literary scene for many years. 0 7100 0030 8, £4.50

Traditional Music in Ireland
TOMÁS Ó CANAINN

This is a book for those who know a little about Irish music and would like to know a little more, the emphasis being placed essentially on the state of Irish music today.

0 7100 0021 9, paper £3.60

Point of Departure
JAMES CAMERON

James Cameron is one of the most outstanding figures of British journalism, whose 'attempt at autobiography' was first published in 1967 and has long been out of print. The time seems ripe for a reissue of this fine book, now with a new preface.

0 85362 175 6, *Oriel Press*, £8.00

The Rule of Metaphor

Multi-Disciplinary Studies of the Creation of Meaning in Language

PAUL RICOEUR

Originally published in France as *La Métaphore vive*, Professor Ricoeur's analysis of metaphor follows a widening path from the word through the sentence to language as discourse. 0 7100 8964 3, £9.50

Mediterranean Heritage
DAVID SCOTT FOX

In this wide-ranging and perceptive book, Sir David Scott Fox, a former diplomat with wide experience of representing Britain abroad, traces our often concealed but always fruitful links with the common heritage of the Western world.

0 7100 8840 X, *Illustrated*, £5.75

Leisure and Class in Victorian England

Rational Recreation and the Contest for Control 1830–1885

PETER BAILEY

A detailed coverage of the transformation of popular leisure between 1830 and 1885, as middle-class schemes for 'rational recreation' took root. *Studies in Social History*

0 7100 8849 3, £5.75

Electoral Reform in War and Peace 1906–18
MARTIN PUGH

By examing the related themes of the franchise and the electoral system from 1906 to the Reform Act of 1918, this book fills a major gap in twentieth-century history.

0 7100 8792 6, £6.50

The Social Democratic Image of Society

A Study of the Achievements and Origins of Scandinavian Social Democracy in Comparative Perspective

FRANCIS CASTLES

The author examines aspects of the programmes of the Scandinavian Social Democratic parties, and concludes that a study of their example is germane to the continuing crucial debate on the future of moderate socialism in Western Europe.

0 7100 8870 1, £5.95

Ways of the Hand

The Organization of Improvised Conduct

DAVID SUDNOW

An objective and scientific study of human conduct, a practitioner's account of the organization of a complex action, written when the author was studying the playing of the jazz piano. 0 7100 8924 4, £6.50

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
39 Store Street, London WC1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's what I mean, girlie."

He went away. Sandra Pond laughed. She was a little drunk herself, she confessed. It took her like that, quite suddenly, after the fifth or sixth whisky mac. "How about you, Sarah?"

"I'm just about right."

"D'you know what I'd like to do?"

"What?"

"Oh, no." She looked away, coyly pouting, the dimples in her cheeks working. "No, I couldn't say", she said. "I couldn't tell you, Sarah."

The notion that the girl wanted to share her flat had remained with Sarah while she'd danced with Mr Priddy and while the man had swayed in front of them, saying the party was nice. It was still there now, at the very front of her mind, beginning to dominate everything else. It seemed to be an unspoken thought between them, deliberately placed there by the girl while she'd been saying that Tufnell Park was nice.

"Actually I'm quite pissed", the girl was saying now, giggling.

The expression grated on Sarah. She could never see why people had to converse in an obscene way. It didn't in any way whatsoever make sense for the girl to say she was urinated when she meant drunk.

"Sorry", Sandra Pond said.

"It's all right."

"I offended you. It showed in your face. I'm sorry, Sarah."

"Actually, it's time for me to go home."

"Oh God, I've driven you away."

"It's not that."

"Have another drink. I've spoiled your evening."

"No, not at all."

"You know how it is: everything smooth and unruffled and then everything going bonk! You know, Sarah?"

Sarah frowned, shaking her head.

"Like if you looked down a well and then you dropped a stone in. Know what I mean? There'd be a disturbance. I had a friend said that to me once, we was very close. Hazel she was called."

"Well, I do know what she meant of course—"

"D'you really, Sarah?"

"Yes, of course."

"She was talking about people, see. What happens to people. Like you meet someone, Sarah."

It was the kind of cliché that Sarah didn't care for, still water and someone throwing a stone. It was silly and half-baked, but typical in a way of what was said at an office party.

"She was like that", Sandra Pond said. "She talked like that, did Hazel."

"I see."

"When she met me, she meant. A disturbance."

"Yes."

"Merry Christmas then, Sarah."

"Merry Christmas."

As she edged her way around the dance-floor, she felt glad that she'd escaped and was thinking that when Mr Everend collided with her almost. He always gave her a lift home after the Christmas party. He offered to now, sensing that she was ready to go. But he insisted on a last dance and while they danced he thanked her for all the work she'd done during the year, and for being patient with him, which she really hadn't had to be. "A last drink", he said as they stepped off the dance-floor, just beside where the drinks table was. He found her a gin and tonic and had a tomato juice himself.

In the arms of a black-haired youth, Sandra Pond danced by while the band played "Just One of Those Things". Her thin arms were around the youth's neck, her head lolled on his shoulder. Her eyes were blank, Sarah noticed in the moment it took the couple to dance by.

"Merry Christmas, Sarah", Mr Everend said.

"Merry Christmas, Mr Everend."

THAT NIGHT she lay in bed, feeling woozy after all the gin and tonic. Not really wishing to, and yet slowly and quite carefully, she went over everything that had happened since Sandra Pond had addressed her in the Ladies' Powder Room. She remembered the grip of the girl's fingers and the pout of her lips, and her bitterness when she spoke of Pollock-Brown and even when she didn't. Had she really walked in on the dispatch manager's wife and Chumm in a store-room? It was odd the way she'd spoken to her in the Ladies' Powder Room, odd the way she'd spoken of Tufnell Park. For some minutes

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTUMN BOOKS

A Kingdom
JAMES HANLEY

'There is truth and a kind of cutting pathos about his ordinary men and women . . . full of power and precision.'
Elizabeth Berridge, DAILY TELEGRAPH
£3.95

Britain
A Future that Works
BERNARD NOSSITER

The *Washington Post's* London correspondent vigorously attacks those who would 'write off' Britain and argues that our society may well be a model for the future.
Oct. 5 £5.95

In Search of Enemies
A CIA Story
JOHN STOCKWELL

The truth about the CIA's clandestine war in Angola, told with unique authority by the head of the CIA's Angola Task Force.
Oct. 5 £6.50

Shadow Box
GEORGE PLIMPTON

Intrepid reporter meets the world of boxing head on and survives encounters with Muhammad Ali, Norman Mailer, Evil Eye Finkel, et al. to write the entertainment of the year.
Oct. 5 £6.95 illustrated

ANDRE DEUTSCH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she imagined Sandra Pond sharing her flat with her as Elizabeth had, sharing the things in the kitchen cupboards, the Special K and the marmalade and the sugar. The girl was seventeen years younger, she didn't have the same background or presumably the same interests. Sarah smiled a little in the darkness, thinking about what people would say if she began to share her flat with a polisher of plastic lamp-shades. People would think she was mad, her brother and his wife in their Harrogate rectory, her other brother and his wife in Africa, the friends whose parties she went to, the Bach choir, Elizabeth, Anna in Montreal. And of course they would all be right. She was well-to-do and middle-aged and plain. Side by side with Mr Everend she had found her way to the top of the firm. She would retire one day and that would be that. It didn't make sense to share a flat with someone like Sandra Pond, but she sensed that had she stayed in Sandra Pond's company the flat would have been openly mentioned. And yet surely it must be as clear to Sandra Pond as it would be to everyone else that they'd make a most ill-assorted couple? What was in the girl's mind, that she could see the picture so differently? Thinking about it, Sarah could find only a single piece of common ground between them. It wasn't even properly real, based neither on a process of deduction nor indeed of observation. It was an instinct that Sandra Pond, unlike Elizabeth or Anna, wouldn't marry. And for some reason Sarah sensed that Sandra Pond wouldn't be difficult, as the girl she'd tried to share the flat with after Elizabeth's departure had been. Her mind rebelliously wandered, throwing up flights of fancy that she considered silly almost as soon as they came to her, flights of fancy in which she educated Sandra Pond and discovered in her an intelligence that was on a par with her own, in which slowly a real friendship developed, and why should it not? Clearly there was a lot that Sandra Pond didn't know. Sarah doubted that the girl had ever been inside a theatre in her life, except maybe to see something like the Black and White Minstrel Show or a Christmas pantomime. She doubted that if she ever opened a book or listened to music, or went to an art gallery.

For a week, at odd moments of the day, or at night, Sarah wondered about Sandra Pond. She half expected that she might hear from her, that the slack accents would drift over her telephone, suggesting a drink. But she didn't. Instead, with the flights of fancy that she considered silly, she saw herself persevering in her patience and finally rewarded as Sandra Pond, calling on a sensitivity that had remained unaired till now, responded. Something assured Sarah that such a sensitivity was there: increasingly unable to prevent herself, she went over the course of their conversation in search of signs of it. And then, as if rejecting the extravagances of a dream in the first moments of consciousness, she would reject the fantasies that had not required a surrender to sleep. But all of them returned.

SARAH SPENT Christmas that year with Elizabeth and her family in Cricklewood. She relaxed with gin and tonic, listened to Elizabeth's husband complaining about his sister, from whom he'd just bought a faulty car. She received presents and gave them, she helped to cook the Christmas dinner. Preparing stuffing for the turkey, she heard herself saying:

"It's the only thing that worries me, being alone when I'm old."

Elizabeth, plumper than ever this Christmas, expressed surprise by wrinkling her nose, which was a habit with her.

"Oh, but you manage so well."

"Actually the future looks a little bleak."

"Oh Sarah, what nonsense!"

It was, and Sarah knew it was: she had learnt how to live alone. There was nothing nicer than coming back to the flat and putting a record on, pouring herself a drink and just sitting there listening to Mozart. There was nothing nicer than not having to consider someone else. She'd only shared the flat with Elizabeth in the first place because it had been necessary financially. That period was past.

"It's just that whatever shall I do when I finish at Pollock-Brown?"

"But that's years away."

"Not really. Thirteen years. When I'm sixty."

"They'll keep you on, surely? If you want to stay?"

"Mr Everend will be gone. I don't think

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTUMN BOOKS

The Singapore Grip

J G FARRELL

This magnificent new novel by the author of *The Siege of Krishnapur* is set in Singapore during the Second World War.

£4.95

Paris: The Miraculous Years 1900–1914

NIGEL GOSLING

The legendary artists, their works and their surroundings are vividly portrayed in this beautifully illustrated account of the principal events and achievements of those years.

16pp colour and 150 b/w illustrations £8.50

Diaghilev

RICHARD BUCKLE

Using much new material Richard Buckle has written the first 'full-length portrait' of Diaghilev to appear for nearly forty years.

24pp b/w illustrations £8.50

Thrown to the Woolfs

JOHN LEHMANN

This is the story of John Lehmann's unique connection with that remarkable creation of Leonard and Virginia Woolf, the Hogarth Press. It provides a sympathetic and revealing picture of the Woolfs at work and of a number of their authors including Christopher Isherwood, William Plomer and Henry Green.

8pp b/w illustrations £6.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'd want to work for anyone else. No, I'll retire at sixty. According to the book."

"But, my dear, you'll be perfectly all right."

"I kept thinking of the flat, alone in it."

"You've been alone in it for years."

"I know."

She placed more stuffing in the turkey and pressed it down with a wooden spoon. Sandra Pond would be forty-three when she was sixty. She'd probably look much the same, a little grey in her hair perhaps; she'd never run to fat.

"How are things going?" Elizabeth's husband demanded, coming into the kitchen in a breezy mood. "Drink for Sarah?"

She smiled at him as he took tonic bottles from the fridge. "I think she's got the change", she heard Elizabeth saying to him later. "Poor thing's gone all jittery."

Sarah didn't mention the subject of her flat again that Christmas.

WELL IM A LES *and I thought you was as well,* the letter said. *Im sorry Sarah I did'nt mean to ofend you I did'nt no a thing about you. Ive loved other girls but not like you not as much. I really do love you Sarah. Im going to leave bloody PB because I dont want reminding every time I walk into that bloody canteen. What I wanted was to dance with you remember when I said I wanted to do something? Thats what I ment when I said that. Sandra Pond.*

SARAH TRIED NOT to think about the letter, which both upset and shocked her. She tried to forget the whole thing, the meeting with Sandra Pond and how she'd felt herself drawn towards having a friendship with the girl. It made her shiver when she thought about all that the letter suggested, it even made her feel a little sick.

Such relationships between women had been talked about at school and often occurred in newspaper reports and in books, on the television even. Sarah had occasionally wondered if this woman or that might possibly possess lesbian tendencies, but she had done so without much real interest and had certainly never wondered about such tendencies in relation to herself. But now, just as she had been unable to prevent her mind from engaging in flights of fancy after her meeting with Sandra Pond, she was unable to prevent it from straying about in directions that were inspired by the girl's letter. The man called George, who over the years had become the root of many fantasies, lost his identity to that of Sandra Pond. Yet it was all different because revulsion, not present before, seemed everywhere now. Was it curiosity of a kind, Sarah wondered, that drove her on, enslaving her to fancies she did not care for? No longer did she think of them as silly, malicious rather, certainly malign, like the stuff of nightmares. Grimly she watched while Sandra Pond crossed the floor of a room, coming closer to her, smiling at her. As the man called George had, the hands of the girl undid the buttons of her dress, and then it seemed that fear was added to revulsion. "I really do love you, Sarah", the slack voice said, as it had said in the letter, as no other voice had ever said. The passion had a cloying kind of headiness about it, like drunkenness. It was adoration, the girl said, whispering now: it was adoration for every inch of skin and every single hair that grew from Sarah's body, and every light in her eyes, and the beauty of her plainness. The pouting lips came closer to her own, the dimples danced. And Sarah, then, would find herself weeping.

She never knew why she wept and assumed it was simply an extension of her revulsion. She felt no desire to have this kind of relationship with a person of her own sex. She didn't want a girl's lips leaving lipstick on her own, she didn't want to experience their softness or the softness of the body that went with them. She didn't want to experience a smell of scent or painted fingernails.

In rational moments Sarah said to herself that as time passed this nightmare would fog over, as other occurrences in her life had fogged over with the passing of time. She had destroyed the letter almost as soon as she'd read it. She had made enquiries: Sandra Pond, as she'd promised, had left Pollock-Brown.

Sarah visited Elizabeth and her family more frequently, she spent a weekend with her brother and his wife in Harrogate, she wrote at length to her other brother, saying they must not lose touch. She forced her mind back into childhood, to which it had regularly and naturally drifted before its invasion by Sandra Pond. It was a deliberate journey now, requiring discipline and concentration, but it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

METHUEN

THE CONTEXT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

With the advent of interdisciplinary courses and a greater emphasis on the importance of extra-literary events to literature, it has become increasingly difficult to study literature as if it existed in isolation from the politics, history and ideas of the period.

Responding to the growing need for integration, this series presents the student and teacher with eight volumes covering the main literary movements which set the literature of each period directly in its political, historical and cultural context.

The first two titles are:

The Eighteenth Century

Edited by PAT ROGERS

Hb 0 416 56190 x £8.00
UP 0 416 56200 0 £3.95

The Victorians

Edited by LAURENCE LERNER

Hb 0 416 56210 8 £8.00
UP 0 416 56220 5 £3.95

THE BAROQUE

Literature and culture in seventeenth-century Europe
PETER H SKRINE

Viewing seventeenth-century Europe from the vantage point of literature, but with a wealth of examples from music, art and architecture too, this book offers both practical guidance and valuable insights to students of European studies, literature, and the arts in general.

Hb 0 416 56290 6 £6.50
UP 0 416 56300 7 £2.95

COMIC DRAMA

The European heritage
Edited by W D HOWARTH

This survey of the nature and evolution of the comic drama of western Europe since the Renaissance, consists of a series of chapters devoted to the tradition of European comedy as it developed in the chief national literatures.

Hb 0 416 85080 4 £7.50
UP 0 416 85090 1 £3.95

THE BRITISH REVOLUTION

British Politics 1880-1939
ROBERT RHODES JAMES

Originally published in two volumes, *The British Revolution* now appears as a single-volume paperback.
The sixty years covered by this book are among the most turbulent and complex in British history. It is a story, as Robert Rhodes James expresses it, not only of a revolution, but a series of revolutions that transformed Britain as she moved from the relative confidence and security of the late Victorian era into the storms and perils of the twentieth century.

UP 0 416 71140 5 £7.50

THE RADICAL TRADITION

A study in modern revolutionary thought
RICHARD GOMBIN

Drawing freely from the English and European literature on socialism, Richard Gombin's study traces the recurrent attitudes in the history of the European revolutionary movement which have criticised socialist and communist parties for their authoritarian and bureaucratic tendencies, and which have stressed spontaneity and decentralization as the correct basis from which to change society.

Hb 0 416 66150 5 £5.50
UP 0 416 66160 2 £2.95

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IMAGINATION

JEAN PAUL SARTRE
With an introduction by MARY WARNOCK

Originally published in France in 1940 under the title of *L'Imaginaire*, this was the first of Sartre's serious philosophical works. It is now reissued as a University Paperback.

UP 0 416 75760 x £2.95

WHAT IS LITERATURE?

JEAN PAUL SARTRE
With an introduction by DAVID CAUTE

First published in England in 1950, the second edition of 1967 is now to be reissued as a University Paperback. In it, Sartre examines the role of the writer in society.

UP 0 416 69530 2 £2.95

UP denotes University Paperback
These prices are net in the UK only.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was possible to make. Her father ambled into the sitting-room of the rectory, the spaniel called Dodge ambling after him. The wood fire brightly burned as indoor games were played, no one sulky or out of temper. "And the consequences were", her brother who was an engineer said, "fire over England." In the sunny garden she read about the girls of the Chalet School. Her brothers, in short trousers and flannel shirts, ran about catching wasps in jam-jars. "The peace of God", her father's voice murmured, drifting over his small congregation. "Of course you'll grow up pretty", her mother softly promised, wiping away her tears.

The passing of time did help. The face of Sandra Pond faded a little, the wording of the ill-written letter became jumbled and uncertain. She would never hear of the girl again, she said to herself, and with an effort that lessened as more months passed by she continued to conjure up the distant world of the rectory.

THEN, ONE Saturday morning in November, nearly a year after the Christmas party, Sandra Pond was there in the flesh again. She was in the Express Dairy, where Sarah always did her Saturday-morning shopping, and as soon as she saw her Sarah knew the girl had followed her into the shop. She felt faint and sickish when Sandra Pond smiled her pouting smile and the two dimples danced. She felt the blood draining away from her face and a tightening in her throat.

"Sorry", Sandra Pond said instead of saying hullo, just standing there.

Sarah had a tin of Crosse and Blackwell's soup in one hand and a wire shopping basket in the other. She didn't know what to say. She thought she probably couldn't say anything even if she tried.

"I just wanted to say I was sorry", Sandra Pond said. "I've had it on my mind, Miss Machaen."

Sarah shook her head. She put the Crosse and Blackwell's soup back on the stack of tins.

"I shouldn't have written that letter's what I mean."

The girl didn't look well. She seemed to have a cold. She didn't look as pretty as she had at the Christmas party. She wore a brown tweed coat which wasn't very smart. Her shoes were cheap-looking.

"I don't know why I did it, Miss Machaen."

Sarah tried to smile because she didn't want to be unkind. She ran her tongue about the inside of her mouth, which was dry, as though she'd eaten salt. She said:

"It doesn't matter."

"It does to me. I couldn't sleep nights."

"It was just a misunderstanding."

Sandra Pond didn't say anything. She let a silence gather, and Sarah realised that she was doing so deliberately. Sandra Pond had come back to see how things were, to discover if, with time, the idea appealed to Sarah now, if she'd come to terms with the strangeness of it. As she stood there with the wire basket, she was aware that Sandra Pond had waited for an answer to her letter, that even before that, at the Christmas party, she had hoped for some sign. The girl was staring down at the cream-coloured tiles of the floor, her hands awkwardly by her sides.

The flights of fancy tumbled into Sarah's mind, jogging each other for precedence. They came in flashes: she and Sandra Pond sitting down to a meal, and walking into the foyer of a theatre, and looking at the Madonna of the Meadow in the National Gallery, and then a scene like the scene with the man called George.

Sandra Pond looked up and at once the flights of fancy snapped out, like lights extinguished. What would people say? Sarah thought again, as she had on the night of the party. What would her brothers say to see passion thumping at their sister from the eyes of Sandra Pond? What would Elizabeth say, or Anna, or Mr Everend, or her dead father and mother? Would they cry out, amazed and yet delighted that her plainness should inspire all this, that her plainness at last was beauty? Or would they shudder with disgust?

"I can't help being", Sandra Pond said, "the way I am."

Sarah shook her head, trying to make the gesture seem sympathetic. She wanted to explain that she knew the girl had come specially back, to see what passing time had done, but she could not bring herself to. To have mentioned passing time in that way would have begun another kind of conversation. It was all ridiculous, standing here in the Express Dairy.

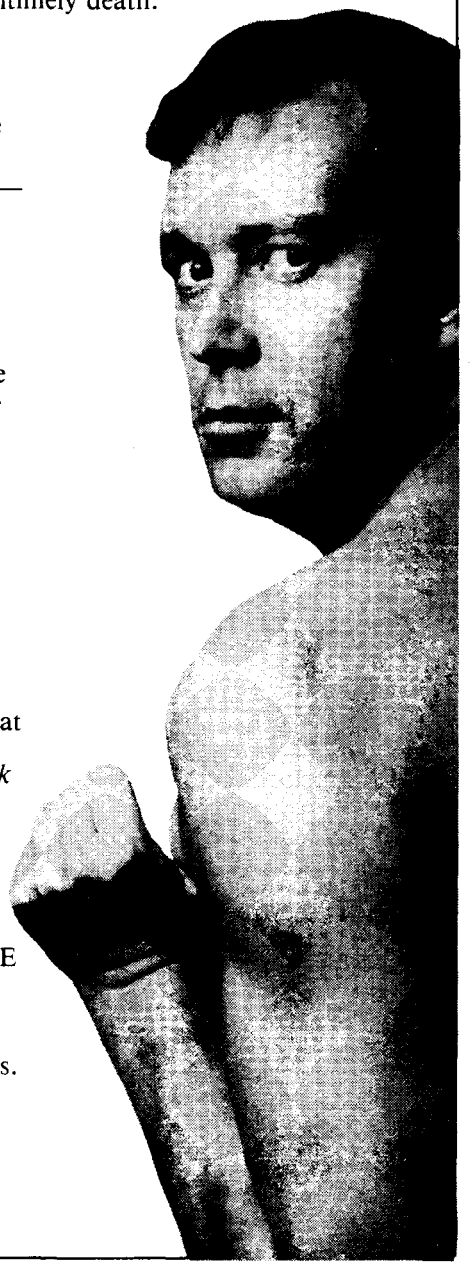
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Titles from Allen Lane

Prick up your Ears
The Biography of Joe Orton
John Lahr

With intimate reference to Orton's private and often hilarious diaries, John Lahr has traced the career of an extraordinary and anarchic playwright, whose indecisive loyalty to a friend finally caused his tragic and untimely death.

£5.95



Peake's Progress
Selected Writings and Drawings of Mervyn Peake
Edited by Maeve Gilmore

A selection — much of it never published before — from every period of Mervyn Peake's work as a writer and draughtsman.

£8.50 Publication 30 November

On Photography Susan Sontag

'Perhaps the most intelligent, passionate discourse on the nature of photography as art and information yet written' — *The Washington Star*

'Every page of ON PHOTOGRAPHY raises important and exciting questions about its subject and raises them in the best way' — *New York Times Book Review*

£5.50

Just and Unjust Wars
A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations
Michael Waler

'A magnificent book, an honor to its writer... that makes for a return of civilised discussion of the question of the morality of warfare'. — *New York Review of Books*

£7.50

The Visible College Gary Werskey

J D Bernal, J B S Haldane, Lancelot Hogben, Hyman Levy and Joseph Needham. THE VISIBLE COLLEGE is a collective biography of these five British scientists who became committed socialists around the time of the First World War — and stuck to that commitment for the rest of their lives.

£10.00 Publication 16 November

Allen Lane

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I just wanted to say that and to say I was sorry. Thank you for listening, Miss Machaen."

She was moving away, the heels of her shoes making a clicking noise on the cream-tiled floor. The smooth back of her head was outlined against packets of breakfast cereals and then against stacks of Mother's Pride bread. Something about her shoulders suggested to Sarah that she was holding back tears.

"Excuse me, dear", a woman said, poking around Sarah to reach for oxtail soup.

"Oh, sorry." Mechanically she smiled. She felt shaky and wondered if her face had gone pale. She couldn't imagine eating any of the food she'd selected. She couldn't imagine opening a tin or unwrapping butter without being overcome by the memory of Sandra Pond's sudden advent in the shop. Her instinct was to replace the goods on the shelves and she almost did so. But it seemed too much of a gesture, and too silly. Instead she carried the wire basket to the cashier and paid for what she'd chosen, transferring everything into her shopping-bag.

She walked away from the Express Dairy, by the newsagent's and the butcher's and the Martinez Dry Cleaners, who were offering a bargain, three garments cleaned for the normal price of one. She felt, as she had when the man called George had suddenly lost interest in her body, a pain inside her somewhere.

There was a bus stop, but Sandra Pond was not standing by it. Nor was she on the pavements that stretched on either side of a road that was busy with Saturday-morning traffic. Nor did she emerge from the telephone box, nor from the newsagent's, nor from Walton's the fruiterer's.

Sarah waited, still looking about. Sandra Pond had been genuinely sorry; she'd meant it when she'd said she'd hated causing the upset. "Please come and have coffee", were the words Sarah had ready to say now. "It's really quite all right." But she did not say them, because Sandra Pond had not lingered. And in a million years, Sarah thought, she would not ever find her.

Time goes by

The poets are working out their pensions—
It's a bother,
But nowadays you can't be sure
Of dying young,
And one geriatric is much like another.

"At last I have my finger on the pulse",
They mutter, tapping out hexameters
On pocket calculators.
Or "Nicer to have one's fingers in the till",
They tell themselves,
With a nervous nod to the Zeitgeist
Lurking by the bedpost.

It is hard to be noble in discredited ways.
Prudence or dishonesty is the choice.

Sooner a dishonest than a prudent bard!—
The Artist as Criminal, et cetera
(Confession under torture:
"It was I, alone I staged
The Co-op raid . . .").

But it's too late to make a start.
They must rely on dying middle-aged.

D. J. Enright

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spectrum

Universities

IN 1953 THERE WERE rather more than 80,000 students in the 23 universities of Britain (including university colleges) and a quarter of them were women. Today 45 universities contain about 275,000 students of whom a third are women. In 1974 3,406 professors, assisted by nearly ten times their number of readers, lecturers and so forth, inspired no less than 3,616 students to get first class degrees. Onward and upward, indeed, along the path indicated by Robbins, and within reasonable striking distance of his proposal of 346,000 in the universities by 1980–81.

A less melodious note has to be introduced on the matter of academic incomes. In 1953 the stipend of an Oxford professor was £1,900. If, as is usually the case, he was married, he retained £1,375 of that after income tax was removed. In the academic year 1977/8 the stipend had gone up to £8,982, which left after tax, in the same circumstances, £6,230. The old 1953 figure of £1,375 amounts, when adjusted to take account of the movement of prices, to only a little more, say £6,500. But most other people, apart from bishops, have enjoyed rather substantial increases of real income over the past quarter-century. Then the professor got £100 a year less than an assistant secretary in the Civil Service at the top of the scale. Now he is more than £2,000 behind.

Much of this relative decline took place when Harold Wilson was Prime Minister. In bringing it about he was giving the back of his hand, not only to his own original profession, but to the occupational source of a great many Labour ministers and members of parliament. The academic presence in the leadership of the Labour party was more noticeable in the days of Attlee than it is now. Once there were Pakenham, Gordon-Walker, Crossman and Crosland. Since the last two died things have much changed. One or two of the present Cabinet admit to brief academic pasts. Mr Mulley was an economics fellow in Cambridge for a couple of years; Mr Dell taught history for a while in Oxford after taking his degree; Mr Merlyn Rees had a short period as lecturer in economics at the Luton Institute of Technology. But here, as elsewhere for the universities, a good deal of the glory has departed.

In the immediate post-War years a considerable amount of hope had been invested in the universities. One way and another the circumstances of the war had created a kind of cultural boom. Books of a moderately improving or demanding character sold splendidly, there were ABCA groups discussing the Beveridge report and the prospects for parliamentary democracy in the post-colonial world, *Penguin New Writing* passed from hand to hand in the barrack-room, audiences went voluntarily to a film called *They Came To A City*, in which people in utility clothing, outlined luminously against modernistic cardboard boxes, declaimed about the social justice and opportunities for self-realisation that would be found in the New Jerusalem.

The optimistic cultural expectations of that time have been largely disappointed. Danny La Rue and Bernard Manning are generally preferred to Shakespeare and Samuel Beckett. The more educated of younger people seem to vote by way of their paperback purchases for fairy stories *à la* Tolkien or for religious edification whether in the writings of Khalil Gibran or works of Marxist sociology. No doubt the disappointment was inevitable and, in a way, proper. To get anything done you have to imagine that you are going to achieve much more than you can actually bring off. The human will has to be lured into action by the advertiser's superlatives.

I BELIEVE THAT at least one cause of this disappointment of expectations has been a lack of *interestingness* on the part of the universities. I shall have to limit myself to the humanities in making out a case for this for lack of knowledge of what has been going on outside them. But the influence of the natural sciences on the general intellectual life of their time is always more indirect and delayed. unless, as with Darwin's evolutionism, the human applications are inescapably evident.

ANTHONY QUINTON *was until recently University Lecturer in Philosophy and a Fellow of New College, Oxford; he is now President of Trinity College, Oxford. His most recent publication is "The Nature of Things" (Routledge, 1977).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To make the point as concretely as possible: we have been suffering over the last 25 years from a serious shortage of great school-founding, zealot-producing intellectual heroes. Compare the academic scene since 1953 with what was going on between the wars.

In my own subject, Wittgenstein was in Cambridge from 1929 and was there, on and off, but always in a powerfully influential way, until 1947. In the mid-1930s Ayer's notable importation of the ideas of the Vienna Circle was part of a revival of philosophy in Oxford, after a period of great stodginess, which flowered after the war with Ryle's *Concept of Mind* and the magnetic teaching of Austin, but which petered out after Austin's death in 1960.

In literary criticism Richards, Empson and Leavis contributed in succession to the development of an exciting new mode of the study of literature, which in Leavis's case turned out to be a comprehensive social ethic. But *Scrutiny* came to an end in the same month that ENCOUNTER began in, October 1953, between *The Common Pursuit* and the late, bizarre *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist*. In history Namier was the leading figure from the first substantial demonstration of his method in 1929. For the last ten years of his life, before his death in 1960, he was in poor health and embroiled with the unwieldy *History of Parliament*. Keynes, the greatest figure in modern economics, died in 1946, having brought out his *General Theory* ten years before. Malinowski and Radcliffe-Brown, the most authoritative contributors to British anthropology, died in 1942 and 1955 (after nine years in retirement) respectively.

Now in all these disciplines, despite the maintenance of high scholarly professionalism and a flow of excellent publications, there have been no comparably heroic figures in the last 25 years. More strictly, Popper and Oakeshott, the two people who could be thought of in these terms, although still active today, had already done the greater part of their influential work by 1953. The genuinely new figures seem to be cast in an altogether less grandiose mould than their great predecessors of the 1930s. Distinguished examples of a more contemporary type are Strawson, in philosophy, and Kermode, in literary criticism. Stylish and sophisticated, they are almost excessively reasonable. It is not just that one cannot imagine them wanting to found a school. Deification can occur without the consent of the one deified. It is that they never speak loudly enough to create a disturbance, to bring about a state of affairs in which sides are passionately taken or belief in the omnicompetence of a doctrine or method accepted.

There are two more or less external explanations of this diminution of intellectual excitement. The first would attribute it to what Perry Anderson called the White Emigration, in his brilliant, saucy essay, "Components of the National Culture", lodged incongruously in an otherwise fatuous volume called *Student Power*. Anderson remarks on the large place as inspirers of fresh and active thought in this country occupied by refugees from Hitler's Europe: Wittgenstein, Malinowski, Namier, Popper, Berlin, Gombrich, Eysenck, Klein are the main examples. Of home-grown thinkers only Keynes and Leavis can, he reasonably argues, stand comparison with them.

His interest is in the politics of his émigrés. He says that right-wing fugitives stayed here, while more progressive ones moved on to the more democratic and open society of the United States. A more general consideration is that the benefit the intellectual life of this country received from their arrival was a once and for all affair. The central Europe over which Hitler's power spread up to 1939 was a unique reservoir of academic talent. So, the transfusion is over and we are driven back on to our own modest, home-grown resources.

The other, non-competitive, external explanation points to the large-scale reversal of cultural roles as between Britain and the United States. That began in literature between the wars, a phase symbolically completed in 1939 with the retracing in the opposite direction by Auden and Isherwood of the path of James and Eliot.

BEFORE THE WAR the American universities offered little intellectual competition. In the humanities some professors of a gentlemanly type followed the British model in a traditional manner. Others, more or less irately nationalistic, adhered to a native intellectual style, characterised by imprecision and demotic enthusiasm, described by Morton White as a revolt against formalism and exemplified by Dewey, Beard, Veblen, Justice Holmes and James Harvey Robinson. The entire scene was transformed by the arrival of the displaced European academics. The American university, redeemed by the example of Gilman's Germanic Johns Hopkins from its demure and unadventurous beginnings, was innately hospitable to the seriousness and thoroughness of the German academic ideal. There the inflow from Europe had much larger and more transforming effects than here; it was greater in scale and the immigrants were accepted on their own terms, not absorbed into an existing academic style. However it was done, a vast improvement of the American university took place.

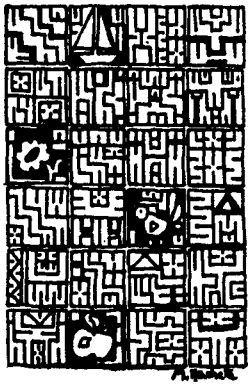
So, today and for the last twenty years or so, the subjects that were dominated before by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British thinkers depend for exciting originality on Americans. In philosophy there is only one British thinker who arouses the kind of interest accorded to Quine, Davidson, Putnam and Kripke. Chomsky came from the same philosophical background to create a new science of language almost single-handed by the time he was thirty. In social philosophy there are Rawls and Nozick.

The New Criticism, descended from Richards by an Empsonian rather than Leavisian route, has been a large academic industry in the United

The Message



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago anyone who lamented his ignorance of science and felt, unaccountably, that he ought to pull himself together and do something about it would almost certainly have been thinking of physics —and might have been asking himself puzzled and uneasy questions about the conversion of matter into energy or the vexed problem of whether the universe began stealthily, by design, or with the "big bang" we hear tell of. But, beginning on 30 May 1953, biology began to elbow physics aside. The date is important because on that day *Nature*, the world's principal scientific newspaper, published a letter by Francis Crick and James Watson which described a complete and correct solution of the crystalline structure of the vast molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid, *DNA*.

What of it? I shall now explain why this discovery was so important.

HUMAN INHERITANCES *are of several different kinds. The most usual sense of the word is that in which people can be said to inherit, or more often not to inherit, money, property, possessions, patronymics, and honorific titles. Then we have also a cultural inheritance: knowledge, know-how, the propagation from one generation to the next of ideas, manners, and institutions. This form of inheritance (mediated through books, verbal tradition, and indoctrination) is unlike any other.*

The inheritance I am thinking about is, however, that which people have in mind when they say that an infant "inherits his mother's nose" and the "sly looks of his Uncle Toby." This is genetic inheritance, heredity: that which passes from one generation to the next is a message*—a package of instructions which specifies in almost miraculous detail how a filial generation is to grow up. It was already known that this message was carried by chromosomes in the nuclei of the germ cells—sperm and eggs. The great American geneticist, Thomas Hunt Morgan, had shown that each chromosome was differentiated along its length into points or short lengths each responsible for specifying a particular character difference. These loci are called* genes. *Thus a single gene in human beings is responsible for changing blood group* A *into blood group* B *or* vice versa.

This was all right as far as it went but was no more deeply analytical than it would be to say that literature is propagated from one generation to the next in the form of books.

CRICK AND WATSON *were not the first to show that* DNA *was the chemical compound that encoded the message of heredity, but they were the first to show how the structure of* DNA *empowered it to do so.* DNA *is a huge polymeric (repetitive) molecule composed of four different constituent parts, four different* nucleotides, *the order of which spells out a genetic message—rather like a Morse code with four symbols instead of only two. Quite soon afterwards (in work in which Francis Crick himself played a most important part) the genetic code itself was "broken" in the sense that it became possible to specify which nucleotides and in which order coded for the synthesis for each particular ingredient of the proteins that form the greater part of the meat of the body.*

THESE DISCOVERIES **have transformed biology. It soon became clear that not only did nucleic acid specify the assembly of the molecules out of which the body is made, but that nothing else did so. Thus *DNA* came to be seen as a molecule of unique and unsurpassing importance. Jacques Monod in his *Chance and Necessity* (1972) went so far as to declare that in so far as life could be said to have any purpose, it lay in the conservation and ampliation of *DNA*. In a broadcast dialogue I had with him he assented enthusiastically to the aphorism, unknown to him, that "a chicken is an egg's way of making another egg."**

These discoveries about *DNA* have had a more profound effect on biology than anything since Darwin. They inaugarated the molecular revolution, the most important thing that has happened in biology—I should say in science generally—during ENCOUNTER'S lifetime.

OUR KNOWLEDGE *of the material basis of heredity opens up the possibility in principle of manipulating it, though the feasibility of our doing so, whether for good or evil purposes, has been greatly exaggerated.*

Peter Medawar

SIR PETER MEDAWAR *is Director Emeritus of the National Institute for Medical Research in London; he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1960.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States. But even its most distinguished exponents, Cleanth Brooks for instance, are perhaps less interesting today than the amazing systematiser Northrop Frye and, in a more familiar mode, M. H. Abrams, For better or worse, European structuralism seems to be the most discussable critical mode at the moment. But nothing with its power to arrest attention has appeared here.

In economics the great names of recent years are American: Samuelson, Friedman, Solow. In sociology we have no one to put up against Parsons or Robert Merton. Historians are less American-oriented, it seems. The chief object of admiration is Braudel, and behind him the *Annales* group, inspired by Bloch and Febvre, to which he acknowledges allegiance.

To say these things is not to make an implicit appeal for the appointment of a Royal Commission. It is not surprising that the universities of this, after all, comparatively small country should not produce a continuous stream of irresistibly exciting intellects. The surprise, rather, is how vigorously such a stream flowed not long ago. The English mind has had very little to do with the universities in the total course of its history. They wholly monopolised it for the two centuries up to the Black Death. Then they quietly slumbered until the middle of the last century, when, first, philosophy with Green, Bradley and Sidgwick, and next history, with Stubbs, Freeman and Maitland, retired to Oxford and Cambridge from the London of John Stuart Mill and Macaulay.

I HAVE THE SENSE, then, of having passed my career in what might courteously be described as a period of retrenchment and consolidation in the British academic world. That is not to suggest that the universities have failed. The conception of them as centres of boldly original thought is the comparatively recent revival of a long-abandoned idea. The preservation of learning and its communication to new aspirants to it has always been the prime task and, although that has at times been neglected, it has been devotedly carried on in these creatively rather tepid years.

Behind that, perhaps of more fundamental importance, is the opportunity universities give to those who pass through them for a period of self-exploration and psychological experiment of a private and informal nature. The student revolutionaries of the late 1960s represented the universities as repressive institutions in which all the competitive and economic pressures of late capitalism were mutilatingly reproduced. The comparative impunity with which they romped away, the comfortably established positions that many of them now occupy, refute the theory they asserted.

There were, of course, casualties. One of the two LSE students who really started the whole thing in this country killed himself. I wonder, too, what happened to Tom Fawthrop, whose William Webb Ellis-like tearing-up of his final examination papers in the summer of 1968 at the University of Hull has, at this distance of time, a certain pathos, like the sight of a broken cap pistol in a dustbin.

The student revolutionaries left behind them a swelling or rash of committees and consultative bodies which have to a considerable extent subsided, the inflammation soothed by the unwillingness of later students to attend such things. The rebels did not succeed in turning universities into the prisons they falsely said they were. The universities remain, happily, as vulnerable as they were before. I do not wish I had spent the last 25 years anywhere else.

Anthony Quinton

Poetry

WHEN TRYING to sum up the past twenty-five years in poetry in Britain, the temptation is to work towards some apocalyptic pronouncement, issue a denunciation or find occasion to compose a philippic. Auden wrote that the occupational disease of poets is frivolity, but that is only when they are gossiping together. Left alone with their thoughts, they are much more likely to suffer from paranoia. I am sure we all feel that no one out there loves us enough.

It happens that just before writing this piece, I was in the company of a successful playwright and a film director. Not only do such men make money, but they are looked up to by thousands of people in their profession. Going to publishers' parties and the like will remind a poet how little his art means to the average well-educated person. It is rarely read by anybody but fellow-practitioners and teachers. Robert Graves told the story of islanders who took in each other's washing: nowhere was washing better done. That was his parable for poetry. I think he was wrong. A tight circle of professionals leads to faction, resentment, and as steady a succession of attempted or successful palace revolutions as in some Byzantine court. Poets are obsessed by style and find occasions continually to invoke historical necessity for their proposed stylistic

PETER PORTER *is a poet, critic, and broadcaster; his most recent book of poems is "The Cost of Seriousness" (Oxford University Press).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New From Heinemann

Announcing the definitive edition

The Poems of John Keats

Edited by Jack Stillinger

'The most scholarly edition of Keats's poems in existence or at present possible to imagine.' – *Robert Gittings*

'Stillinger's edition of Keats is the authoritative text, superseding the texts of all previous editions.' – *Professor W. J. Bate*

These comments from two of the world's leading authorities on Keats provide irrefutable evidence of the stature of this definitive, variorum edition. Because of the wealth and complexity of the manuscripts and the frequency with which first printings were based on inferior sources, there has never previously been a thoroughly reliable text. Professor Stillinger has now produced a comprehensively reliable edition through a painstaking and systematic investigation of the texts. cased **£18.00** net

The Nature of Biography

Robert Gittings

Fresh from his triumph with *The Older Hardy*, the latest in a line of outstanding literary biographies, Robert Gittings now offers his readers the distillation of many years' experience and reflection. In a concise study, both erudite and entertaining, he outlines the history of this popular form of non-fiction, from Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard III*, via Aubrey's *Brief Lives* and Boswell's *Johnson*, through to the present century which opened so irreverently with Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*.

cased **£2.50** net

Heinemann
48 Charles Street, London W1X 8AH

Distant Voices

Poetry of the Preliterate

Edited by Denys Thompson

A fine selection of traditional poetry from the oral tradition of many cultures, ranging from an Aboriginal rain chant to Gaelic spinning songs. A number of striking illustrations enhance the beauty and interest of the text, and Denys Thompson provides a perceptive introduction. cased **£4.95** net

Arcadian Ballads

James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone

This attractive volume combines the literary talent of the late James Reeves and the artistic excellence of Edward Ardizzone to produce elegant, finely illustrated, versions of some of Ovid's well-loved *Metamorphoses*. Here are the familiar classical legends of Pyramus and Thisbe, Pan and Syrinx, Echo and Narcissus, Arachne the spider, and Callisto, retold in mellifluous verse and enhanced by Edward Ardizzone's expressive drawings.

cased **£4.95** net

Poetic Truth

Robin Skelton

This fine book completes the trilogy on poetry which Professor Skelton began with *The Practice of Poetry* and continued with *The Poet's Calling*. His task is no less than to establish 'the truth of poetry as I see it', which involves a searching examination of many poems and of the work of critics and philosophers. cased **£5.50** net
paper **£2.90** net

House of Changes

Jeni Couzyn

This new collection is the fourth to appear from this talented young poet.

paper **£1.50** net

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changes. Unfortunately, some of the major poets of this century have had restless minds—Pound especially. And since most of the world (or its observable surface) is always changing, poetry, which might seem naturally a force for conservation, has to change with it.

My personal conviction is that the poet must deceive himself fruitfully if he is to survive in a social order which has no real reason for accepting him. That is, he must keep his excitement with the practical business of writing alive by always experimenting with modes of expression, while allowing his deep-seated respect for what is abiding in the art to guide him subconsciously. Very often in the history of poetry (and I suspect in that of the other arts as well) innovation is discovered to be a return to some already-achieved but largely forgotten or neglected principle. The importance of models or of styles to emulate cannot be overestimated. A good poet will find such models through personal interest and conviction, and not because a prevailing critical fashion has recommended them. The past is therefore always important, and the immediate present something which the original mind should hasten to depart from.

Unfortunately, there are so many aesthetic pushers about today that a poet may find himself harassed simply because his temperament will not allow him to accept the latest draconian pronouncements. To come to cases—I have never been able to understand the enormous respect given to Dr Leavis's tastes in literature—not because I resent his authority but because I cannot gain sustenance from a man who likes an utterly different set of writers from me. Similarly, my instinct, my ear and my understanding all tell me that Gary Snyder is a poet I shall never enjoy. Other people see him differently. There will never be an orthodoxy which will suit us all.

WHAT THEN about poetry in Britain today? Michael Horovitz would have us believe that it is dominated by a London establishment whose tastes are timorous and which suppresses experiment. Certainly, people will not accept much of what Horovitz puts into his *New Departures,* but it seems to me that he is just as willing to pass Test Acts against writing which he doesn't like as any establishment figure. It is very hard to know how far someone's writ extends.

I remember with unhappiness Donald Davie's denunciation of me in a radio talk ten years ago, when he singled me out as one of the reviewers responsible for limiting the imagination of the English response to modern poetry. I had reviewed Olson's *Maximus* poems and some of the recent selections of work by Robert Duncan and Michael McClure which were the fruits of a brief enthusiasm for the American avant-garde which flourished under the Fulcrum and Cape Goliard imprints. I regret that publishers would be unlikely to take such risks today, but I do not repent my review, since it was an expression of my doubt of the worth of these poets, written from a position their supporters could not have expected to be favourable. I tried to account for my lack of ease at certain of the positive qualities of American poetry—most notably its gigantism and over-estimation of what poetry can do. Like beans which grow too large, a lot of American poetry seems to have lost its flavour. I made the mistake of describing poetry as "a modest art." Davie said that no American poet would accept such a pusillanimous doctrine. And some of our own over-reachers, such as George Barker, backed him up. But my statement was not necessarily reactionary.

Poetry is an important art—it is deep, yet it is forced to accept a narrowness of boundaries if it is not to betray itself into rhodomontade. Beyond a certain point, putting more material and more concern into one's verse is only an additive process. It does not make the resulting work more profound or more significant. Davie, who has praised Samuel Menashe's tiny Blakean shavings, should know this. Pound's *Cantos* break up, all too readily, into fascinating details and lyrical interludes—to say nothing of the opinionatedness of much of the grist of the poem. Being Australian, I have a natural sympathy with garrulous "village explainers", but I do not think that such oracles are the best models for our times.

Sometimes I say to myself gloomily that if poets were more fêted and better paid, they would not try to compete with philosophers, playwrights and film-makers, as they do at present. But, looking back over the past, I see that this is not the case. Poets want the bays, which are the Muses' gift, but they want applause as well. Modernism, with its built-in paranoid history, allows them to believe they can have both, and never with more conviction than if they are academics as well. Universities today resemble medieval monasteries in that they offer refuges to severe experimentalists who despise the taste of the public. They eliminate the need for any market-place, and they elevate history into the highest of the Pantheon's gods. But what does this new poetry do, and who reads it? The poet's followers, and eventually the official expounders —nobody else. Fame has to be sought through personal publicity—and it is!

WHEN ENCOUNTER began, English poetry still had confidence in itself. The Movement was just round the corner—John Wain broadcast

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REINER KUNZE

I was eleven,
then I was sixteen.

Though no honours
came my way
those were

The Lovely Years

'[These pieces] are medallions etched with East Germany reality... not a line is random, and not a line is superfluous... The quiet way in which Kunze's prose moves forward and intensifies leaves one breathless with suspense... it could be the prose of a poetically gifted surgeon. The most bitter form of satire is achieved through spare description of realities...' – **Heinrich Böll,** *Die Zeit*

The Lovely Years by Reiner Kunze newly translated by Ewald Osers October 12th £3.95

Sidgwick and Jackson Limited,
1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way,
London WC1A 2SG

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the chief Movement poets in his Third Programme feature, *New Soundings*, in 1952–53, which I seem to remember he took over from John Lehmann. The Movement must have been one of the shortest-lived of successful orthodoxies, if indeed it amounted to that. The next generation was already knocking on the door (or digging under it, given the prevailing imagery of earth and refuse and civic grimness which the Group poets exhibited). I was of this generation: most of us are still writing, but we have gone off in different directions.

The 1960s saw both a new galvanism (Hughes, Redgrove, even parts of MacBeth and Middleton) and a new pluralism. At last, the dykes were down and England was open to continental and American styles, but with a troubling difference. Battles here tend to be fought on class lines and many of the radical supporters of American experiment (in any one of its guises—Beat, Gary Snyder, Minnesotan Peruvian, Black Mountain, New York Surrealist—my list is out of date, or, rather, I can't be bothered finding new identikit labels for the dozens of contending forces) were really resisting Oxbridge hegemony. It suddenly became good tactics as well as clever insult to describe London as the truly provincial place and your redoubt in the stormy fens or the white tile college as the international hub of Britain. I am yet to be convinced that American (I am not sure about Continental) fashions can be really mastered by the British. In painting and music, I am sure they can, but the results in poetry have been hazily derivative. Similarly, I remember thinking that the real focus of indignation in Peter Brook's *US* was not on Viet Nam but Hampstead. Auden, looking back on his English boyhood, wrote:

> *Oxbridge philosophers, to be cursory*
> *Are products of a middle-class nursery*
> *Their comments are anent*
> *What Nanny really meant.*

His Academic graffito can be adapted to many of the attempts of the younger English poets to become American. But there is a native vein of experiment which some Americans have been ready to recognise—it is in Roy Fisher, Christopher Middleton and Tom Raworth—only the last of these shows much visible Americanisation.

I shall not attempt to deal with the many swings of fashion which came after the Movement and the Group, but simply state that the loss of confidence that I have detected in English poetry affects the traditionalists as well as the experimenters. It is disastrous in criticism also. Poetic polemic has become either vituperation or hagiography. I suppose all generations tend to promote their own faction, but an intemperate puffing of one's friends is a sign of all the new movements during the past two decades—Peter Ackroyd's pieces in praise of the epigoni of Jeremy Prynne being the latest and most flagrant, if also perhaps the most interesting. I wrote at the beginning that the poet must refresh his inspiration by trying out new modes, and that these might be waiting for him in the great writers of the past. It is just as important that he doesn't follow a special insight if he begins to suspect that it will lead him into ever-narrowing defiles. The prevailing mode of reductionism is especially dangerous. Somehow we have to keep faith with the past by doing our best as complete poets, and not just by expanding individual departments of the art.

The really hard thing, as Henry James might have said, is to make your own destiny coincide with the necessity of your art. Most poets are forced to fake the coincidence, if only because they cannot bear the thought of being judged irrelevant by history. But the future will not divulge its taste, and those who woo Prince Posterity most desperately may be surprised to find him ignoring them. Both here and in the States, it seems to me, the most hopeful examples of poets coping with pressures put upon them are of resolute individuals, writers who may fit into avant- or arrière-garde categories but whose personalities supervene upon such labels. And we should not be too impatient either, but look at each man's work over a long span. Persistence is as important as early promise.

In Britain, there are many things which I am grateful for—certain poets, some books, occasional poems, and a climate of wit and tolerance. It is only fair that I should name some of them—both major and minor pleasures together. The list must go—Larkin's *High Windows*, for its refinement of his power of poetic afflatus; Peter Redgrove's rituals to bring back the pagan deities; Geoffrey Hill's works *passim* (the one poet whom each end of the taste spectrum admires); the spirit of Auden resting benignly now in the land of its birth; the vindication of Gavin Ewart and his belief in poetry's having many different ways of resorting to force; the shine on James Fenton's lines, with the hope of more of them to come; and finally a roll-call of clever and inventive writers it would be invidious to name, if only because it is always changing. And I should like a public more willing to read poetry, without the aid of critical dogmatism.

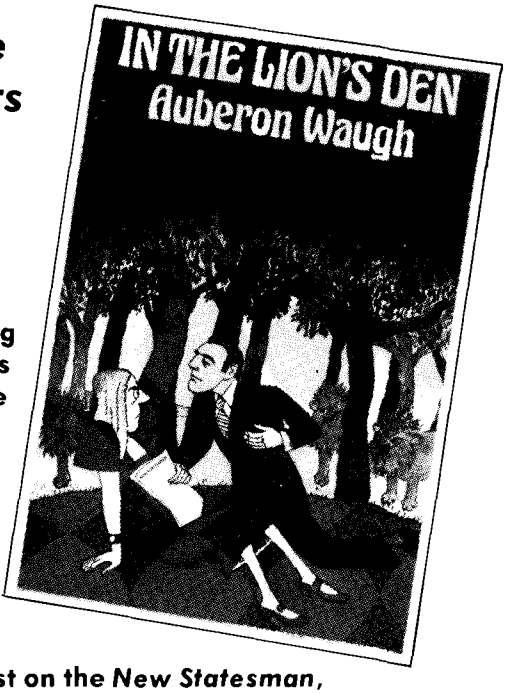
Peter Porter

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For all who take pleasure in the art of English letters

In the Lion's Den

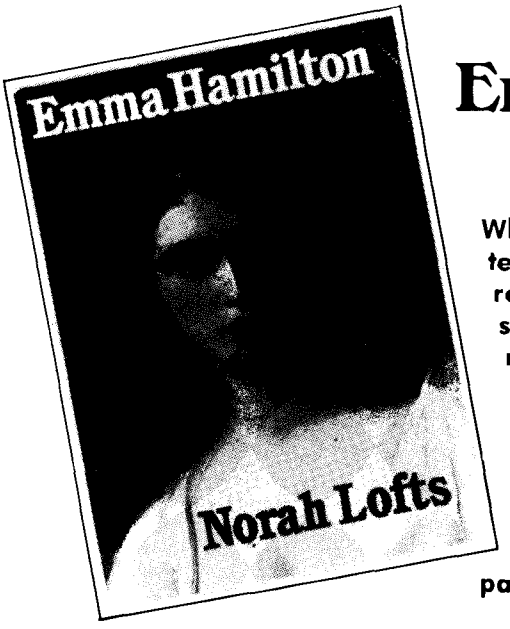
Auberon Waugh



Waugh's essays and criticism have long delighted, infuriated or bemused his readers. Whether he is writing about the gastronomic approach to sex or the prospects of a revolution in England, Waugh invariably writes with wit, high intelligence and an extraordinary, if sometimes perverse, sensitivity to the changing world around him.

Written while he was a regular columnist on the *New Statesman*, each essay in this collection is as fresh as the day on which it appeared.
£4.95

and a new biography from a bestselling author



Emma Hamilton

Norah Lofts

What carried this blacksmith's daughter — a girl of no education and a reputation lost by the time she was sixteen — to the unique position she now holds in English history? Norah Lofts provides the answer in this fascinating portrayal of Emma's rags to riches story. The book is handsomely illustrated in colour and black and white, with portraits by some of the greatest painters of her day.

£8.50

MICHAEL JOSEPH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art & Time

WHEN ENCOUNTER BEGAN, in 1953, I became Director of the Whitechapel Gallery and organised exhibitions there for sixteen years until shortly before I left London in 1970 for a five-year stint of work in America. There's much to say about art and the attitudes surrounding it in Europe and America in the past 25 years, but I want mainly to describe the nature of a new sense of time, working at more than one level, that has had a drastic effect on art and the way it is viewed. A good part of the energy and motivation behind my work comes from the ground that it occupies halfway between the artist and his public. Any conditioning factor of the period that seems relevant to both sides, so to speak, for the artist and his public, seems rare enough to deserve scrutiny.

My concern arises from the fact that largely because of the need to constantly revive fashion of all sorts in the acceleration of the stylistic producer-consumer game inherent in TV—and what that need engenders at other levels—it is becoming difficult for artists to distance themselves sufficiently from earlier styles, and most especially those of comparatively recent vintage, in order to work unselfconsciously along whatever lines obsess them in the present. The true identity of the present is becoming more and more overladen and obscured by almost instant revivalism of one kind or another: shoes, rag trade, fabrics, furnishings, interiors, advertising, film style, typography, photography, and much else.

Artists cannot, of course, ever be completely artless and unselfconscious: a lot of art is made from art, and no painter or sculptor can work in an uninformed vacuum. But there's a big difference between the expansive awareness of art history and different cultures signalled a quarter-of-a-century ago by André Malraux's *Museum Without Walls* and the far closer, insistently compacted and trivialising way in which artists are forced to continually re-focus their attention on different aspects of recent visual style which carries with it connotations or direct references to the art of the period.

AN ARTIST NOW TRAVELS with an increasingly complex and heavy box of hypothetical formal equipment, some of it trivial, some of it serious, forged by stylistic awareness of the recent past. By "recent" I mean rather grandly and largely the last 20 to 30 years. Viewed as successive phases of style, the past is steadily becoming so much more recent. It turns into the present, or re-forms itself, so swiftly that any reasonably well-rounded stylistic awareness is becoming an almost intolerable burden for an artist to carry because no distancing and clarifying interval of time is allowed between him and the character of recent style. This is a new problem for artists which did not exist 20 years ago when the recent past swiftly became remote and had to wait a decent interval for re-scrutiny from a historical perspective.

Artists in the sense used here are not, of course, costumiers or designers of décor. But if my reference to the stylistic rapacity of TV as a threat to the historical measure and detachment best maintained by an artist seems irrelevant or far-fetched, it is partly because too much contemporary art has confused vision with style. There is nothing supernatural about an artist's "vision" (artists don't have visions in the Biblical sense); but vision for an artist is still, however old-fashioned as a word, something much larger than style, which merely implements vision. One of the weaknesses endemic in contemporary art in the past 25 years has been the pursuit of style for its own sake. Apart from the general lack of a coordinating belief, which leaves fertile ground for mannerism, this pursuit has also been encouraged by the teaching of art in art schools and particularly by the way in which basic principles of art formulated by Klee and his colleagues at the Bauhaus were packaged in art-school curricula in the 1950s as a "basic design" course. But all art is perceptual before it is anything, and abstraction in art is a long, organic process, as we see in Mondrian's great series of tree paintings. The authority to make an abstract statement comes from deeply felt habits of perception, personal obsession, and a philosophical approach to life. It cannot be taught as a formula for simple patterns.

So if vision has tended to degenerate into style at more or less the same superficial level of design as the visual connotations of time and place continuously flashed at us by TV, the validity of this style as a commodity is sanctioned by the network of exhibitions presented by the public institutions, museums, councils, and art centres that so actively meet the public need for shows. A producer-consumer society tends to produce and consume art at a great rate. The only criticism comes from an undiscriminating and confused left wing, which seeks to supplant everything with a bad public art of slogans and coarsely simplistic imagery for which there are no roots.

BRYAN ROBERTSON, *critic and art scholar, was from 1949–52 Director of the Heffer Gallery in Cambridge and then of the Whitechapel Gallery in London, where he organised many major exhibitions.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

768 pages

Illustrated

Samuel Beckett

A biography by Deirdre Bair

the first full biography of one of the most private and mysterious of writers and winner of the Nobel Prize, making use of materials that no other scholars have seen: Beckett's unpublished writings, letters to lifelong friends, interviews with his friends and talks and correspondence with Beckett himself.

Jonathan Cape • £8.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH ALL THIS AWARENESS of style, there has never been so much talk of "decades." Artists as well as critics are always referring back to the '60s or the '50s, or the '20s and '30s, in terms of stylistic eras, reinforced by the concrete evidence of exhibitions, and this is something quite new in the way that "contemporary" art has been considered. Contemporary art in this sense is no longer contemporary but is a wide-angled survey of a lengthy period of time. This approach has been steadily building up for the past fifteen years or so. It produces a peculiarly scrambled sense of time, not unlike the disconcerting "simultaneity" of time that we get from the incessant replay of old movies on TV. This replay induces a floating sense of style without aesthetic or social compulsion, rather like the instant disposability of serious issues on TV: the mere act of showing violence, poverty or disease dismisses their urgency and renders them painless.

My references to TV may seem excessive, but very little in modern life is unaffected by it. Our newspapers are conditioned by TV in their presentation of news and features. The way in which innumerable art exhibitions have been devised as "art in a context" has been strongly affected by TV. Practically all the recent stage-plays by our younger dramatists have been either weakened by ideas and staging better suited to film or, if more successful, have been plotted as a series of vignettes or tableaux disclosed at one lateral level, like scanning a strip cartoon from left to right without the basic formal structure of rise and fall in divided "acts"—again, the more fluid and obviously cinematic influence of TV. I can best and finally explain what I mean about the nature of the new sense of time as a possibly obliterating or at least confusing factor in present-day art by an analogy with our own sense of time in relation to film on TV.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD in the 1930s, an occasional and rare revival of a film from the '20s seemed a bizarre affair, the film seemed so incredibly remote in style. Even the film style of the early '30s seemed crude and distant by the middle of the decade. When I asked my parents questions about the '20s, the period as a whole seemed equally odd and far away to them in its style and manners. In the 1940s, as a teen-ager, the films of the '30s seemed creaky and, again, remote; after the War, by the early '50s, the '40s films in their turn seemed archaic. At this time, there were few opportunities for comparison. But by the end of the '50s, TV sets were in most homes and there began a new, very open, awareness of time (at one level at least) induced by the replaying of old movies; so that by the mid-'60s, at the latest, a great many film actors seemed to be ageless. Time, as memory, contracted violently because whenever we see an old film we think, however vaguely and fleetingly, of the period in our lives when we first saw the film—and this, in an unreal, telescopic way, brings earlier phases of time closer to us. At one level, we have the image of a perennially young and callow Henry Fonda, forever setting out for California in an old car, when we know that the reality of Fonda is an old man. On another plane, we have the jarring collision of eternal film time with our own time whenever we see a re-run of *The Grapes of Wrath*, or even see it advertised and dimly recall the era in our own lives when we first saw it.

I THOUGHT for a long time that my sense of time in this kind of double-take was conditioned by my own age. It's obviously relevant that I can now look back on several decades, but only as an expansion of the basic premise. People far younger than me, in even their mid-to-late-twenties, have also this simultaneously expanded and contracted sense of time, due, again, most directly to the re-running of old movies—actors who were young back in the mid-'60s, when they were children, are still young to them, and so on. There is also the instant revivalism in rock music which disrupts the usual time sense.

Apart from films, the constant need for sets and costumes for TV plays and serials means that designers are continually resurrecting the visual styles of all the decades of this century, keeping the recent past alive for us as a continuum, so that time is again compacted with the visual accoutrements of recent history continually thrust at us as we watch the men's uniforms and haircuts, the square-shouldered costumes worn by women, the kids with gas-masks of the '40s one night, the short fringed skirts and Eton crops of the '20s the next night. The '60s are continuously with us.

This is odd because the new puritanism in art of the early '70s has rejected the '60s; the new puritanism found expression in conceptualism, art and language, and the more cerebral variety of performance art which acted out the rules of art as a commentary, rather than the wilder aspects of behaviourism. Some of the puritanism, so far as painting and sculpture are concerned, took a form of imaginative *anorexia nervosa*. We've also seen land art which is, rather more interestingly, a new way of re-entering and re-exploring nature when landscape convention in art had become fatigued.

The coordinating element in all this activity is a puritanism set up as a reaction against the inflated art world of the 1960s, when unquestionably too much money passed hands, with the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press

"A fascinating story of a man's life . . . Well structured and extraordinarily well-researched"
—MICHAEL HOLROYD

Prodigal Father

THE LIFE OF JOHN BUTLER YEATS (1839–1922)

William M. Murphy

Here is the fascinating story of the charming and indomitable John Butler Yeats. It is the first full-length biography of Yeats, father of the poet William Butler Yeats and the painter Jack Yeats, and of Susan Mary ("Lily") Yeats and Elizabeth Corbet ("Lollie") Yeats. It brings to vivid life the entire Yeats family and the remarkable circle in which they moved.

A significant figure in his own right, JBY was perhaps the most prolific portrait painter in Irish history; his oils and sketches include nearly everyone of importance in the Irish Renaissance. Through his forceful personality, he exercised great influence on his sons, particularly WBY the poet, and on other major figures in the arts.

William M. Murphy traces the course of Yeats' rich and well-lived life—from his birth in County Down, Ulster, to his death as an expatriate in New York almost 83 years later. He describes Yeats's early schooling and college education, and his brief stint as a barrister. He recreates the years in London and Dublin, when Yeats painted scores of pictures for which he was paid little or nothing, and follows him to New York, where he spent his last fourteen years, becoming a hero and a legend to many of the young artists and writers there.

"An illumination and a delight from end to end."—Hugh Kenner

"A valuable biography and a major contribution to our understanding of a rich period of artistic achievement."—*Library Journal*

". . . . the author is to be congratulated on treating a magnificent subject magnificently."—*New Statesman*

"The most remarkable book I have read this year."—Raymond Mortimer, *Sunday Times*

680 pages, colour frontispiece, 140 black-and-white illustrations and line illustrations, £17·50.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

2–4 Brook Street, London W.1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propagation of a kind of art that cannot readily be bought or sold. There is also a degree of anti-authoritarianism in all this, the consequence of the '68 revolt and Viet Nam; but more recently it has brought a considerable element of over-simplification of attitudes towards the 1960s so that the serious achievements in painting and sculpture are set at the lighter weight level of the clothes designers and other stylists. There has been confusion also in the anti-dealer, anti-artmarket antics of the '70s—which still need financial subsidy for their continuance.

FOR ME, the 1950s and '60s saw the best painting and sculpture of my life-time; the crucial recognition of American art—though some of it was very bad (pop art, for instance, has always seemed to me a total betrayal of serious art, and part of the stylistic trivialisation that I've been touching on); and the end of provincialism in English art with the advent of a number of immensely gifted painters and sculptors. Whatever has seemed negative in this text is being dispersed, at this moment, by the work of a number of younger artists who are working in obscurity and ignoring the system, without the benefit of dealers, and cautiously finding out what they want to say in painting or sculpture before they evolve a style to contain it. And it should never be forgotten, especially by those who in ignorance castigate the fatness or excessive sophistication of the '60s (or who were impressed by Tom Wolfe's brilliantly foolish book *The Painted Word*), that the finest work of the time was created by artists despite the system and not because of it, and that "time" as a period cannot be confined to a neat and tidy decade but began in historical fact many years earlier.

Bryan Robertson

Churchill's Children

THE EFFECTS OF VICTORY are little noticed. The miseries of defeat, like those of unhappy families, are so much more vivid: the shuffling columns of refugees, the burnt-out cities. Even victories tend to be analysed, if at all, in terms of what they cost. The Second World War, it is pointed out, left Britain heavily in debt, unable and unwilling to maintain her Empire, and enjoying a false grandeur as one of the Big Four. From this delusory eminence, we are told, derive many of our post-War follies and failures. All true. But we did win. Can that steadfast contribution that our fathers and elder brothers made to the victory of the Allies have left no mark on us? Are not those of us born in the 1930s—the eldest pushing fifty now, the youngest not quite forty—indelibly marked as Churchill's children, in the same way as our contemporaries in the Baader-Meinhof Gang have been tagged "Hitler's Children"?

We were, after all, brought up in the middle of a legend, a legend more powerful than the legend of Agincourt or Waterloo in that it was happening all around us. Montgomery and Alexander, Churchill and Alanbrooke, the Desert Rats and and the Few—these were and are familiar as household words and more freshly remembered in film and story than Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot can have been in the scant media of the 1420s. More potent even than the familiar red splodges on the globe was the sense that the whole earth, the sky too, rang to the sound of British triumphs. It was truly a World War, the threads of which ran unbroken from far-flung exotic places to homely suburbia, from El Alamein and the Burma Road to Biggin Hill and the Little Ships chugging down the Thames off to Dunkirk. Defeats and retreats too were part of the tapestry, adding tragic depth to what might otherwise have sounded like vulgar boasting. Even the humiliating surrender of Singapore was a reminder that our men were human and that courage was not easy, an exception that proved the rule. Most important of all, Britain alone fought from the beginning to the end. British casualties might be dwarfed by Russian losses but there was a sense in which the victory did seem to be uniquely ours.

IT HAS BEEN NOTICED, on the left with a certain nostalgia, that this supreme effort knit together people of all classes in a common endeavour. What is less noticed is that it knit together people of all ages. The "donkeys" who had survived from the First World War, Evelyn Waugh and his fellow "uncles" in their early thirties, boys just out of school—all were brought together not only in a common fight against the enemy but in a shared experience of the complications and boredoms of soldiering. It is even less often noticed how this knitting together extended to children too.

Children were evacuated; they heard the sound of enemy aircraft; they put up the blackout curtains; they saw daily ARP wardens and members of the Home Guard; they might cheer troops off on their way to the greatest invasion in history. Even rationing was a kind of com-

FERDINAND MOUNT *is a political commentator (writing weekly for "The Spectator") and novelist (his latest fiction work, "The Clique", is published this autumn by Chatto & Windus).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you ever wished you were better informed?

THE TIMES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munion with the men at the front. These experiences were far more intimate and continuous than those of the First World War.

At the same time, the cause was so much clearer and dearer than that of 1914–1918. In place of gallant little Belgium, Britain was defending the white cliffs of Dover. In place of Prussian militarism and the Kaiser who was after all the King's cousin, Britain was fighting against Nazism and Hitler who was nobody's cousin. Finally, the technology of war had reached a quite different state; engagements were briefer and more mobile; losses for the British at any rate were far fewer; even our agonies were not long drawn out. When things went wrong, there was no cause to think of the Generals as donkeys; errors in tactics or strategy were merely evidence of ordinary humanity, not of culpable callousness or stupidity.

THE WAR was worth fighting. It was fought with courage and what seemed to laymen at any rate passable cunning. And it was won. The villains on our side were few and pitiable: a handful of fascists and others interned under *18B*; spivs; very few deserters, civilian or military. Most of those in reserved occupations were regarded as honourably reserved. This was as near a nation in arms and on the side of the angels as we are likely to see in this world.

Imagine the effect on the children of this unimpeachable generation. We had no scope to complain of a generation gap; we could not, even if we wished, collectively despise our parents. Fathers had fought, mothers had coped and waited. A certain sobriety, a sense of the difficulty of things was in order. Post-War austerity might be resented by those opposed to the government who were old enough to remember "before the War"; we, the miraculously preserved, the children who were fought for, had no right to resent.

I do not point out these assumptions, many of them sub-conscious and buried beneath self-protective gripes and wisecracks, in order to express a different kind of resentment, the ingrate's resentment at being expected to be thankful for a gift he had not asked for, but rather to explain what has seemed like conformism in people of my age. Observers who enjoy charting the differences between generations (an entirely defensible activity which has a good deal more substance to it than pedants admit) have identified in those of us who grew up in the late 1940s and '50s an occasional numbness which has sometimes resembled timidity in taking on the modern world: a "conventional" attitude toward the arts, an unadventurous attitude to politics. In retrospect, even the most famous outbreaks of dissent in Britain over that period seem cautious and oddly respectful.

The Aldermaston Marches lacked the derisive element so common in demonstrations against war both before and since. The Angry Young Men expressed political discontent in conventional forms and with far less bile than pre-War satirical writing either here or on the Continent. How little poison there is in Amis or Osborne compared with, say, early Auden—and how much more humane and grown-up they seem. In post-War writing you do not often find old men portrayed as fat, red-faced, money-grubbing idiots sending young men to die—the stock characters of anti-War writing from Sassoon to the end of the 1930s. Fathers, in particular, even if silly old buffers in some aspects, are often spoken of with respect and even affection. In writers of the 1920s and '30s by contrast, fathers are characteristically portrayed as cold and unsympathetic and unable to understand their sons. Martin Green, in his wrong-headed book *The Children of The Sun,* makes something of this, perhaps not enough. Personal reminiscences over the years have suggested to me that in reality the fathers in question were quite often kindly old souls who were fond of their children, even if they did not always understand what they were up to. Green attributes this generation gap to a kind of narcissistic infantilism amongst the English upper class, reflecting England's decline in the world. He has, I think, failed to notice that it was a temporary phase which resulted directly from the horrors of the First World War and was not repeated after the Second.

THIS PRO-PATERNAL CONFORMISM may be registered on other scales. Crime, for example, is not only the index of how strongly the poor resent the rich; it also suggests how violently the young resent the old. And the crime rate actually fell during the early 1950s. The strength of political parties—a useful test of how strongly attached people are to the prevailing political structures—was never greater. Even the Labour Party, which has always had difficulty in recruiting individual members, reached the million mark in the early 1950s (excluding block membership via trade unions). The Conservative Party, most notably the young Conservatives, achieved even more remarkable membership figures. Young people joined things with no sense that they were manacling themselves to their parents' chain gangs. If these institutions were hidebound or "sclerotic"—to use a vogue word of a later generation—that was only to be expected. Being stuck in your ways was what happened to people as they got older and was not something particularly to be avoided or mourned. Still less was there any sense that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

Kings or People
Power and the Mandate to Rule
Reinhard Bendix

This work in political and social history challenges major theories of growth and change in the authority of the state. Its focus is on the developing structures and patterns of state authority in the medieval and early modern world and on their subsequent transformations. The study opens with a discussion of the religious bases of royal authority in Western, Islamic, and Chinese civilizations, and continues with an examination of kingship and aristocracy in Japan, Russia, Imperial Germany and Prussia, and England, from roughly 500 A.D. to the sixteenth century. The second part of the book deals with the transformation of authority as the rule of kings was replaced by government in the name of the people. The socio-economic and political revolutions in England, France, Germany, Japan, and Russia represent successive turning points from the medieval to the modern world.

736 pages, illus. £14.00

The Rise of Professionalism
A Sociological Analysis
Magali Sarfatti Larson

What gave rise to our modern conceptions of professional status, and how did particular professions get their privileged status? Dr. Larson shows how our present conception and acceptance of profession was shaped in the liberal phase of capitalism. She argues that professionalization was both a response to the extension of market relations and a movement for the conquest of collective social status by sectors of the bourgeoisie. By comparing the development of various professions in England and the United States during the first part of the nineteenth century, the author gives a concrete historical illustration of the multiple relations professions form with society. Dr. Larson also examines the new conditions of professionalization in the phase of corporate capitalism, drawing on a large number of historical and sociological sources.

336 pages, £10.50

Education by Choice
John E. Coons and Stephen D. Sugarman

In this important book the authors suggest that given the present diversity in American educational goals and practices, it is time to reconsider the question of who shall decide what educational experience a child should receive. Their argument presents a thoughtful, thorough analysis of why the family should be given back control over the educational experiences their children receive. The authors examine ways in which this change could be implemented as well as the most probable resulting alterations to the educational establishment.

285 pages, £7.75

Women in Soviet Society
Equality, Development, and Social Change
Gail Warshofsky Lapidus

Gail Lapidus brings an interdisciplinary approach to the analysis of the official Soviet commitment to female liberation and its implications for the role of women in Soviet society today. Presenting a comprehensive synthesis of the available data, the author measures the scope and limits of sexual equality in the Soviet system and places the Soviet pattern in a broader historical perspective.

400 pages, £11.25

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
2-4 Brook Street London W1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROCOMMUNISM

Edited by G. R. URBAN

Some of the foremost Eurocommunist leaders and spokesmen, and some of their most incisive opponents, debate with Dr Urban the aims, future and roots of the movement in Italy and elsewhere. The chapters are: G. R. Urban, Introduction; Manuel Azcárate, What is Eurocommunism?; Lucio Lombardo Radice, Communism with an Italian Face; Fabio Mussi, A Communist view of Fascism; Jean Elleinstein, 'The Skein of History Unrolled Backwards'; Renzo De Felice, Varieties of Fascism; Rosario Romeo, The Uses of Anti-Fascism; Domenico Settembrini, Mussolini and Lenin; Altiero Spinelli, How European are the Italian Eurocommunists?; Luigi Barzini, The Italians and the Communist Party; Andrei Amalrik, Russia and the Perplexing Prospects of Liberty; Bartolomeo Sorge, S. J., Will Eurocommunists and Eurocatholics Converge? (£7·00)

The Common Welfare

JO GRIMOND

How can we reform our society so that the people and communities within it reach a far higher state of health and fulfilment? (£7·50)

The Disease of Government

H. S. FERNS

The shortcomings of government, particularly in organising or encouraging the production of wealth. Professor Ferns suggests constitutional limits on government power. (October, £6·50)

Sex, Violence & the Media

H. J. EYSENCK and D. K. B. NIAS

The effects (some of them unexpected) of viewing violence, erotica and pornography on television and the other media. The book surveys research results and suggests action. (£5·95)

Apostles into Terrorists

VERA BROIDO

A remarkable group of women in 19th-century Russia began as reformists and were pushed, by senseless represssion, towards terrorism and assassination. (October, £6·75)

Conservative Dissidents

PHILIP NORTON

An analysis of dissent in the Parliamentary Conservative Party 1970–74. (£10·00)

maurice temple smith

nobody over thirty was to be trusted either more or less than people under thirty.

I RECORD the preconceptions of this drab, pedestrian generation not so much to show how sensible we were but to show how unlikely it was that we would change as we grew older. If we were not born middle-aged, we were born prepared for it. A thoroughgoing, corrosive, despairing cynicism might be possible in 1920, just as an elegant, insouciant, improvising free-wheelingness might do nicely for those a few years younger than us. But neither suited our world which had crammed into it both destruction and reconstruction on a heroic scale—the enslavement of Eastern Europe and the Marshall Plan going on side by side.

And now that we are more or less middle-aged, we can, I think, recognise one another.

There is a certain doughy consistency which clings even to the most determinedly frivolous among us. Of course we haven't all stayed where we started. Some have given up being schoolmasters or solicitors or doctors and gone into showbusiness or politics or even become journalists. Some are dead. Some have been to jail. Some are out of work or drunk, or sad or mad, and some are doing very nicely. Many are divorced—that being easily the most dramatically widespread social change and personally searing experience of the time. More was demanded of marriage than in previous generations; its publicly registered failure was all the more agonising and concern about the children more profoundly felt. The divorced father taking his children round the museum on a Sunday afternoon, having nowhere else to entertain them, is the characteristic sight of my time—as mournfully oppressive in its way as the top-hatted Victorian father leading his household off to church. But divorce apart, there is about these changes of occupation very little that is peculiar to the time through which we have lived.

To take the most obvious sort of change that we might have gone through, I have come across few of those cataclysmic conversions, political and/or religious, which struck like lightning throughout the 1920s and 1930s and have struck again in more recent years. People my age or older did not suddenly become Communists and Trotskyists and then equally suddenly become violently Right-wing Conservatives. If they were brought up in left-wing families, they stayed approximately left-wing; if in right-wing, they stayed right-wing. If experience shifted them, it was liable to shift them only a few degrees into a different part of the same party or into a convenient holding ring like the Liberals. The same

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is true of religious allegiance; a few children of high-church families into the Roman Catholic church, a few C-of-E agnostics into active participation, the vast majority of all churches lapsing into not unfriendly apathy—no anti-clericalism to speak of. The pilgrimage to the East had scarcely started.

Is this why I very rarely think of anybody of my own age as silly (nasty yes, stupid sometimes but rarely silly)? There is a vapid, messing-around quality to be found in the over-60s and the under-30s which I can only describe as silliness and from which we admirable characters in between appear to be almost entirely free—or perhaps we have simply reached the middle age for which we have been training for so long.

We are not old enough yet, though, to start making unfavourable comparisons. To describe our youth as the good old days would be a gross deviation from that caution and realism on which we pride ourselves. We tend to remember being sick at the panto, not golden afternoons running barefoot through the hayfields; Orwell, Hoggart, later-Auden, Powell are our sort of stuff, deflaters all.

By an unexpected trick, the past twenty-five years have finished up by depositing us in a world not all that unlike the one we grew up in. People are worried about jobs and prices and fearful new weapons and Soviet expansion. Some who hanker for the 1960s are complaining about the lack of excitement. Not us. We know we were not sent into this world to get excited.

Ferdinand Mount

Personal Column

These messages are secret, the initials
Code them, puzzling most of us. "LY
Where are you now? I love you still. MN."
And then, next evening, "MN are you still there?
Loving you. LY." Until, "Shall I write
To old address?" MN suggests, waiting.

Each teatime, the thin signals start again.
You can almost hear the cheeping
Of separated loves, obscure adulteries
That finished in pub carparks, though they want
To make it new, to meet again, furtively,
Like spies whose thoughts touch before their bodies can.

Love, in an empty warehouse, might be like this.
To think small print, so public, can be tender.
Who'd guess that in a city where the news
Is normal, so many men and women wait
For the paper-boy, their go-between, to bring them
Lonely but hopeful, to a bed somewhere?

Tom Paulin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leszek Kolakowski

How to be a Conservative-Liberal Socialist

A Credo

MOTTO: "Please step forward to the rear!" This is an approximate translation of a request I once heard in a tram-car in Warsaw. I propose it as a slogan for the mighty International that will never exist.

A Conservative Believes:

1. That in human life there never have been and never will be improvements which are not paid for with deteriorations and evils; thus, in considering each project of reform and amelioration, its price has to assessed. Put another way, innumerable evils are compatible (i.e., we can suffer them comprehensively and simultaneously); but many goods limit or cancel each other, and therefore we will never enjoy them fully at the same time. A society in which there is no equality and no liberty of any kind is perfectly possible, yet a social order combining total equality and freedom is not. The same applies to the compatibility of planning and the principle of autonomy, to security and technical progress. Put yet another way: there is no happy ending in human history.

2. That we do not know the extent to which various traditional forms of social life—family rituals, nation, religious communities—are indispensable if life in a society is to be tolerable or even possible. There are no grounds for believing that when we destroy these forms, or brand them as irrational, we increase the chance of happiness, peace, security or freedom. We have no certain knowledge of what might occur if, for example, the monogamous family was abrogated, or if the time-honoured custom of burying the dead were to give way to the rational recycling of corpses for industrial purposes. But we would do well to expect the worst.

3. That the *idée fixe* of the Enlightenment—that envy, vanity, greed, and aggression are all caused by the deficiencies of social institutions, and that they will be swept away once these institutions are reformed—is not only utterly incredible and contrary to all experience, but is highly dangerous. How on earth did all these institutions arise if they were so contrary to the true nature of man? To hope that we can institutionalise brotherhood, love, altruism is already to have a reliable blueprint for despotism.

A Liberal Believes:

1. That the ancient idea that the purpose of the State is security still remains valid. It remains valid even if the notion of "security" is expanded to include not only the protection of persons and property by means of the law, but also various provisions of insurance: that man should not starve if he is jobless; that the poor should not be condemned to die through lack of medical help; that children should have free access to education—all these are also part of security. Yet security should never be confused with liberty. The State does not guarantee freedom by action and by regulating various areas of life, but by doing nothing. In fact security can be expanded only at the expense of liberty. In any event, to make people happy is not the function of the State.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. That human communities are threatened not only by stagnation but also by degradation when they are so organised that there is no longer room for individual initiative and inventiveness. The collective suicide of mankind is conceivable, but a permanent human ant-heap is not, for the simple reason that we are not ants.

3. That it is highly improbable that a society in which all forms of competitiveness have been done away with would continue to have the necessary stimuli for creativity and progress. More equality is not an end in itself, but only a means. In other words, there is no point to the struggle for more equality if it results only in the levelling down of those who are better off, and not in the raising-up of the underprivileged. Perfect equality is a self-defeating ideal.

A Socialist Believes:

1. That societies in which the pursuit of profit is the sole regulator of the productive system are threatened with as grievous—perhaps more grievous—catastrophes as are societies in which the profit motive has been entirely eliminated from the production-regulating forces. There are good reasons why freedom of economic activity should be limited for the sake of security, and why money should not automatically produce more money. But the limitation of freedom should be called precisely that, and should not be called a higher form of freedom.

2. That it is absurd and hypocritical to conclude that, simply because a perfect, conflictless society is impossible, every existing form of inequality is inevitable and all ways of profit-making justified. The kind of conservative anthropological pessimism which led to the astonishing belief that a progressive income tax was an inhuman abomination is just as suspect as the kind of historical optimism on which the Gulag Archipelago was based.

3. That the tendency to subject the economy to important social controls should be encouraged, even though the price to be paid is an increase in bureaucracy. Such controls, however, must be exercised within representative democracy. Thus it is essential to plan institutions that counteract the menace to freedom which is produced by the growth of these very controls.

SO FAR AS I CAN SEE, this set of regulative ideas is not self-contradictory. And therefore it is possible to be a conservative-liberal socialist. This is equivalent to saying that those three particular designations are no longer mutually exclusive options.

As for the great and powerful International which I mentioned at the outset—it will never exist, because it cannot promise people that they will be happy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chicago is in the United Kingdom

The University of Chicago Press celebrates this year the tenth anniversary of the opening of its London office at 126 Buckingham Palace Road. But Chicago has been represented in the United Kingdom for much longer and, since the turn of the century, has been publishing books (like John Dewey's *THE SCHOOL AND SOCIETY, 1899)* that have reached the scholarly community in Great Britain and the rest of the world. We have also long been publishing books by that community.

The international character of our publishing programme has been an essential feature of The University of Chicago Press and a contributory factor to our success as the leading American university press in terms of titles in print, scholarly distinction in both books and journals, worldwide distribution, and volume of sales.

In Europe and elsewhere

Our authors include: **Ivo Andrić, Marc Bloch, Emile Bréhier, Henri Brunschwig, Michel Crozier, Robert Delavignette, Isak Dinesen, Georges Dumézil, Louis Dumont, Jean Egret, F.A. Hayek, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Karl Jaspers, V.A. Krutetskii, Jacques Lafaye, Widukind Lenz, I.D. Novokov, Jean Piaget, Claude Lévi-Strauss, V.V. Podobed, Paul Tillich, Alain Touraine, S.K. Shaumyan, Yevgeny Zamyatin, Ya. B. Zeldovich.**

Worldwide

Scholars are aware of our multi-volume works, such as: the definitive 8-volume *Text of the Canterbury Tales* edited by **John M. Manly** and **Edith Rickert;** *A Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue* edited by **Sir William A. Craigie** and **A.J. Aitken;** *The Venture of Islam* by **Marshall G.S. Hodgson;** *The Christian Tradition* by **Jaroslav Pelikan;** *Asia in the Making of Europe* by **Donald F. Lach;** *The Collected Papers of Charles Darwin* edited by **Paul H. Barrett;** *Evolution and the Genetics of Population* by **Sewall Wright;** *The Collected Papers of Enrico Fermi* edited by **Emilio Segrè.**

Worldwide

The most distinguished scholars publish in our journals: THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HUMAN GENETICS • AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY • THE AMERICAN NATURALIST • THE ASTROPHYSICAL JOURNAL • BOTANICAL GAZETTE • BULLETIN OF THE CENTER FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS • CHILD DEVELOPMENT • CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY • COMPARATIVE EDUCATION REVIEW • CRITICAL INQUIRY • CURRENT ANTHROPOLOGY • ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AND CULTURAL CHANGE • THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL JOURNAL • ETHICS • HISTORY OF RELIGIONS • INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LINGUISTICS • THE JOURNAL OF BUSINESS • THE JOURNAL OF GEOLOGY • THE JOURNAL OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES/MEDICAL MICROBIOLOGY/CLINICAL IMMUNOLOGY/ EPIDEMIOLOGY • THE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND PHILOSOPHY • THE JOURNAL OF MODERN HISTORY • JOURNAL OF NEAR EASTERN STUDIES • JOURNAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY • JOURNAL OF RELIGION • THE LIBRARY QUARTERLY • MODERN PHILOLOGY • PERSPECTIVES IN BIOLOGY AND MEDICINE • PHYSIOLOGICAL ZOOLOGY • SCHOOL REVIEW • SIGNS: JOURNAL OF WOMEN IN CULTURE AND SOCIETY • THE SOCIAL SERVICE REVIEW • THE SUPREME COURT REVIEW • TECHNOLOGY AND CULTURE • ZYGON: JOURNAL OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE • Coming OCEAN YEARBOOK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Worldwide

Scholars have contributed to our distinguished projects, such as: A Historical Atlas of South Asia edited by **Joseph E. Schwartzberg;** *Foundations of the Unity of Science* edited by **Otto Neurath, Rudolf Carnap,** and **Charles Morris;** *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke* **Thomas W. Copeland,** general editor; *Stars and Stellar Systems* **Gerard P. Kuiper,** general editor; *Wildlife Behavior and Ecology* edited by **George B. Schaller;** *History of Menshevism* edited by **Leopold M. Haimson;** *Heritage of Sociology* **Morris Janowitz,** general editor; *Studies in Imperialism* edited by **Robin W. Winks;** *Classic European Historians* **Leonard Krieger,** general editor; *Classics of British Historical Literature* **John Clive,** general editor; *Classics in Anthropology* **Rodney Needham,** general editor; *The Nature of Human Society* edited by **Julian A. Pitt-Rivers** and **Ernest Gellner;** *The "Notebooks" of Dostoevsky* edited by **Edward Wasiolek;** *The Complete Greek Tragedies* edited by **Richmond Lattimore** and **David Grene.**

In the United Kingdom

Our authors include:
Reyner Banham, S.A. Barnett, Clive Bell, Asa Briggs, Nigel Cameron, W.M. Corden, Maurice Cowling, Bernard Crick, Marcus Cunliffe, David Daiches, Thom Gunn, T.W. Hutchison, Richard A. Hudson, M.W. Jones-Lee, Melvin J. Lasky, T.H. Marshall, H.G. Nicholas, Kenneth P. Oakley, Michael Polanyi, John Sparrow, J.A. Sutherland, A.J.P. Taylor, C.H. Waddington, W.H. Walsh, Malcolm M. Willcock, Francis A. Yates.

And, of course, in the United States

Our authors include: **Hannah Arendt, Jacques Barzun, Harold Bloom, Daniel J. Boorstin, Wayne C. Booth, John Dewey, Mircea Eliade, Robert Engler, John Hope Franklin, Milton Friedman, Geoffrey H. Hartman, Irving Howe, Harry G. Johnson, George F. Kennan, Thomas S. Kuhn, Edward H. Levi, Martin E. Marty, William H. McNeill, George Herbert Mead, Robert K. Merton, Hans Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Harold Rosenberg, Edward Shils, George F. Stigler, Leo Strauss, J.A.B. van Buitenen, Karl Joachim Weintraub.**

The University of Chicago PRESS

For sales information

In the UK	In the US
Mr. Graham Voaden Manager The University of Chicago Press, 126 Buckingham Palace Road London SW1W 9SD	Mrs. Penelope Kaiserlian Marketing Manager The University of Chicago Press 5801 South Ellis Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60637

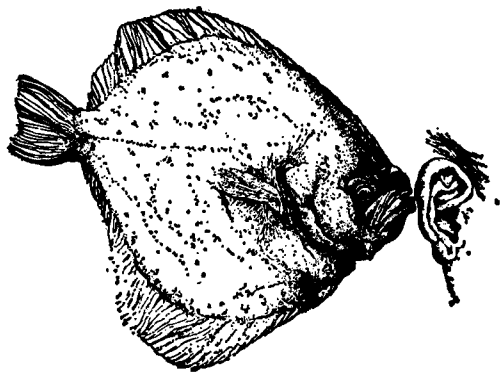
For editorial inquiries

In the UK	In the US
Mrs. Margot Walmsley 59 St. Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS	Mr. John G. Ryden Editor-in-Chief The University of Chicago Press 5801 South Ellis Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60637

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Günter Grass

The Flounder



Pages from a New Novel

What I write about

About food and its aftertaste.
Then about guests who came
uninvited or just a century late.
About the mackerel's longing for lemon juice.
Among fishes I write mostly about the flounder.

I write about superabundance.
About fasting and why gluttons invented it.
About crusts from the tables of the rich and their food value.
About fat and excrement and salt and penury.
In the midst of a mound of millet
I will relate instructively
how the spirit became bitter as gall
and the belly went insane.

I write about breasts.
About Ilsebill's pregnancy (her craving for sour pickles).
I will write as long as it lasts.
About the last bite shared,
the hour spent with a friend
over bread, cheese, nuts, and wine.
(Munching we talked about this, that, and the other
and about gluttony, which is only a form of fear.)

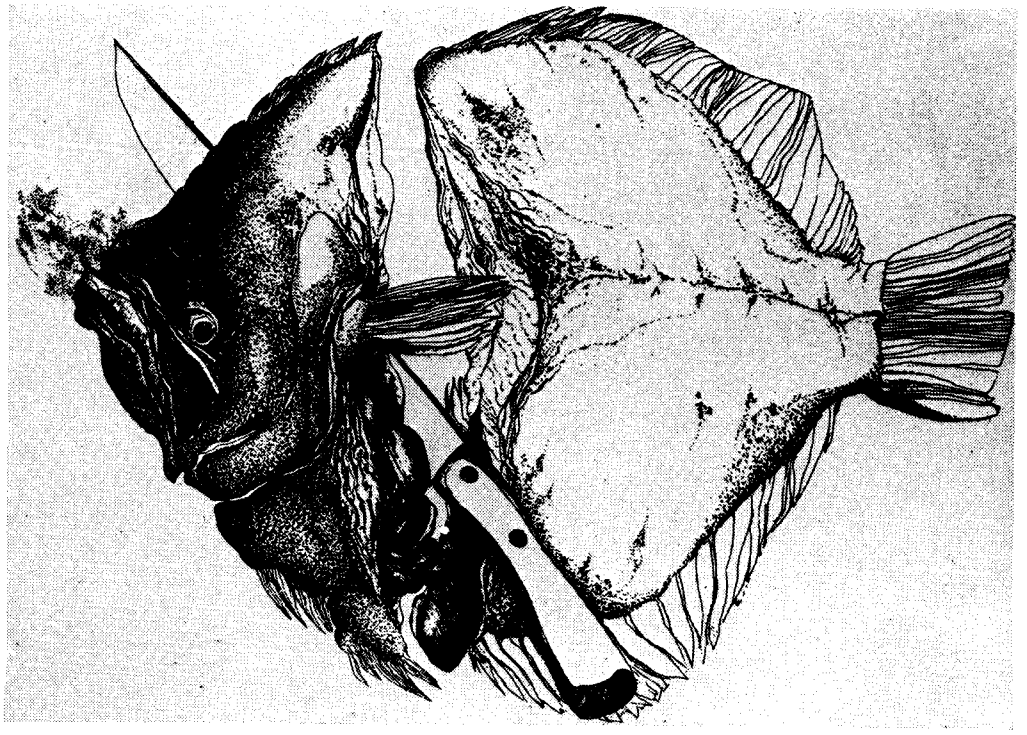
I write about hunger, how it is described
and disseminated by the written word.
About spices (when Vasco da Gama and I
made pepper cheaper)
I will write on my way to Calcutta.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meat, raw and cooked,
goes limp, shreds, shrinks, and falls apart.
The daily porridge
and other warmed-over fare: dated history,
the slaughter at Tannenberg Wittstock Kolin.
I make a note of what's left:
bones, husks, innards, and sausage.

About nausea brought on by a heaped plate,
about good taste,
about milk (how it curdles),
about turnips, cabbage, the triumph of the potato
I will write tomorrow
or after yesterday's leftovers
have become today's petrification.

What I write about: about the egg.
About overeating through sorrow, consuming love, the nail and the rope,
about quarrels over the hair and the word too many in the soup.
Deep freezers and what became of them
when the current gave out.
I will write about us all at a table eaten bare,
and about you and me and the fishbones in our throats.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nine and More Cooks

THE FIRST COOK inside me—for I can speak only of cooks who are inside me and want to come out—was named Awa, and she had three breasts. That was in the Stone Age. We men had little say, because Awa had filched fire for us from the Sky Wolf, three glowing little pieces of charcoal, and hidden them somewhere, possibly under her tongue. Next Awa, as though in passing, invented the roasting spit and taught us to distinguish raw food from cooked food. Awa's rule was mild: after suckling their babies, the women of the Stone Age suckled their men until they sweated out their obsessions, stopped fidgeting, and became sleepily still, available for just about anything.

And so we were all of us sated. Never again, never in the future that dawned later on, were we so sated. We were suckled and suckled. Always superabundance was flowing into us. Never any question of enough is enough or let's not overdo it. Never were we given a pacifier and told to be reasonable. It was always suckling time.

Because Awa prescribed a mash of ground acorns, sturgeon roe, and the mammary glands of the elk cow for all mothers, milk gushed into Stone Age mothers even when there were no infants to suckle. That made us all peaceful and created time intervals. So punctually fed, even our toothless old men preserved their vigour, and the consequence was rather a surplus of males; the women wore out more quickly and died younger. We had little to do between feeding times: hunting, fishing, the manufacture of stone axes; and when in accordance with a strict rule our turn came, we were allowed to mount the women, who ruled by tender loving care.

It might interest you to know that Stone Age mothers already said "la la" to their babies and that the men, when called to take a look at them, said "na na." There were no fathers. Matriarchy held sway.

It was a pleasantly historyless age. A pity that someone, a man of course, suddenly decided to smelt metal out of ore and pour it into sand moulds. God knows that wasn't what Awa had stolen fire for. But threaten as she would to withhold the breast, the Bronze Age and the masculine cruelties that came after it could not be prevented, but only delayed a little.

THE SECOND COOK inside me who wants to emerge with a name was called Wigga and no longer had three breasts. That was in the Iron Age, but Wigga, who forbade us to leave the swamps with their plentiful fish and join in the history-making of the Germanic hordes who were then passing through, still kept us in a state of immaturity. The one thing she allowed us to copy from the Germans was their coiling pottery. And Wigga made us gather the iron pots they threw away in their haste, because Wigga ruled by cookery, and she needed flameproof pots.

For all the men, who were all fishermen—because elk and water buffalo were becoming rare—she boiled codfish and sturgeon, pike-perch, and salmon, roasted roaches, lampreys, finger-length sprats and those small tasty Baltic herrings on the iron grill that we had learned to fashion from Germanic scrap. Making a thick, strong broth by boiling the hell out of shifty-eyed codfish heads, Wigga invented a fish soup into which, because millet was still unknown to us, she stirred the crushed seeds of swamp grasses. Possibly in memory of Awa, whose image had come down to us as a three-breasted goddess, Wigga, always nursing an infant or two, added milk from her own breasts to her fish soups.

We unsuckled men were jumpy, as though infected with Germanic unrest. Wanderlust raised its head. We climbed tall trees, stood on high dunes, narrowed our eyes to sight slits, and searched the horizon to see if something was coming, if something new was coming. Because of this wanderlust—and because I refused to be Wigga's charcoal burner and peat cutter forever—I went off with the Germanic Goitches, as we called the Goths. But I didn't get very far. Trouble with my feet. Or maybe I turned back in time because I missed Wigga's mammary fish soup.

Wigga forgave me. She knew that history is forgotten between hunger and hunger. "The Germanic peoples", she said, "won't listen to their women; that's why they will always get themselves wiped out."

For Wigga, incidentally, I filed a comb from fishbone, because a talking flounder had shrewdly advised me to. Back in Awa's days, I had fished this flatfish out of the shallow water and let him go again. The talking flounder is a story by himself. Since he has been advising me, the male cause has progressed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In this brilliant and wide-ranging volume, Edward O. Wilson completes the trilogy that began with *Insect Societies* and continued with his now historic *Sociobiology*. He has given us a work as rich in humane learning and philosophy as it is masterful in scientific exposition." - *Robert Nisbet*

Edward O. Wilson

£8.75

Harvard University Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1, England

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THIRD COOK inside me was called Mestwina, and she, too, ruled in the region where Awa and Wigga had kept us in a state of infancy with their ever-loving care: in the swamps of the Vistula estuary, in the beech forests of the Baltic ridge, amid sand dunes wandering and stationary. Po Morze—country by the sea—for which reason Mestwina's tribe of fishermen, who had begun to grow root plants, were known among the neighbouring Prussians as "Pomorshians" or Pomeranians.

They lived in a Wicker Bastion, so called because of the fence they had plaited from willow withes as a defence against Prussian raiders. Because she was a cook, Mestwina was also a priestess. She raised the cult of Awa to perfection. And when it came time for us all to be baptised, she brewed up paganism and Christianity into a Catholic mixture.

For Mestwina I was at once a shepherd, supplying her with loins of mutton, and a bishop, for whom she cooked. It was I who picked up pieces of amber on the beach, pierced them with red-hot wire, and threaded them, while muttering appropriate spells, to fashion the necklace that came apart as she bent over her fish broth; and as Bishop Adalbert I spooned up that same codfish-head soup, into which, because a necklace had come apart, seven pieces of amber had melted, whereupon I became as horny as a goat from Ashmodai's stable.

Later on they canonised Bishop Adalbert of Prague, who was me at the time. But here I'm speaking of Mestwina, who in striking me dead without a qualm was merely doing a job that is ordinarily done by men. And when I told the Flounder about this incident of April 997, he scolded as follows: "That was supererogation! Look, you've more or less turned yourselves into warriors, haven't you? That killing should have been done by a man. Indisputably. Don't let them wrest the absolute solutions out of your hands. No relapse into the Stone Age, if you please. Women should devote themselves to a more inward religion. The kitchen is dominion enough for them."

THE FOURTH COOK inside me inspires fear, so I'm glad to get rid of her. No longer a Pomorshian fisherwoman ruling mildly in the Wicker Bastion, this one, now that the city has been founded, is an artisan's wife, known as Dorothea of Montau, because she was born in Montau, a village on the Vistula.

I don't want to slander her, but the talking Flounder's advice that after so much historyless, matriarchal ever-loving care I should devote myself with masculine high pressure to men's business and leave not the Church but religion to women as a second prerogative after rule over the kitchen, made a big hit with my High Gothic Dorothea. To say that though revered as a saint by the populace she was more like a witch and Satan's bedfellow is a mild enough observation in connection with a period when the plague was carrying people away right and left, and when witches as often as not doubled as saints.

Typical as Dorothea may have been of the 14th century, her contribution to the cuisine of an epoch noted for its revolting gluttony was quite one-sided, for Dorothea ruled by extending Lenten fare to the whole year, not excluding Saint Martin's Day, Saint John's Day, Candlemas and the high holidays. The barley in her pot never saw fat. She boiled her millet in water, never in milk. When she cooked lentils or dried peas, no bone was ever allowed to contribute its bit of marrow. The closest thing to meat that she tolerated was fish, which she simmered with turnips, leeks, sorrel, and lettuce. We shall have something to say of her spices later on. How she had visions and baked the Sacred Heart in bread dough. What penance she found sweet and how she softened peas with her penitent knees. What she hungered for and how she enhanced her beauty. What advice the Flounder gave me. But no advice could help me; she was a witch, and she destroyed me.

THE FIFTH COOK inside me is Margarete Rusch, also known as Fat Gret. Nobody ever laughed like her: so totally. While holding a freshly killed goose, still warm and dripping, between her round knees, plucking it so strenuously that she was soon sitting in a cloud of feathers, she drowned the Pope and Luther in her laughter. She laughed at the Holy Roman Empire and at the German nation as well, at Poland's crown and the embattled guilds, at the Hanseatic lords and the abbot of Oliva, at peasant louts and lousy knights—in short, at all those who in baggy breeches, in doublets, cowls, or armour, fought for what they held to be the true faith. She laughed at her century.

As she belly-laughed and plucked eleven successive geese, I, her kitchen boy and the target

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUTH PRAWER
JHABVALA

Esmond in India

A reissue of her third novel, first published twenty years ago when the Independence of India was still quite recent. It deals partly with the people who fought to win that Independence and partly with those — and they are not the same — who are enjoying its fruits of political and cultural power. *£4.25*

The Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters

Correspondence of George Lyttelton and Rupert Hart-Davis

Edited and introduced by RUPERT HART-DAVIS

'These letters are what literary conversation should be and so rarely is. Both writers vividly convey their delight in the literary world and the nourishment they have received from books. Would there were more like them.' Michael Holroyd
frontispiece £6.95

Poets in the Garden

An Anthology of Garden Verse

Compiled by DENIS WOOD

Poetry and gardens are both refinements of things usually experienced at matter-of-fact levels: poetry is distilled from prose, gardens out of wild landscape. Dennis Wood's selection takes the subject into every corner of the garden that poets have chosen to describe, illustrated with line engravings and decorations from the last four centuries.
line engravings and decorations in alternating colours £2.95 publication October 19

Robert Adam and his Circle

In Edinburgh and Rome

JOHN FLEMING

The reissue of this important book with an updating preface and bibliography coincides with the 250th anniversary of Robert Adam's birth.
'This fascinating book considerably advances our knowledge of how the Adam style was formed.' *The Glasgow Herald*
48 pages of photographs, 14 line illustrations £8.50

Vision and Reality

The Evolution of American Government

W. O. SIMPSON

Traces the historical relationship between American political institutions and the developing society out of which they have evolved through from the days of the Thirteen Colonies to post Watergate.
4 maps cased £5.50, paperback £2.75

JOHN MURRAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

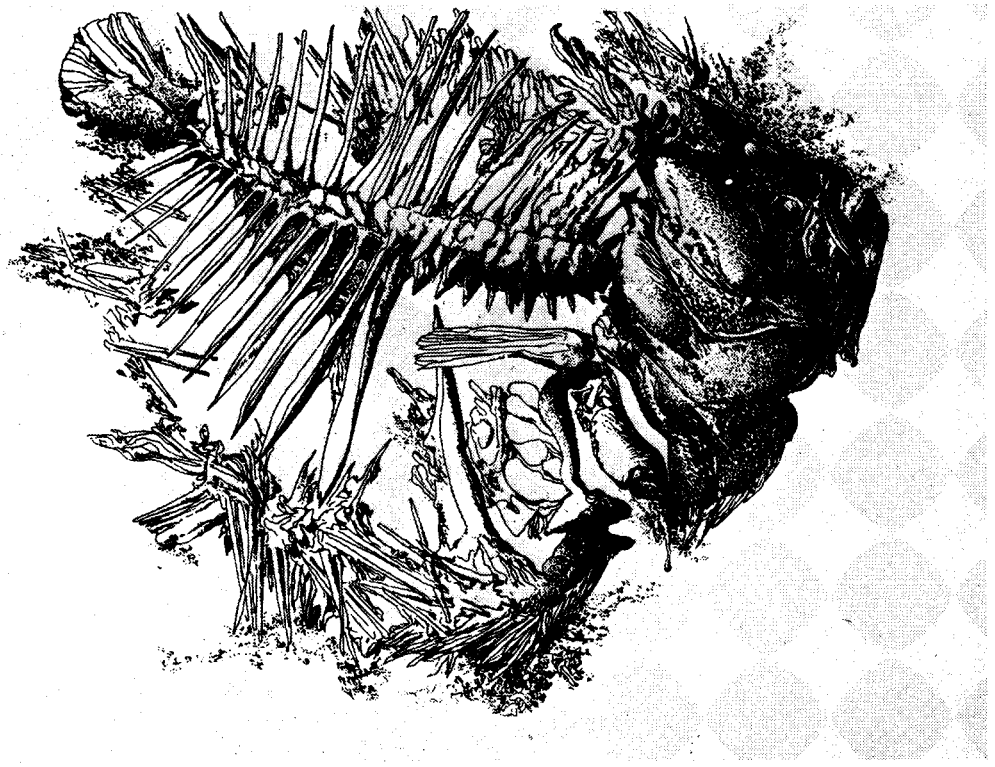
of her angry spoon, kept the down in the air with my blowing; I've always had a knack for blowing feathers and keeping them hovering in mid-air.

The goose-plucking cook was the abbess of Saint Bridget's, a free and easy nun who helped herself to every man she could fit into her box bed. She had abducted me, a little Franciscan monk, from Trinity Church during vespers. Fat Gret was so spacious a woman that many a noble lord got lost inside her. To her the young sons of patrician families were an appetizer: tender asparagus tips. She fattened the abbot of Oliva to death. She was said to have bitten off Preacher Hegge's left testicle. After that we went to work for Ferber the patrician, who wanted to stay Catholic and not to forgo Margret's peppery lamb tongues with broad beans. Then we went back to the Protestants and cooked for one guild or another on holidays. When King Stephen Batory besieged the city, we decided we would be safer outside the walls, cooking for the Poles. In her bed I found warmth. In her bed I found peace. She kept me under lock and key. She sheltered me with her fat.

Fat Gret, the Flounder said to me, was a woman after his wide-mouthed taste: she let the men get on with their deadly serious trade in wheat, toll collecting, guild fees, and indulgences, let them find more and more elaborate ways of slicing or pulverising one another, or interpreting the Scriptures, and improved her health laughing at the murderous entertainment they offered. "If she had wanted to", said the Flounder, "she could have won back Awa's power at any time."

THE SIXTH COOK inside me—they're pushing to get out, and there are nine or more of them, each with a name—also plucked geese, but she didn't laugh. An oat-fattened goose when the Swedes, with fire behind them, withdrew. When the Swedes came back (punctually on Saint Martin's Day), nothing was left of all her geese but a bowlful of stirred blood, to which she added roots and sliced pears to make a sour black sauce for the boiled giblets—neck, heart, gizzard, and wings.

Directly behind the barn, under the apple tree, from which later dangled heads with upturned beaks, Agnes plucked the geese and sang little songs: weary wind-blown words that put the wretched Swedish occupation into rhyme and



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hovered in mid-air with the goose down for the length of a November day. O vale of tears!

That was when Agnes was still childlike and Kashubian. Later, when she became a city dweller and cooked for Möller the town painter, the Swedes with their Gustavus Adolphus were already somewhere else. Instead, four years after the Battle of Lützen, the poet and diplomat Martin Opitz, embittered by the long-lasting war, came to Danzig.

"Agnes", said the talking Flounder—though I'm not sure whether it was as painter Möller or as poet Opitz that I questioned the wise old fish—"your Agnes", he said, "is one of those women who can only love comprehensively. The man she cooks for she loves; and since she cooks tenderly for both of you, one for his swollen liver, the other for his embittered gall, you are obliged to sit down to table with what you take to be her divided—and what I call her doubled—love, and listen as the bed creaks."

To painter Möller she bore a little girl; and as for me, when the plague baked me and sweated me, she stuffed the pillow of my deathbed full to bursting with goose down. That's how kind-hearted she was. But I never managed to turn out a poem to her kindness. Only courtly flattery and lamentations of various kinds. No mouth-filling Agnes-rhyme to chicken broth, calf's sweetbreads, manna grits, and such-like delicacies. I hope to make up for it later on.

THE SEVENTH COOK inside me bore the name of Amanda Woyke, and when I let the whole lot of them and their daughters babble together, comparing the prices at different epochs, she's the one who stands out most clearly in my mind. I'd never be able to say straight out, "This, just this is what Agnes looked like", because Agnes always looked melancholy but in different ways, and always seemed torn between Möller and Opitz; for Amanda's looks, on the other hand, I easily find an image: she had a potato face. Or, to be more specific, in her face the full beauty of the potato could be admired every day of the week. It wasn't just the bulbousness; no, her whole skin had that earthy sheen, that glow of palpable happiness, that can be seen on stored potatoes. And since the potato is first of all grand, sweeping form, her eyes were small and lay, unaccented by heavy brows, embedded in roundness. Her lips, not fleshy red but the colour of the sandy soil of Kashubia, were one of nature's happy caprices: two bulges always prepared to utter such words as *Bulwe, Wruke, Runkel.*[1] To be kissed by Amanda was to receive from the earth, or, rather, from that dry potato soil that has made Kashubia famous, a smack that was not ephemeral but filled you up, just as potatoes boiled in their jackets fill you up.

When Mestwina smiled, you beheld the sheen of willow branches in March; Dorothea of Montau's smile froze the snot in children's noses to icicles; my Agnes's smile, tinged with a yearning for death, made death tasty to my palate; but when Amanda smiled at me, the story of the triumph of the potato over millet could be spun on and on, a story as sinuous as Amanda's potato peelings—for when her storytelling took hold of her, she peeled away from the thumb. As cook at the Royal Prussian State Farm at Zuckau, she had to prepare food each day for seventy, for farm hands and house servants, for day labourers, cottagers, and retired old folks.

"She deserves a monument", said the Flounder, "because without Amanda Woyke the introduction of the potato into Prussia after the second partition of Poland, when famine was raging far and wide and acorns brought a good price, would not have been possible. Though only a woman, she made history. Isn't it amazing? Yes, amazing!"

THE EIGHTH COOK inside me absolutely wanted to be a man and, in keeping with her revolutionary times, mount the barricades with militant breast; yet all her life Sophie Rotzoll, close as many men (including me) came to her, remained a virgin under seven seals. The only man she ever loved was Friedrich Bartholdy, the stammering schoolboy who was condemned to death for Jacobin conspiracy. He was seventeen and Sophie fourteen; in view of his youth, Queen Luise of Prussia commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. It was not until forty years later, when her Fritz was released from the fortress of Graudenz in failing health, that Sophie, by then an old woman, or, rather, an ageing spinster, saw him again. Calf's head in herb vinegar, hog belly with chanterelles, hare stewed in red wine; regardless of what she cooked for him, of all her attempts to fire his spirit, for all the lofty goals she held up to him and mankind,

[1] Pomeranian dialect for "potato, rutabaga, mangel-wurzel."—TRANS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bartholdy had had enough; all he wanted was to puff away at his pipe.

I knew her well. As a boy I went gathering mushrooms with Sophie in every acre of woods around Zuckau. She knew them all by name: the honey tuft, the poisonous sulphur tuft, the anise agaric, which liked to grow in a magic circle on beds of pine needles. The cèpe stood solitary. The word "stinkhorn" took on meaning for me. Hopelessly as Sophie had ruined her eyes reading revolutionary books, she could identify any mushroom at a glance.

Later, when she cooked for Pastor Blech, the chief pastor at Saint Mary's, and still later, when she cooked first enthusiastically, then conspiratorially, for General Rapp, Napoleon's governor, I was successively Blech, the pastor she ran away from, and Rapp, the governor she tried to depose with a dish of special mushrooms.

Sophie could fire with enthusiasm. In the cellar, on every flight of stairs, and in the kitchen she sang "*Trois jeunes tambours.*" Her voice was always in the vanguard: sabrethrust, whipcrack freedomthirst deathkiss. As though Dorothea of Montau were trying to discharge her heavenly high pressure on earth. "Ever since Sophie", said the talking Flounder, "the kitchen has been in a turmoil. Always revolution." (And my Ilsebill also has this *demanding* look.)

THE NINTH COOK inside me was born in the fall of '49, when Sophie Rotzoll, the eighth, died. One might almost suppose she had wanted to pass the banner of revolution on to Lena Stubbe; and it seems equally possible that Lena, who as a young widow ran a public soup kitchen (her husband, an anchor maker, whom she had married when very young, was killed before Paris in the Franco-Prussian War), dished out her soup in silence but harboured secret socialist hopes. But Lena's voice didn't carry. As an agitator she was a failure. She was never really carried away by enthusiasm. For all her intensive reading of Bebel, her spirit never rose above the grey commonplace.

When Lena Stubbe remarried she was already a mature woman; I, like her first husband an anchor maker, was no spring chicken myself, though ten years younger than she, and was, admittedly, a drinker.

She took charge of the strike fund and tried to guard it against my depredations. She endured my blows, and she comforted me when I was bowed with remorse because I had beaten her again. Lena survived me, for in 1914, when I was sent to East Prussia with the Landsturm, she was widowed a second time.

After that she did nothing but dish out soup: barley, cabbage, pea, and potato soups. In soup kitchens, in settlement houses, in field kitchens during the Spanish-flu winter of 1917, then at the Workers' Aid. When the Nazis came in with their Winter Aid and one-dish Sundays, she was as old as the hills and still active with the soup ladle.

As a boy—back again and still driven by curiosity—I saw Lena. Her white hair, parted in the middle. Her special way of dishing out soup. A grave woman who seemed to practice compassion as a trade. The Flounder thinks Lena Stubbe was basically apolitical, except for her "Proletarian Cook Book", which circulated in manuscript after the abrogation of Bismarck's Socialist Laws but never found a publisher.

"You see", said the Flounder, "that might have brought about a change of consciousness and created something new. True, there were any number of 'bourgeois'[2] cook books at the time, but not a single proletarian one. That's why the working class, impoverished or not, went in for bourgeois cookery. Before you 'invent' a tenth, let alone an eleventh cook, why don't you quote from the posthumous papers of Lena Stubbe? You're a Social Democrat, aren't you?"

THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH COOKS inside me are still fuzzy of outline, because I came to know them both too well. Only their names are present on an otherwise blank sheet of paper: I lost Billy (whose real name was Sibylle) in the sixties, on an Ascension Day, which is celebrated with great hullabaloo in Berlin and elsewhere as Father's Day; Maria, who works at the canteen of the Lenin Shipyard in Gdańsk (formerly the Schichau Shipyard in Danzig), is a relative of mine.

I admit it: Billy and Maria are pressing to get out. But since the Flounder advises me to observe chronological order and since I have so many cooks inside me, I shall take the liberty—especially as my present Ilsebill is kind of urging me—of making Awa's three breasts more palpable before taking up the Father's Day celebration—exclusively a men's affair—that was held in June 1963 in Grunewald, in Tegel Forest,

[2] *Bürgerliche Küche* (literally "bourgeois cookery"): "simple home cooking."—TRANS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Spandau, in Britz, and on the shores of the Wannsee. A man clogged with so much past who finally sees a chance of relieving his constipation can't help being in a hurry to speak of Mestwina's amber necklace, even if the uprising of the shipyard workers in the Polish seaports, as recorded by the world press in December 1970, ought to be closer to him.

Old yarns. The story of millet. What did the peasant serf have left to eat? According to what menu did Fat Gret fatten conventual abbots for the slaughter? What happened when the price of pepper fell? Rumford soup for the poor. How the deadly amanita gave promise of becoming political. When the invention of pea sausage gave the Prussian army new strength. Why the proletariat was drawn to bourgeois cookery. What it means to go hungry. "But perhaps", said the Flounder didactically out of his crooked mouth, "history can teach us what role women played in historical events, in the triumph of the potato, for instance."

Awa

And if I were faced with three breasts
and were not divided between the one and the other tit
and if I were not double because of the usual split
and did not have to choose between
and were never again confronted by an either/or
and bore the twin no grudge,
and harboured no other wish. . . .

But I have only another choice
and am attached to another set of tits.
I envy the twin.
My other wish is as usual split.
Even whole, I am only half and half.
My choice always falls in between.

Only in pottery (vaguely dated) does Awa
(supposedly) exist: the goddess
with the triune font,
one of which (always the third) knows
what the first promises and the second withholds.

Who expunged you, making us poor?
Who said: Two are enough?
Diet and rationing ever since.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FONT

For a superb ran

Fontana. Twenty-five years old, over three hundr

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANA
e of paperbacks

million paperbacks sold. The best is yet to come.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lewis S. Feuer

The Case of the "Darwin-Marx" Letter

A Study in Socio-Literary Detection

MYTHS are usually associated with folk religions and primitive peoples; the demythologisers and higher critics come with a later sophisticated era. But even the de-mythologisers themselves are affected by the myth-making impulse, springing, as it does from universal traits in human nature.

And in our own time, for almost a half-century, one of the myths solemnly repeated among our scholars and intellectuals has told how Karl Marx, wishing to dedicate a volume of *Das Kapital* to Charles Darwin, wrote to the great scientist requesting his permission to do so. The story continues that Darwin, refusing to be associated with a direct attack on Christianity, and mindful of his family's religious feelings, declined, despite his sympathies with Marx's aims, to accept the dedication. The finest intellectual historians and biographers have told and re-told this story. Scholarly journals have printed learned articles based on it, and magazines of the Learned Left have published the lucubrations it has engendered. Now, however, it has finally been shown that the whole story is indeed a myth, though the news has been slow in getting around. The basic document on which it was founded—a letter of Darwin's purportedly sent to Karl Marx—was not a letter to Marx at all. It was indeed a letter that Darwin had sent to Dr Edward Aveling who wished to dedicate his handbook *The Student's Darwin* to the revered scientist himself.

Since 1931 Marxian and Darwinian scholarship alike have been misled by an uncritical Soviet publication. It is a strange fact that during the 1930s, when so many young British scientists and historians of science were drawn to Marxism —when the "social relations of science" move-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakespeare and the Popular Tradition

Studies in the Social Dimension of Dramatic Form and Function

Robert Weimann, edited by Robert Schwartz

From reviews of the German edition:

"The most important work on Shakespeare to come out of Germany since Clemen's *Shakespeare's Bilder* of 1936."—G. K. Hunter, *Notes and Queries*.

"The results and new insights can hardly be overestimated in their significance; they are so well founded that it is no exaggeration to speak of a milestone in Shakespeare criticism."—Michael Hamburger, *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*. 336 pages, £12·50.

Neptune's Gift

A History of Common Salt

Robert P. Multhauf

Common salt—a substance seemingly too ordinary to think about—has been instrumental in ushering in the age of petroleum fuels and has become a universal requirement of the chemical industry. Multhauf's first modern comprehensive history of salt traces its evolution from "natural" sources, such as salt banks, to the development of salt mines and the revolution in production sparked by the invention of deep drilling. 325 pages, £16·50.

Medieval Marriage

Two Models from Twelfth-Century France

Georges Duby, translated by Elborg Forster

Recounting the notorious matrimonial disputes of the kings of France, the many intricate ties of noble families, the often unconventional attitudes towards incest, bigamy, and divorce, France's foremost historian of medieval society here examines the developing tensions between the nobility's notion of marriage (and divorce) as a means of manipulating land, wealth and power, and the Church's insistence on the sacredness and indissolubility of marital bonds. 138 pages, £7·00.

The Church Militant and Iberian Expansion, 1440-1770

C. R. Boxer

"Professor Charles Boxer, in his brief but invigorating volume . . . spans the world from China to Peru. . . . What he is attempting after a lifetime of investigation in Europe's overseas expansion is to draw up a balance sheet of the record of Iberian missionary activity. The comparative perspectives are fascinating. . . . What does become devastatingly apparent in his dispassionate account is the degree to which the missionaries' sense of superiority militated against their chances of success."—*New York Review of Books*. 148 pages. £7·00.

A Century of Scholarly Publishing

1878 JHUP 1978

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

2–4 Brook Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment was so strong, and the prestige of J. B. S. Haldane, John D. Bernal, and Joseph Needham was so high—that not a single scholar undertook the search for the Darwin Archives that would have established that the Marx-Darwin dedication story was a myth. No scholar or scientist ventured to test the story by the usual methods of critical scholarship. Was it because during that time the portent of Nazi irrationalism was so powerful, that the Marx-Darwin story seemed to exemplify the hoped-for common bond of all men of reason, science, and goodwill, uniting them against the demons of hatred and unreason? Who would then have been so presumptuous as to challenge an announcement made in 1931 under the authority of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow? For that Institute, led by a splendid man and Marxist scholar, David Riazanov, and with a corps of 170 researchers and secretaries, had been publishing editions of Marx's writings, and materials concerning him, that were models of impeccable scholarship. Moreover, the original of Darwin's letter was said to be safeguarded somewhere in the archives of the German Social Democratic Party, which was then increasingly concerned with surviving during the Nazi seizure of power; and the whereabouts of the archives were becoming shadowy.[1]

Over the years the story of the Darwin-Marx letter increasingly puzzled me.

To begin with, the historians themselves never agreed as to what it was all about. Isaiah Berlin in his widely read *Karl Marx* had it that Marx offered to dedicate the first volume of *Capital* to Darwin. Maximilien Rubel said that it was the second volume that Marx wanted to dedicate. Gertrude Himmelfarb in her fine book on Darwin thought it was the English translation of *Capital* that Marx proposed to dedicate to Darwin. Howard E. Gruber, on the other hand, in a subsequent study, *Darwin on Man* (not available to me), reverted to the view that "in 1880 Marx offered to dedicate Volume 2 of the Bible of revolution to Charles Darwin." The proponents of the old Marx and the young Marx alike repeated the story. The massive collective biography of Marx issued in 1973 by the Marxism-Leninism Institute in Moscow still described how Darwin declined to accept a dedication by Marx, though it did not specify clearly what dedication, while David McLellan that same year wrote that "Marx certainly wished to dedicate the Second Volume . . . to Darwin."[2]

All these variants were founded on the text of a letter by Charles Darwin written on 13 October 1880, and purportedly addressed to Karl Marx. Apart, however, from the text of Darwin's letter, the various dedication stories all ran into difficulties. The first volume of *Das Kapital* had been published in 1867—hence, Marx could not have been asking Darwin in 1880 that he be allowed to dedicate it to him. Marx's dedication of the first volume to his dead comrade, Wilhelm Wolff, could not have been a second choice (as Isaiah Berlin had it) made after Darwin had turned him down. The second volume of *Das Kapital* seemed a more likely possibility. But then Friedrich Engels, Marx's closest friend, wrote explicitly in his preface to that volume: "The second and third volumes of *Capital* were to be dedicated, as Marx stated repeatedly, to his wife." Marx's wife was still alive in 1880, and he could hardly have been preparing an alternative dedication. A rival hypothesis however was still possible. Marx's marriage is known to have had times of the bitterest sorrow and regret; perhaps it was at some such moment that he had sought to dedicate a forthcoming volume to Darwin. No plans for such a publication, however, were then in the making.

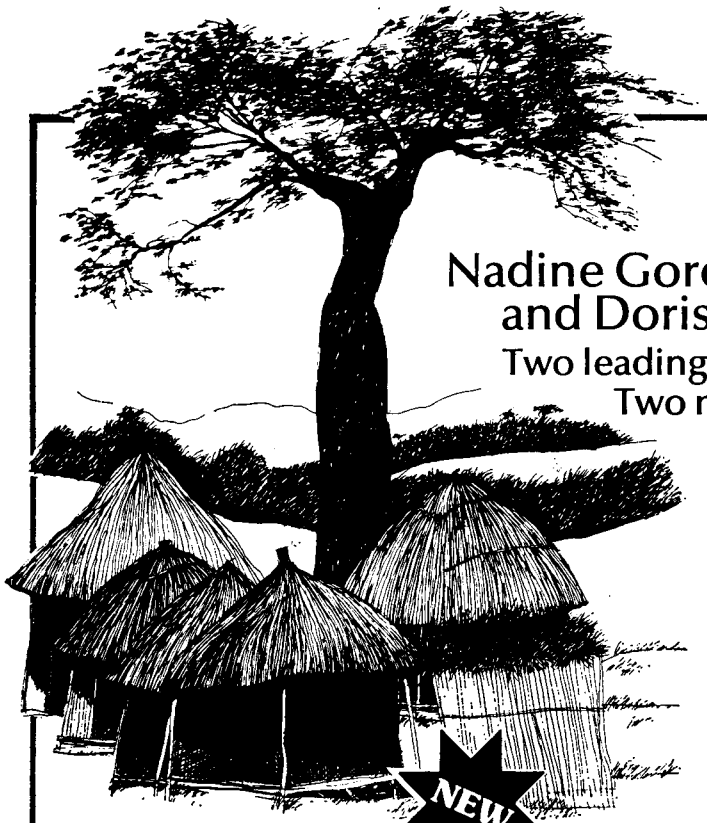
DURING the late 1960s I began to voice my doubts concerning the Darwin-Marx letters to my scholarly friends in New York, noting the discrepancies and allusions that could not be explained. I wondered whether the letters were authentic; but then the "dedication" letter of 1880 was so circumstantial as to preclude that hypothesis as far as it was concerned. Finally, during a period of several weeks convalescence from illness, and my Sherlock Holmes volumes re-read, I determined to apply the methods of that master in methodology to the Darwin-Marx correspondence, and to see whether the mystery could be unravelled.

I scrutinised the letter that Charles Darwin had written:

[1] There were obstacles as well at this time to research into the life and letters of Charles Darwin. Not until about 1940 was the first part of the Darwin papers given to the Cambridge University Library. A second batch of documents containing that which bore most crucially on the present problem was given to Cambridge by Darwin's great-grandson, Robin Darwin, for safekeeping only years later. Finally, it was only in 1975 that the Library acquired full ownership of this last collection. Such is the Darwin bibliographical history as told by Mr P. Thomas Carroll of the University of Pennsylvania.

[2] In Germany, Fritz J. Raddatz more circumspectly left it uncertain as to what exactly Marx wished to dedicate to Darwin, whether it was an English translation of the first volume or the envisaged second volume of *Capital*. *Karl Marx: Eine politische Biographie* (Hamburg 1975) p. 355.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nadine Gordimer and Doris Lessing

Two leading women writers
Two new critical profiles

NEW

Nadine Gordimer

Michael Wade

Nadine Gordimer, a South African, is acknowledged as one of the finest living English novelists. In this critique Michael Wade concentrates on the problems of cultural identity reflected in her work – the tensions between metropolitan values, based on British and European standards, and the South African realities.

Price £3.75 limp
£5.50 cased
Format 8½″ × 5½″
240 pages
Publication date September 1978

NEW

Doris Lessing's Africa

(Revised Edition)
Michael Thorpe

Doris Lessing was brought up in Rhodesia and her genuine affection for both Africa and the African peoples is often reflected in her writing. Michael Thorpe's critical evaluation of her work shows clearly her awareness of social and political situations, as well as her insight into human behaviour.

Price £2.75 limp
£3.95 cased
Format 8½″ × 5½″
160 pages
Publication date September 1978

Evans

Published by Evans Brothers Limited,
Montague House, Russell Square, London WC1B 5BX

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEAR SIR *13 October 1880*

I am much obliged by your kind letter and the Enclosure—the publication in any form of your remarks on my writings really requires no consent on my part, and it would be ridiculous in me to give consent to what requires none.—I shd. prefer the Part or Volume not to be dedicated to me (though I thank you for the intended honour) as it implies to a certain extent my approval of the general publication, about which I know nothing.—Moreover though I am a strong advocate for free thought on all subjects, yet it appears to me (whether rightly or wrongly) that direct arguments against christianity and theism produce hardly any effect on the public, and freedom of thought is best promoted by the gradual illumination of men's minds, which follow from the advance of science. It has, therefore, been always my object to avoid writing on religion, and I have confined myself to science. I may, however, have been unduly biassed by the pain which it would give some members of my family, if I aided in any way direct attacks on religion.—I am sorry to refuse you any request, but I am old and have very little strength, and looking over proof-sheets (as I know by present experience) fatigues me much.—

I remain Dear Sir
yours faithfully
Charles Darwin

What light did Darwin's letter shed on the character and identity of his correspondent? To begin with, Darwin referred to proof-sheets of a forthcoming publication in which his own writings would be discussed. Marx, however, in the last 16 years of his life after 1867 did not manage to complete a single book or major essay, a fact sometimes forgotten. What proof-sheets could he have been offering to send? Then again, Marx had been writing nothing whatsoever about Darwin; two footnote allusions to Darwin in *Capital*, 13 years earlier, were hardly significant enough to warrant resurrection. Moreover, Darwin's statement that "no consent" on his part was required for publishing a discussion of his writings clearly indicated that some substantial writing on Darwin, hitherto unpublished, was involved.

Especially striking was the fact that Darwin was perturbed that his correspondent, involved with free thought, was engaged in a direct assault against Christianity and theism. This strongly indicated that the correspondent was not Marx; for Marx's *Capital* contained virtually no direct arguments against Christianity or theism. The "general publication", of which the correspondent's enclosure and writings were part, was linked (in Darwin's words) with "free thought."

Yet the fact was that Marx detested the whole Freethought movement. When his wife and eldest daughter wanted to attend the Sunday services of the Freethought group, Marx "dissuaded them from doing so" (as Eleanor Marx told Max Beer). The Freethought leader was Charles Bradlaugh, the powerful orator who had made his atheism into a national parliamentary issue. But Marx regarded Bradlaugh's "reasonings" as "shallow", and told his wife to read the Jewish prophets instead. His animosity toward Bradlaugh was fierce, so much so that he prevented Bradlaugh's being admitted into the International Workingmen's Association. Bradlaugh wrote publicly that he thought Marx was little short of a German police informer: "If I were one of his own countrymen, he might betray me to his government; here he can only calumniate. . . ." (For many years, it must be remembered, Marx's brother-in-law was the Prussian Minister of Interior; it was as if J. Edgar Hoover had been the brother-in-law of Earl Browder.) Marx answered by calling Bradlaugh a "huge self-idolator." Bradlaugh also denounced Marx's address in 1871 on the Paris Commune, as did several British trade union leaders. "We do not want a Commune in England", Bradlaugh wrote. Marx responded by denouncing Bradlaugh for having "traduced and insulted the Communards."

In short, all of Darwin's references to his correspondent's involvement with an anti-religious movement or "general publication" pointed away from Karl Marx. Who, then, could that correspondent have been?

SUDDENLY IT BECAME EVIDENT TO ME that in all probability it had been Edward Aveling to whom Darwin had addressed the famous letter of 1880. More than a decade ago I had introduced the character of Dr Edward Aveling to the readers of ENCOUNTER.[3] Aveling, a doctor of science in zoology from the University of London, was in 1880 not only the most prolific writer in the Freethought movement of atheist tracts, but also the author of a fine series of articles in its journal *The National Reformer* in which Darwin's work was vividly and brilliantly expounded. He was one of the great popularisers of science of that time, akin to Thomas Henry Huxley and John Tyndall, who were converting middle-class and working-class Britain from an hostility toward science to an enthusiasm for it, thereby, for the first time in history, replacing the people's scientophobia with scientophilia.

[3] Lewis S. Feuer, "Marxian Tragedians", ENCOUNTER, November 1962.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Heinemann

congratulate Encounter on the first 25 years,
and recall just some of the authors
they have published in that time

Chinua Achebe
Margery Allingham
Eric Ambler
Enid Bagnold
Victor Canning
Richard Church
Noel Coward
Hunter Davies
Anita Desai
Isak Dinesen
Peter Drucker
Escoffier
Harold Evans
Pamela Frankau
Nicolas Freeling
Graham Greene
Jaroslav Hasek
Jacquetta Hawkes
A.P. Herbert
Patricia Highsmith
Christopher Hollis
Michael Holroyd
J.B. Priestley
H.R.F. Keating
John Le Carré
Alison Lurie
Olivia Manning
John Masefield
Frank Muir
R.K. Narayan
Anthony Powell
Arthur Rackham
William Sargant
John Steinbeck
Peter Ustinov
Edward Upward
Gore Vidal
Fay Weldon
Morris West

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pursuing this goal Aveling in 1881, under the auspices of the International Library of Science and Freethought, published *The Student's Darwin.* As volume 2 in their series (issued by the Freethought Publishing Company in London), it consisted essentially of an edited version of his earlier articles. The Freethought Library had just been inaugurated with a book by the famous materialistic naturalist Dr Ludwig Büchner, *Mind in Animals.* The following year in 1881, a convention of the International Federation of Freethinkers brought Dr Büchner, one of its presidents, to London, whereupon Aveling took Dr Büchner to meet Darwin. Together with Bradlaugh and Mrs Annie Besant, then the most notorious woman in England, Edward Aveling in 1880 constituted the "Trinity" that ran the workings of the National Secular Society.

Given the hypothesis that Darwin's mysterious correspondent was Edward Aveling, and not Karl Marx, all the allusions in Darwin's letter became intelligible. Aveling was asking permission to dedicate his book *The Student's Darwin* to Darwin himself. Darwin, however, unwilling to be associated with a series ("general publication") issued under the imprint of the Freethought Publishing Company, declined the honour. A few years earlier, during 1876–77, Darwin had actually refused to testify as a witness on behalf of Charles Bradlaugh when the latter was being tried for having published an allegedly obscene pamphlet on birth control; Bradlaugh had indeed acquired a reputation as the chief of the "Erotic School of Freethought." Like Huxley, Darwin found repugnant to himself the dogmatic atheism of the freethinkers. If in 1881 he wrote denying "that the existence of so-called natural laws implies purpose", he had also expressed his "inward conviction . . . that the Universe is not the result of chance."

The strong likelihood that Edward Aveling was the recipient of Darwin's letter raised, however, certain concerns which proved to be unwarranted. Aveling had also been the first to publish to the world Darwin's letter of 1873 thanking Marx for sending him *Das Kapital.* Aveling was known, however, to have been an utterly unscrupulous man in his personal ethics, later impelling Marx's daughter, Eleanor, to suicide. Bernard Shaw, Eduard Bernstein, and Henry M. Hyndman all shared the view that Edward Aveling (as Eleanor Marx put it) lacked any moral sense. He was also reputed to be talented as a forger. It seemed to me that any document with which he was concerned should be carefully verified as to authorship. Darwin's letter of acknowledgment to Marx seemed out of character because it was doubtful from his personal copy of *Das Kapital* whether he had ever tried to read it. Also the published letter-heading seemed different from those Darwin had been using at that time.

I PUBLISHED THEREFORE an article in *Annals of Science* (January 1975) entitled "*Is the 'Darwin-Marx Correspondence' Authentic?*", which concluded that "the evidence is fairly convincing that Darwin's letter of 13 October 1880 was not sent to Karl Marx but to Edward Aveling", and called for an inquiry into the Darwin Archives to establish the truth of these matters.

Charles Darwin, according to his son Francis, had kept all the letters he received in the later part of his life. I expected that all these questions would be resolved very soon by the curators or editors of the Darwin correspondence. A few weeks, however, after my article was published I found my doubts concerning the authenticity of Darwin's 1873 letter of acknowledgment dissipated. I came across a sentence in a letter from Engels to Bernstein in 1882 which spoke of an "extremely friendly" communication from Darwin to Marx which (according to Bernstein) was in acknowledgment of his receiving *Das Kapital.* This had no bearing, however, on the considerations I had raised against the "dedication letter."

At once I informed the patient editor of *Annals of Science* of my correction as far as the letter of 1873 was concerned, and my withdrawal of this possible bill against the shades of Edward Aveling. I waited meanwhile to see what news the archivists would bring.

The first word came from a young American graduate student, Mr P. Thomas Carroll, who had checked the headings of the originals of Darwin's letters, and found that what had seemed to me as peculiarities in that of 1873 could be easily explained. But there was no word concerning the 1880 letter on dedication. Then I received a second letter (28 August 1975) from Mr Carroll:

> "While in England, I spent most of my time among Darwin's papers in various collections at the Cambridge University Library. In what is known as the 'Robin Darwin Deposit', I found a letter from Aveling to Darwin dated 12 October 1880! It is undoubtedly in reply to this letter that Darwin wrote—allegedly to Marx—on October 13 of that year, so you are vindicated on this issue. . . ."

Mr Carroll graciously asked me to co-author with him the publication of the text of Aveling's letter to Darwin, since, as he wrote, it had been my "deductive" theorising that, in his words, "was the guide that led me effortlessly to the discovery." I agreed providing that he made it clear that the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Expert. Positive. Controversial.
And never never dull.

Bernard Levin on Drama.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archival finding had been his. Once more I wrote a letter to the harassed editor of *Annals of Science* informing him that Mr Carroll had found Aveling's letter to Darwin. The literary basis for the myth of Marx's proposed dedication of a volume to Darwin had collapsed.

WORD OF THE DEMYTHOLOGISING of the Marx-Darwin legend now reached the Soviet guardians of orthodoxy, ideology, and hagiography. Mr Carroll wrote me on 12 September 1975:

> ". . . Frederick Burkhardt, President Emeritus of the American Council of Learned Societies and now a Co-Editor of the Collected Letters of Charles Darwin, has just returned from the USSR. I had told him of your Darwin-Marx work, and he was in Cambridge when we found the Aveling letter; he passed on the news about the 1880 letter to the various scientists and other scholars in the Soviet Union. . . ."

The Soviet scholars, according to later reports, were not happy with the new findings of Western "bourgeois" scholars; the evidence, however, prevailed.

I could imagine how the Soviet scholars must have felt since it was their publication by the Marx-Engels Institute in 1931 that had promulgated the Marx-Darwin myth. I recalled the dreary officials of the Soviet Institute of Philosophy, and their angry snarling when at my last public lecture in Moscow in 1963 I spoke of Soviet anti-Semitism. I remembered the pathetic researchers at the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute working hard at keeping the truths concerning the lives of their idols from becoming known.

Graduate students live in a world of their own, of comprehensive examinations and degree requirements, and Thomas Carroll was for the moment more concerned with the latter than with editing for publication the text of the Aveling-Darwin letter, and demythologising the story of Marx's dedication. In reply to my urging, he wrote (12 September 1975) that he had been "too busy to write" to the editor of *Annals of Science* "about the letter from Aveling. . . . As I take my oral qualification exams this Thanksgiving . . . I am afraid it might be a few weeks before I can find time to get through a first draft of the paper on Aveling's letter." More than a half-year, however, elapsed before the edited text of Aveling's letter was received by the editor of *Annals of Science*, and then finally published in July 1976.

The facts as they were now firmly ascertained were as follows. On 12 October 1880, Edward Aveling wrote to Charles Darwin saying that he and his friends (Mrs Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh, MP) "contemplated publishing under the title of the International Library of Science and Freethought a series of works either by great scientific and freethinking men or upon their labours." The first of the series was to be a book by Dr Ludwig Büchner, translated by Mrs Besant. The plan was for the series to include books by Ernst Häckel, and some French and Italian authors. Meanwhile, however, Aveling wrote:

> "We desire to make the second volume of the series my work upon your writings and teachings. To you, Sir, therefore I again write to know if such a plan will meet with your approval and have the distinct advantage of your personal sanction. . . . As it is long since I last wrote, I remind you that the volume we desire to produce is designed *1* to give students of your writings a condensed analysis thereof *2* to give those who have not time to read your productions a brief account of your discoveries and ideas."

Aveling thereupon continued with his dedicatory request:

> "Further I purpose, again subject to your approval, to honour my work and myself by dedicating the former to you. If you approve of this my wish and of the general plan of our second publication, I need hardly say to you how honoured we should be were you to see fit to give us the immense support of a few words stating that approval. This would without doubt aid us very greatly in our endeavour to reach large numbers of those who are yet but little acquainted with the thought-work of the 19th century with which your name must be for ever associated so closely."

Aveling added that he was forwarding "herewith a little pamphlet of Dr Büchner's already translated into English by Mrs Besant and if it will not be troubling you too greatly I should be very glad to send to you the proof-sheets of my work as they are issued."

The very next day (13 October 1880) Darwin wrote his own famed letter. The date as well as its allusions, specific remarks, and references indicated beyond any scientific doubt that he was replying to Edward Aveling. He prefers that "the Part or Volume" of their series, "the general publication", should not be dedicated to him. He prefers not to be involved with their Freethought movement since he thinks that such

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOGARTH PRESS

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Two important new publications

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

Volume II 1920-1924

Edited by Anne Olivier Bell

In this second volume, the excitements, challenges and anxieties of Virginia Woolf's own progress as a writer, of the Woolf's expanding circle of friends and interests, are described with an immediacy, honesty and natural eloquence which, in the words of a reviewer of the earlier volume, offers the reader a 'rich and inexhaustible companionship'.

Published 24 August 384pp £9.50

A REFLECTION OF THE OTHER PERSON

The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume IV

Edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann

Covering the years when Virginia Woolf wrote her masterpiece, THE WAVES, this volume follows her struggle to bring this most difficult of her novels to completion and contains some of her liveliest, wittiest and most personal letters.

Published 19 October 464pp £11.95 Illustrated

Two new novels for the Autumn

IRIS MURDOCH
The Sea, The Sea
Published 24 August 512pp £5.50

A.S. BYATT
The Virgin in the Garden
Published 19 October 416pp £5.95

CHATTO & WINDUS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"direct arguments against christianity and theism produce hardly any effect on the public." The oft-cited "proof-sheets" that Darwin refused to read were not of *Das Kapital* but of Aveling's forthcoming work in progress, *The Student's Darwin*.

MY OWN RECONSTRUCTION from Darwin's reply of the probable contents of Aveling's letter had been accurate except for one point. I had surmised that the "Enclosure" to which Darwin alluded was one of the instalments from Aveling's series of articles on Darwin's work. In this I was mistaken: the Enclosure was a pamphlet by Dr Büchner. Aveling, however, did begin his letter by reminding Darwin that "many months ago" he had "ventured to send to you the earlier numbers of a series of articles on your works", and that Darwin had been "good enough to express your approval." He had meanwhile "rewritten" and republished these articles in the *National Reformer* as essays on "the Voyage, Volcanic Islands, Geology of S. America, Orchids, Climbing Plants, Insectivorous Plants." Now he purposed "after a study of the Forms of Flowers" and cross- and self-fertilisation, to go on to a series "commencing with the Origin and ending at present with the Emotions." Evidently Aveling wished to elicit Darwin's approval of these projected essays as well.

WHICH BRINGS ME to the last question: How did this myth of Marx's proposed dedication get started in the first place? Did it arise from the mistake of some archivist classifying the documents? Did political motives contribute to a failure in scholarly judgment? Both factors seem to have assisted in the myth-genesis.

Darwin's letter of 1880 was published with much fanfare in 1931 in the Soviet ideological journal *Pod Znamenem Marksizma* (Under the Banner of Marxism). The announcement was regarded as so important that its prefatory note was signed not by any individual but by the *Institut Marksa i Engelsa* (Marx-Engels Institute) as a collective body.[4] Entitled "LETTER OF CHARLES DARWIN TO KARL MARX", the first paragraph declared that the document was evidently "Darwin's answer to Marx's request to look over the proof-sheets of the English edition of *Das Kapital* in the passage (Chapter XII and XIII) where Marx refers to the evolutionary doctrine." Darwin, it continued, had earlier, in 1873, expressed his gratitude for a copy of the French edition of *Das Kapital*.

The Soviet Marx-Engels Institute had at the outset gone astray on several points. There was no English edition of *Das Kapital* in print or being printed in 1880, no proof-sheets of one whatsoever. Moreover, in 1873, Marx had sent Darwin a copy of the German edition of *Das Kapital*, not the French translation. Also, they were wrong in identifying the offered proof-sheets as composed of two chapters of *Das Kapital;* that was a wholly erroneous *ad hoc* hypothesis that arose from trying to specify what Marx could have felt Darwin should read.

A "political significance", moreover, was attached by the Soviet Institute to the Darwin-Marx correspondence. It documented, in their eyes (as C. Palme Dutt's *Labour Monthly* repeated), that the vaunted bourgeois "freedom of inquiry" is "nothing but a fiction." It showed how "the ideology of the ruling class weighs heavily upon scientific research." Scientists in the bourgeois world were held to be so fearful of the "'public opinion' of the bourgeoisie that even such giants of thought as Darwin are afraid to reveal their true atheistic convictions. . . ."

It was the theme that Engels had made familiar many years earlier, when he characterised British scientific agnosticism as a "shame-faced" way of avoiding a commitment to materialism that he regarded as both the basis and consequence of their scientific research. The Soviet *Under the Banner of Marxism* reinforced this theme by having the text of Darwin's letter followed by a short article written by Professor E. Kolman (President of the Association of the Scientific Institute of Natural Science, and a member of the Presidium of the State Scientific Council); it dutifully reiterated the superiority of Marx's dialectical materialism to Darwin's presumably tactical agnosticism.

AT ONCE, OTHER Communist publications throughout the world reprinted the purported "Darwin-Marx" letter of 1880. German journals published a translation from the Russian translation, and then the London *Times* printed (on 18 May 1931) an English translation of the German translation of the Russian translation of the English text. This version thrice removed from the original text was then published misleadingly in the English Communist *The Labour Monthly* (November 1931) as if it were part of Kolman's article "Marx and Darwin"; Kolman, though an elevated personage in Soviet science, was not a researcher in the Marx-Engels Institute.

[4] On the Institute, cf. "Institute of Marxism–Leninism of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union", *Great Soviet Encyclopedia,* (New York, 1976), Vol. 10, pp. 301–302.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watmoughs Limited
are proud to have printed
ENCOUNTER
for over eight years and wish
them every future success

Watmoughs Limited
The London International Press Centre
76 Shoe Lane, London EC4A 3JB

and at Idle, Bradford

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GRIM DRAMA, however, was meanwhile being enacted at the Marx-Engels Institute. From its inception in 1921, its head, by Lenin's own choice, had been David Riazanov, a Bolshevik of long standing, who (in Leonard Schapiro's words) was "the wittiest man in the party and far and away its best Marxist scholar." A man of unusual courage and independence of spirit, Riazanov in 1922 had been the only member of the Central Committee to oppose the inclusion of the death penalty in the Civil Code. He had fought against Lenin in defence of the rights of opposition and free trade unions. At the Eleventh Party Congress he joked at the majority: "The English Parliament can do anything except change a man into a woman. Our Central Committee is more powerful—it has already changed more than one very revolutionary man into a woman, and the number of them has grown incredibly. . . ." Stalin hated him. Riazanov called the political system under Stalin "a dictatorship mitigated by Riazanov."[5]

Indeed, Menshevik scholars found in his Institute a refuge from Bolshevik persecution. Of his staff in 1928 of 170 persons, 130 were either Mensheviks or liberals. Riazanov meanwhile pursued indefatigably his amassment of Marxist archives. Frequently in Berlin negotiating with the German Social Democratic Party to secure photocopies of their huge collection of documents, Riazanov assembled about 8,000 of them, and published furthermore several volumes of the collected works of Marx and Engels. But Stalin would not long tolerate this enclave of international scholarship, and he never forgot Riazanov's public mocking of his pretensions as a theorist. Riazanov's destruction was foreshadowed when at the end of 1930 and in the first months of 1931 the so-called "Menshevik Affair" took place.[6]

Fourteen leading Menshevik figures associated with the agencies of state economic planning were arrested and charged with sabotage and espionage; they were intimidated into "confessions." Riazanov was implicated by one former member of his Institute; the threats of the secret police failed, however, to extort from Riazanov a "confession." He was charged with having accumulated documents on the history of the Russian party in his archives; possibly Stalin feared that the Institute could have been used as a depository of documents on his own dubious past. Riazanov was finally expelled from the Bolshevik Party, arrested, and exiled. His editions of Marx and Engels were banned in the Soviet Union, and his Institute "Bolshevised" by amalgamating it with the Lenin Institute. The man who on his sixtieth birthday had been fêted as "the most eminent Marxologist of our time" vanished the next year; no one knows where or how. "With him", wrote Boris Souvarine, "went the last refuge of social science at Moscow."[7]

When I met the researchers at the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in 1963, they were mostly then concerned with denying the growing evidence concerning Marx's fatherhood of an illegitimate son. But one elderly man with a twinkle in his eye said that indeed Riazanov had told him about this many years ago, though he had not wished, however, to pursue the inquiry.[8]

At any rate, the publication of the Darwin letter took place during the time when Riazanov was already destroyed or being destroyed, and his career as director of the Marx-Engels Institute terminated. His name was not subjoined to the Darwin letter.

WAS, THEN, THE PUBLICATION of the Darwin letter of 1880 part of the process of Bolshevising the Marx-Engels Institute? Was it all in accordance with Stalin's "hard" line in that period which made fighting the Social Democrats and liberals the first political priority? Curiously the Darwin letter fitted with two principles of Stalin's evolving policy. It blended with that orthodox Darwinism that was later to be part of the Lysenkoist creed and the suppression of genetics; and it gave an opportunity as well for denouncing the "bourgeois" agnosticism of "bourgeois" scientists, and insisting on dogmatic atheism.

It seems to me doubtful that Riazanov would have allowed the claim that Darwin's letter of

[5] Max Beer, *Fifty Years of International Socialism* (London, 1935), pp. 205–208.

[6] Leopold Haimson ed., Leo Lande, Boris Sapir, in *The Mensheviks from the Revolution of* 1917 *to the Second World War* (Chicago 1974), pp. 65, 383. Naum Jasny, *Soviet Economists of the Twenties: Names to be remembered* (Cambridge, England, 1972), pp. 188–189.

[7] Boris Souvarine, *Stalin: A Critical History of Bolshevism* (tr. C. L. R. James, 1939), p. 533. Stalin's followers still justify his repression of Riazanov and the Mensheviks. In a recent edition of a book by Riazanov, their introductory words echo Stalin's language of threat: "He [Riazanov] seems to have gone just once too far." David Riazanov, *Karl Marx and Frederick Engels* (New York, 1973), foreword Paul M. Sweezy, introduction D. J. Struik, p. 9.

[8] Otto Maenchen-Helfen, co-author of a Marx biography, once narrated in Berkeley that Riazanov, a man of high Victorian morality, felt it demeaned scholarship to be concerned with such lowly matters.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love, Mystery and Misery
Feeling in Gothic Fiction

CORAL ANN HOWELLS

A radical reassessment of the early Gothic novels which emphasises their importance as experiments in imaginative writing and studies the contemporary neuroses they embody. Among the books examined are the works of Mrs Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis and the Minerva Press novelists, Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer, Northanger Abbey* and *Jane Eyre*. *November* £8.50

The Irish Drama of Europe from Yeats to Beckett

KATHARINE WORTH

This book offers a European perspective on the drama of Yeats and of the Irish playwrights—Wilde, Synge, O'Casey and Beckett—who created a modern 'drama of the interior'. Yeats is seen as the great pioneer and his influence, together with that of Maeterlinck, is traced in the work of other Irish dramatists—Beckett in particular. £10.50

Tolstoy's Letters

selected, edited and translated by R. F. CHRISTIAN

'the most important Tolstoy publication in English in several decades . . . Together with Professor Christian's helpful and knowledgeable commentary, the letters open up an unequalled panorama of the man, his evolving outlook and the age in which he lived.' Simon Karlinsky, *New York Times Book Review*
'Handsomely printed, Professor Christian's selection is a major act of scholarship and publication.' George Steiner, *Sunday Times* *two-volume set* £20.00

The Art of the Gawain-Poet

W. A. DAVENPORT

A fresh approach to the much-studied Middle English poetic masterpieces, *Pearl, Purity, Patience* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. Each poem is closely analysed and considered not so much in its historical context as for its immediate poetic effect. £8.95

The Athlone Press
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1880 was one to Marx to be published without some further investigation. At the same time one must note that in 1926 Riazanov remarked that the letters of Darwin to Marx had already been published ("*Unter den Briefen sind auch hereits veroffenlichte Briefe von Charles Darwin*"), though only Darwin's letter of acknowledgment of 1873 seems actually to have been made public by that time.[9]

The search for the origin of the scholarly blunder concerning Darwin's letter of 1880 leads us finally into an uncertain terrain. The International Institute of Social History, the custodians of Marx's archives, have kindly (through Dr Götz Langkau) informed me as to what they know concerning the provenance of Darwin's letter. Marx's correspondence, after Engels died in 1895, was bequeathed to Marx's daughter, Eleanor. When she killed herself, the archives went to the older sister Laura, and her husband Paul Lafargue; then when they both committed suicide in 1911, the documents went to the German Social Democratic Party. The Marx-Engels Archives thus came to include as well some 90 letters to Eleanor Marx and several also to her companion Edward Aveling.

Under these circumstances there were several periods at which an archival mistake or the basis for one might have arisen. Either Eleanor Marx or Edward Aveling might have joined Darwin's letters together, both the one in 1873 to Marx and the second in 1880 to Aveling. Or one of the later archivists might have joined the letters together; when the documents were in the possession of the German Social Democratic Party, they were indeed classified alphabetically by their author, with only a secondary entry for the addressee. Conceivably a mistake might have been made in recording the notation for the addressee. At any rate, from 1938 on, it is clear that Darwin's letter of 1880 was classified in the Archives as one to Marx.

During the decade of the 1930s, however, Social Democratic Marxologists had scarcely any chance for independent investigation. They were moving from country to country, running from one set of temporary quarters to another. Concerned with preserving the Archives from destruction by the Nazis, they were also concerned with preventing their theft by Soviet agents. Once in 1936 the Paris center of the Social Democratic archives was burgled; its director was Boris Nicolaevsky, the Menshevik exile to whom the mantle of Riazanov had passed. Probably that burglary was aimed at discovering documents that might incriminate Nikolai Bukharin, "the favourite of the party" (as Lenin called him), for Bukharin had met and negotiated with Nicolaevsky for more than two months in Paris, Amsterdam and Copenhagen for the purchase of the Marxist archives.[10] These Marxological meetings with Nicolaevsky were an item in the trial of Bukharin in Moscow that led to his execution in 1938. The lives of the socialist archivists were as imperilled as their archives. Nicolaevsky, of all men, might well have been perturbed by the puzzling references in Darwin's letter of 1880; but perhaps he knew too little of the history of Darwinism in England to be stimulated to inquiry.

IN THE END IT WAS the Soviet Marx-Engels Institute that took the responsibility in 1931 for publishing Darwin's letter of 1880 as one to Marx, and then promulgating the myth that Marx wanted to dedicate some volume or other to Darwin. Certainly they did not lack the resources to have undertaken the work of verifying or falsifying their claim by enquiries to the Darwin Archives; nonetheless, they failed to do so. And the many British scholars, Communist scientists, historians of science, and fellow-travelling enquirers were so awed by the prestige and scope of the Soviet claim that they failed to exercise that critical judgment in the testing of hypotheses which they otherwise customarily used. To this extent a collective will-to-believe in the intellectual community, outweighing scholarly self-restraint, provided the climate for engendering the formation and acceptance among intellectuals of the myth of Karl Marx's personal request to dedicate a volume to Charles Darwin.

NEO-MARXIST CIRCLES are now said to be trying to draw ideological comfort from the discovery that Marx never meant to dedicate a *Capital* volume to Darwin. Somehow they think this confirms their rendition of Marx as an idealistic metaphysician, and not a materialistic determinist. All this in face of the fact that Marx, shortly after reading *The Origin of Species,* declared that Darwin's book provided him with "a basis in natural science for the class struggle in history", and then stated plainly in his preface to *Das Kapital* in 1867 that his standpoint was one from which the evolution of society is "viewed as a process of natural history." Class struggle,

[9] D. Rjasanoff, "Neueste Mitteilungen über den literarischen Nachlass von Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels", *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung."* XI (1925).

[10] Boris I. Nicolaevsky, *Power and the Soviet Elite* (ed. Janet D. Zagoria, 1965), pp. 2, 4, 8.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yale's seventieth birthday

Yale University Press has been publishing scholarly books since 1908. Here is a selection of recent titles:

Life in the English Country House

A Social and Architectural History

Mark Girouard

Drawing widely from familiar novels and plays, and from virtually untouched records and family archives, the author presents a vivid picture of the life of the upper classes over 500 years. With over 250 plates, including 33 in colour, he shows how changes in upper class life style were reflected in the houses in which the wealthy and powerful lived. £10.00.

The Origins of Knowledge and Imagination

Jacob Bronowski

Weaving together themes from ethnology, linguistics, philosophy and physics, Bronowski here confronts the questions of who we are, what we are, and how we relate to the universe around us. £5.75

Selected Letters of Conrad Aiken

Edited by Joseph Killorin

One of the important letter writers of the twentieth century, Conrad Aiken was an articulate and uninhibited commentator on the literary scene from the time he left Harvard in 1912 until his death in 1973. £10.80

London Transformed

Images of the City in the Eighteenth Century

Max Byrd

The author traces recurring metaphors for London used by major writers from Defoe to Blake —images of the human body, of theatres, rivers, of health and disease—and describes their efforts to humanize the city and bring it to terms with their own ideals. £9.00

West Bank/East Bank

The Palestinians in Jordan, 1949–1967

Shaul Mishal

This book analyzes for the first time what it has meant to the Palestinians to be simultaneously Palestinian, Arab and Jordanian, and what it has meant to the Jordanian government to have this large, dissatisfied group within its borders. £6.85

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven & London

20 Bloomsbury Square, London, WC1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

founded on biological drives, is about as far as one can get from a view of history that would regard its mainspring as man's quest to realise his essence, through an overcoming of whatever alienates him from himself. Marx in *Kapital* was indeed writing as a Socialist Darwinist; therefore the first generation of his followers, Kautsky, Bernstein, Karl Pearson, were right in regarding him as such. And the unknown German Social Democratic archivists who may have misclassified Darwin's letter as one to Marx might well have been responding to what was regarded before the First World War as the well-established foundation of Marxism on Darwinian evolution.

Finally, I may observe that had my hypothesis and its observable consquence been falsified, then Soviet scholars would have rushed to proclaim that this showed the superiority of Soviet scholarship over the Western. A chorus of neo-Marxists would have recited on the fate justly awaiting any effort to undo the Master's charisma. By the same token, I should now be counter-obliged to declare that the methods of "bourgeois scholarship" had proven themselves once more more powerful than the Marxist variety, and that scientific logic had routed "dialectical logic."

While doing neither, I shall none the less allow myself to rejoice that the knowledge of historical truth has been advanced, and also that one member of the Baker Street Irregulars, in the course of helping solve the mystery of Darwin's letter of 1880, set the tables turning against the regiments of academics and bureaucrats of the Moscow Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, and their fellow-errant corps of Western auxiliaries.

No, Karl Marx never tried to dedicate any book to Charles Darwin, and Darwin never wrote him explaining why he did not care for the literary company of militant dogmatic atheists. It was a mythic fantasy propounded in the days of the first Five Year Plan, an incident in that great age of mythology.

Telling Tales

The making of memory—how it tests and twists,
Delving, arranging, covering things over
Till what was so is not, what was is never,
And the seven-year-old bully who gripped you by the wrists,
Burning them Chinese-fashion, is overlaid
With made-up stories, or pretended nightmares:
Or a half-remembered face stares and stares
Riddling your trite account of what you said
Better in the retelling, an audience
Quite taken in by what you chose to say.

No, it was not like that, was not the way
Things happened to fall out. Yet to make sense
You make a fiction, shut the truth away,
And put it all down to experience.

Anthony Thwaite

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faber Books

A selection of recent and forthcoming titles

The Greek Islands
By Lawrence Durrell

Livia *or* Buried Alive
By Lawrence Durrell

Farewell the Trumpets
An Imperial Retreat
By James Morris

Their Noble Lordships
The hereditary peerage today
By Simon Winchester

The Politics of Imperfection
By Anthony Quinton

Milton and the English Revolution
By Christopher Hill

The Albigensian Crusade
By Jonathan Sumption

Philip of Macedon
By George Cawkwell

The Uses and Abuses of Economics
By Eric Roll

Beyond East and West
By Bernard Leach

Stanley Spencer at War
By Richard Carline

Hitch
The life and work of
Alfred Hitchcock
The authorised biography
By John Russell Taylor

Benjamin Britten 1913-76
Pictures from a life
By Donald Mitchell & John Evans

Theory of Harmony
By Arnold Schoenberg
Translated by R. E. Carter

Ezra Pound and Music
The Complete Criticism
Edited by R. Murray Schafer

Joyce's Voices
By Hugh Kenner

The Composition of Four Quartets
By Helen Gardner

The Dying Gaul
By David Jones
Edited by Harman Grisewood

The Tell-Tale Heart
The life and
work of Edgar Allan Poe
By Julian Symons

Day by Day
By Robert Lowell

Henry's Fate
By John Berryman

Cave Birds
By Ted Hughes
Drawings by Leonard Baskin

Villa Stellar
By George Barker

The Faber Popular Reciter
Edited by Kingsley Amis

Faber & Faber

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vernon Scannell

Popular Mythologies

Not all these legends, I suppose,
Are total lies:
Thousands of Welshmen at a rugby match
Sometimes surprise
By singing more or less in tune;
Quite a lot
Of bullies may be cowards, though too many
Are not.
It would make sense to revise most saws
About the tall:
For instance I've found that the bigger they are
The harder *I* fall.
Everyone knows about the Scots
And their miserliness,
The way they repeatedly cry "Hoots mon!"
Though I must confess
I have often been embarrassed by their largesse
And not one
In my hearing has ever said "Hoots mon."
Of course the Jews
Are very easy to pin down:
They amuse
With comic names like Izzy, Solly,
Benny, Moses,
And like the Scots they're very mean
And have big noses.
The trouble is you can't be sure
That people with small
Noses and names like Patrick, Sean,
Peter or Paul
Are always to be trusted in fiscal matters,
Not at all.
And what of the famous cockney wit?
You'd hear greater
Intelligence, humour and verbal flair
From an alligator
Than the average East End Londoner.
And suicides?
Those who talk about it never do it?
What of the brides
Of darkness, Sexton, Woolf and Plath?
And those others—
Chatterton, Beddoes, Hemingway, Crane?
This band of brothers
All descanted on the mortal theme.
But why go on thus?
Easy, but waste of effort to fill
An omnibus.
Surprising though how people still
Swallow all this
Prejudiced stuff—not us, of course,
Oh no, not us.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Porter

How Important is Sex?

Not very. Even if it plays a not
Inconsiderable part in misery,
You can be unhappy without reference
To its intervention or its absence.

Our researchers have discovered even
Species whose reproductive processes
Are quite unsexual—and usually
These are the more efficient and uncomplicated.

But, says the man waiting for a letter
And trying to read an article in a liberated
Magazine, I haven't been able to keep
My mind off sex since I was seven.

Others' minds go farther back. Perhaps
Our evolution took the one track
(As the mind has it) into love and found
That those innovatory machines,

The genitals, once in place, wouldn't
Be denied their significance. The sight
Of mummy's hair puts us on the spot,
A cave more mysterious than the mouth.

Now flow from it plays and operas
And the horrible spoutings of rancid
Kitchens: a world of novels awaits
The boy taught things by his jokey schoolmates.

But you are talking about love, you'll say.
Yes, and I know the difference,
Taking down a wank magazine,
Then a note more fingered than any photo.

Nevertheless, I am a respecter
Of power, having seen a skinny girl
Screaming in the playground, oblivious
Of boys, wake to her hormonal clock

As Juliana or as Mélisande—
Even the great gods and captains
Might relax with a plaything
As bold and changeable as this.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Age of Embarrassment

By Edward Shils

NEARLY 25 years ago, I began in Bombay to collect material for a book on Indian intellectuals. One of the persons I interviewed was a dear little old man named C. G. Shah. Physically he seemed to be nothing but bones and wrinkled skin; he must have weighed not more than 100 pounds. He was the author, among other writings, of a booklet entitled *Gandhi, Cent-Per-Cent Hindu: A Marxist Analysis*, published in the middle of the 1920s. He was said by some to have been the first Marxist in India.

In the 1930s, his faith in Marx and Lenin had begun to fade and by the time I met him he had given it all up and was associated with the activities of a Parsee businessman who supported a ramshackle institution called the Free Enterprise Forum, which attempted to propagate the views of Professor Friedrich von Hayek. Mr Shah had ceased to admire the Soviet Union, and he had ceased to believe in Marxism. He was very kind and in the four hours which we spent together over two interviews, I came to feel affection for him and I think that he felt confident of my sympathy. At the conclusion of my last interview, I took leave of him and began to descend the stairs which enclosed the large open stairwell of the tenement in which he resided. When I was about four flights down, I heard a thin voice calling insistently: "Professor Shils! Professor Shils!" I looked up and saw Mr Shah's lined and lively face looking down at me, his frail right arm extended from his dhoti-covered shoulder—over the dhoti he wore a tattered khaki pullover, which might have been left over from the Indian Army of the Raj. His fist, clenched outward, was saluting me in the Communist style. I began to ascend the stairs again. He called out, "No, that's all right, Professor Shils. . . . But please be sure that you write in your notebook that if the Imperialists declare war on the Soviet Union, I will be on the side of the Soviet Union!" His fist was still clenched, his arm still outstretched as I reached the ground floor and looked up to take my last farewell of that endearing renegade from Marxism.

I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT of Mr Shah since then, not only because I liked him so much but because, far away on the shore of the Arabian Sea, his rallying to the side of the Soviet Union, despite all his doubts and disavowals, ran parallel to the attitudes of many Western intellectuals in the quarter-of-a-century which followed. The twenty-fifth anniversary of ENCOUNTER gives me the occasion on which to reflect on this mixture of disillusionment and fidelity and on the concurrent movements in collectivistic liberalism.

MUCH of the quarter-of-a-century since my meeting with Mr Shah seems to me to have been a time in which a notable part of the intellectual class has lain in the toils of self-imposed deception. Much of its intellectual discourse on contemporaneous public affairs has been a covering-over of one kind of error by another. Much of it has fallen within a set of widely ranging variations on the old romantic themes of contempt for one's own society and distrust of the authorities who rule over its institutions. These attitudes have persisted, during the past 25 years, even though most Western societies have changed in the direction of, and under the influence of, the desires of progressive intellectuals. Colonies have been got rid of; ethnic minorities of certain categories are better looked after; freedom of expression has never been freer in more spheres; governments have busied themselves to regulate, guide and protect as never before in modern Western history in peace-time. Governments have been forced to renounce some of their traditions of secretiveness; schools and universities have been more amply provided for; the arts and scholarship have been subsidised as never before, and so has scientific research. More young persons go to universities at public expense. The aged, the crippled, the mentally defective, the ill, all have much more money spent on them by public bodies than in the past. One could go on and on to describe the ways in which the governments of Western societies have come forward

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new from

WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

BUFFO
The Genius of Vulgar Comedy
By Anthony Caputi
Caputi examines the persistent popularity, the remarkable intensity of effect, the extraordinary power of vulgar comedy from antiquity to the era of Laurel and Hardy. *256 pages, illustrated, $17.95*

MYTH, CREATIVITY, AND PSYCHOANALYSIS
Essays in Honor of Harry Slochower
Edited by Maynard Solomon
Including contributions by Maynard Solomon, K. R. Eissler, John E. Gedo, Kenneth Burke, among others, this volume describes the genesis of the psychoanalytic approach to literature and the arts. From a special double issue of *American Imago* (1978). *200 pages, illus., $10.95*

WEST GERMAN POETS ON SOCIETY AND POLITICS
Edited by Karl H. Van D'Elden
In candid interviews, sixteen West German poets discuss the poet in society; they also interpret some of their own poems. Included are Hans Bender, Nicholas Born, Hilde Domin, and Günter Grass. *228 pages, about $14.95*

THE SPATIALITY OF THE NOVEL
By Joseph A. Kestner
Exploring the novel in relation to concepts in the visual arts, geometry, architecture, and physics, Kestner extends the theories of recent French criticism to define the spatial elements in literary art. *230 pages, $15.95*

BYRON AND HIS FICTIONS
By Peter J. Manning
A major psychoanalytic study of Byron's writings from the early work through the triumph of *Don Juan*. *320 pages, $17.50*

CHARACTER AND CONFLICT IN JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS
A Psychological Approach
By Bernard J. Paris
A study of the tensions in *Pride and Prejudice, Emma, Mansfield Park,* and *Persuasion,* and those within their creator; Paris uses the theories of Northrop Frye and those of Karen Horney to propose his interesting thesis. *248 pages, $15.95*

THE LITERARY ENTERPRISE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE
By Rémy G. Saisselin
The life of letters is explored as a writer of the period might have perceived it; described are the literary spaces or milieux of 18th-century Paris. *180 pages, about $13.95*

THE LITERARY DREAM IN FRENCH ROMANTICISM
A Psychoanalytic Interpretation
By Laurence M. Porter
Porter's subject is the decisive moment in literary history when understanding of the unconscious began to transform narrative structure. *300 pages, about $16.95*

ARMENIAN POETRY OLD AND NEW
A Bilingual Anthology
Compiled and translated by Aram Tolegian
The first such collection since Boyajian's *Armenian Legends and Poems* (1916) and Alice Stone Blackwell's *Armenian Poems* (1917). *about 325 pages, about $20.00*

ON IMPROVING THE STATUS OF WOMEN
By Theodor Gottlieb Von Hippel
Translated and edited by Timothy F. Sellner
Contemporary with Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women,* Hippel's work, published in 1792 in Germany, is a manifesto on feminism. *about 280 pages, $16.95*

JOURNALS

CRITICISM
A Quarterly for Literature and the Arts
Editor: Leonard Tennenhouse
One year: $13.00, two years, $23.00

AMERICAN IMAGO
A Psychoanalytic Journal for Culture, Science, and the Arts
Editor: Harry Slochower
One year: $15.00, two years, $27.00

WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Detroit, Michigan 48202

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to meet the demands of the collectivistic liberals and democratic socialists of the two decades between the first and second World Wars and of the decade which immediately followed World War II.

Yet the discontent seems to be no less great than it used to be; the tone of rancour has not abated. The ideal seems as far off as it ever was. There have been modifications of accent in the ideal and in its earthly location but basically the views of a very large block of the intellectual stratum have remained as they were, despite the numerous changes made in accordance with their demands on the societies which they criticise.

AT THE BEGINNING of the third decade of this century, the party of progressive outlook among intellectuals took the reputation of the Soviet Union into its care. The attitude towards the Soviet Union became a touchstone of rectitude. Critics of the Soviet Union were distrusted; friends of the Soviet Union were allowed to qualify their assessment of its merits as long as the balance of judgment was on the Soviet side. The party of progressive outlook felt like the stalwart detective in *The Maltese Falcon* when he rebuffed the loving overtures of his female adversary with the statement that she had been responsible for the death of one detective and was therefore responsible for an injury to all detectives in the world. The Soviet Union was a progressive country: it had got rid of capitalists and it had placed the instruments of production in the ownership of the workers. That was decisive in the minds of its protagonists. Any criticism of the Soviet Union was an offence against those who wished to see social and economic inequality reduced in their own countries, who desired an extension of educational opportunity, who sought a system of national health insurance and extended governmental provision of social services. Criticism of the Soviet Union was an offence against those who, in quest for a more complete democracy, saw through the sham of representative government or parliamentary democracy because, whatever flaws might be admitted, the Soviet Union showed the way out of the stagnation or regression which beset Western societies. Of course, it was among communists and fellow-travelling intellectuals that such sensitivity was greatest, but many who were neither had an attitude not too different. Planning, full employment, and a universal and free health service outweighed many conceded flaws of the Soviet Union and contrasted markedly with the allegedly more fundamental flaws of Western societies.

This view was certainly not universally shared. Such conservatives as there were did not share it; dissident and former communists dissented from it; the small number of traditional liberals, mainly economists, dissented from it. By and large, this was where opinion stood in the period of nearly three decades between the revolution of October 1917 and the end of the Second World War.

MANY CHANGES have occurred since then. The "thaw" and the demand that the "cold war" should end and should not be renewed, the "student revolution", the war in South-east Asia, and the emergence of "polycentric" communism are thought to have changed the situation and to have set in motion new currents of opinion. There have indeed been changes in opinion among the intellectual devotees of collectivistic liberalism and democratic socialism. New kinds of radicalism have come forward, most of them very critical of the Soviet Union as the betrayer of socialistic ideals (particularly as the betrayer of the antinomian and egalitarian elements of those ideals). This new radicalism embraced much of the older programmes of collectivistic liberalism and democratic socialism and pressed further towards certain objectives. Homosexuality has become respectable and "respectability" has been abolished. The abnormal has been made normal.

The ethos of each person "doing his own thing" has advanced along almost all sections of the line. The new combination was put forth with the confidence that "History is on our side" (as a leading British Stalinist intellectual had once said). The countries of the "Third World" having become declaratively socialistic, their declarations have been taken at face value; all kinds of tyranny masquerade under the names of socialism and democracy, and there is little complaint about this among their Western intellectual allies. "Left" and "Right" are still, perhaps more than ever, adopted as the main categories even by those who are placed in the "Right" with all its burden of being retrograde, inhumane, and engaged on behalf of a hopeless cause. Murderous guerrillas, tribal chieftains, or feudal retainers are assigned to the "Left" because they oppose their existing government and they are thereupon automatically enumerated as being on the side of progress. Such dichotomies were always staples of extremist imagery; but they have now become a common possession of intellectuals, down even to the level of the "quality" newspapers. The nearly universal adoption of this dichotomy is a sign of the extent to which the running has been made in recent years by the preponderant party of progressive outlook and by the radicals who revile it and who are defended by it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spectator has just celebrated its 150th anniversary

Copies of the special issue to mark this event can be bought from 56, Doughty Street, London WC1 (50p including postage).

The Spectator is the oldest weekly political and literary journal in this country. Please write for a free sample issue with details of our subscription rates.

Spectator *weekly 30p*

by post or from your newsagent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROGRESSIVISTIC, collectivistic liberalism and democratic socialism have been extended in their substance through the elaboration of the individualistic hedonism which was always central but hitherto only implicit in their outlook. Democratic socialism and collectivistic liberalism had both been puritanical as far as the present was concerned. At one time their proponents believed in the ethical value of work—that is how they justified their attacks on "the leisure class." They believed in propriety in sexual matters; they were against bohemianism and "decadence" which they thought were evidence of the purposeless frivolity of bourgeois society in its decline. The legitimacy of pornography has become as established as the legitimacy of governmental regulation of economic activity. Freedom of sexual enterprise has become for collectivistic liberalism what the freedom of business enterprise was for traditional liberalism. The distrust of authority has moved hand in hand with the insistence on governmental protection, provision, regulation and initiative. The demand for increased provision, intervention, protection and regulation by government has not been constrained by suspicion of government. The advocates of participatory democracy expect that what "the People" decide will be carried out by the Government.

These changes have left intact the view that the present order of society—conceived as it was more than 50 years ago—is almost entirely worthless and that it should and will be replaced by a socialistic, or at least governmental, providence. The faith in socialism seems to be intact.

BUT NOT ALL is as it should be. The touchstone has become a millstone. Fifty years of experience and the greater prominence of emancipatory ideals have not displaced the Soviet Union from this fundamental position in the image of the world of radicalism, democratic socialism, and collectivistic liberalism. It has, however, a very different significance now. It is no longer the touchstone for distinguishing "progress" from "reaction" which it once was. It has become a source of embarrassment to communists and their allies, not only because its conduct causes conflicts within their own ranks but because it hampers their efforts to demonstrate their own democratic dispositions. It is no longer sufficient for communists to assert they are democratic and to assert the same as self-evident of the Soviet Union. Because they are no longer so dogmatically blind as they used to be and because they are now more aware that the standards of traditional Marxism-Leninism are not regarded as acceptable by the public to which they address themselves, they find it increasingly difficult to pass over what goes on in the Soviet Union. A somewhat similar situation obtains for those who are not communists but who live under a closely related tradition, who are Marxists without a party or collectivistic liberals with a sense of affinity with Marxism. They do not wish to be reminded of the Soviet Union because it is too discrediting to their cause. They denounce "cold warriors" by which they mean those who describe the Soviet Union truthfully; they do not wish to have to defend the USSR from their charges, so instead they attack those whose analysis reminds them of the burdens they are carrying. They defend the Soviet Union by attacking those who criticise it and those who are opposed to it. Bolshevik Russia is no longer openly defended; but when they have to face a situation of choice, they resolve it by finding the critics or opponents of the Soviet Union in the wrong. The new principle—if the Soviet Union is bad, the West is worse—has been summoned to replace the no longer tenable proposition that the Soviet Union is always and everywhere in the right. Ambassador Andrew Young, who expresses the quintessential clichés of progressivism, made this clear in his recent interview with a Paris newspaper.

IT IS OBVIOUS that the accomplishments of collectivistic liberal, socialist, and communist societies have not been what their protagonists wish them to be. Inflation, bureaucracy, and public disorder in most of the collectivistic liberal countries, poverty, bureaucracy and repression in the communist countries, testify to the failures of the great Plans which were undertaken or proposed to replace the societies of the immediate post-War period.

None the less, none of the three major movements to transform or abolish bourgeois liberal democracy will acknowledge the failure of their ideals. Socialists and collectivistic liberals claim that their ideals have not yet had a sufficient chance; they demand renewed efforts and more resources; but they, too, are beginning to be uncertain. The evidence provided by 60 years of the history of the Soviet Union is dealt with by deliberate neglect or by changing the subject.

Collectivistic liberals will make acknowledgments on specific points. They will admit the inefficiency of governmental bureaucracy in particular instances but they will not allow any general implications to be drawn from that. They will admit that privacy is more infringed on than it should be according to their own standards; but they will allow no conclusion to be drawn from that; instead they propose more bureaucratic control.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New books from
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Ltd.
24-28 Oval Road, London NW1, England

The Road to Eleusis
Unveiling the Secret of the Mysteries
R.C. Wasson, A. Hofmann and C.A.P. Ruck

£8.40

The Eleusinian Mysteries, the secret religious rites of ancient Greece, have remained a puzzle for nearly 40,000 years and still intrigue the world. Three men collaborating closely have found what they think is the solution. Each has contributed to this book.

The Soviet Syndrome
Alain Besançon

£5.80

Western Nations have continually sought to draw the Soviet Union into the concert of powers and induce it to behave like any other country. According to Besancon this goal is a delusion, and he explains why in this brilliant analysis of the Soviet system.

The Real Suez Crisis
Jacques Georges-Picot

£7.10

The nationalization of the Suez canal and its consequences, written by a man who was both an eyewitness and a participant in the subsequent negotiations.

A Founding Family
The Pinckneys of South Carolina
Frances Leigh Williams

£12.95

This is the remarkable story of a family who from 1692 – 1828 were pioneers in South Carolina, and who helped to shape the early history of the United States.

Kassandra and the Wolf
Margarita Karapanou

£4.50

This fearsome kaleidescope of one little girl's vision is perhaps the first novel to deal with female juvenile sexuality. Kassandra holds our fascinated attention with her pristine sadomasochism and the enormity of the misapprehension of the adult world.

Incantations
Poems
Charles Bound

£4.50

A striking and varied first volume of poems whose subjects encompass the African continent, austere landscapes, love relationships and human struggle. A promising young poet, who draws largely on personal experience, Charles Bound displays a concern for technique, an air of experiment, and a refreshingly hopeful tone about life and struggle.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ODD SITUATION obtains. The collectivistic liberals and democratic socialists, having done so much to turn contemporary Western societies into what they now are, are very discontented with their handiwork. Things have not worked out as they have wished, and they complain bitterly that governments have not gone far enough, that they have not spent enough to make the programmes successful, that private business enterprise is too resistant and is not taxed heavily enough. In any case, they are very dissatisfied and wish to have further movement to obliterate what is left of the traditional liberal economy of voluntary associational activity and professional autonomy. They want the state to become more powerful even than it is, even though they distrust "politicians" and denounce bureaucratic authority.

The communists and their fellow-travellers in the Western countries naturally disapprove of everything in their own societies but they can no longer go on, as they or their forerunners used to do, to approve of Soviet society. Their solution is to assail those who criticise it.

Then there are the proto- or quasi-communists, the numerous small sects of free-floating radicals who denounce their own countries and the Soviet Union, and sometimes support violent action against authority in their own countries. They are the least encumbered by doubts because they believe that what they recommend has never been tried or if tried, in one or another communist country, has gone astray because of accident or malevolence or both. Where they support any existing communist régime, it is one of which they know practically nothing and can thus believe what they will. They have the pride and confidence in their ideals which were to be found in socialist movements before the First World War. At that time, however, there had been no experience of socialism or communism except in small socialistic or communistic communes or colonies. The present situation is very different for those human beings who are in some measure amenable to experience.

THE INTELLECTUALS' TRADITION of hostility and disparagement of their own societies is a long and illustrious one. It has been common among literary men for nearly two centuries; in the course of the 19th century this attitude became the stock-in-trade of sociologists and certain kinds of economists. For the most part the social scientists, academic and amateur, were not drastic in their disapproval.

There was a period of an unprecedentedly widespread reconciliation in the decade which followed the Second World War. This reconciliation of intellectuals to their respective societies —and their acknowledgment that, in an imperfect world, their own societies were not the most imperfect—did not last very long. The British and American patriotism of the War years, the respect for the successful achievements of their governments in war and peace, were strikingly in contrast with the unease of the 1930s. The revulsion from the communist parties in Great Britain and the United States—furthered by their dwindling activities which were accentuated in the USA by governmental harassment and intimidation of its members—coupled with the impressions left by the Soviet blockade of Berlin and the Communist *putsch* in Czechoslovakia, reduced, but did not obliterate, the attractiveness of the Soviet Union. The consensus in the US was certainly far from all-embracing; the following of the progressive party in the Presidential campaign of 1948 showed that there were still many intellectuals who continued the "fellow-travelling" of the 1920s. The not at all courageous silence of many American intellectuals during the McCarthy ascendancy heightened the appearance of consensus. None the less, the reconciliation was genuine, even though it was far from complete. The US government was still enjoying the credit of its titanic successes in the Second World War, in the overcoming of the Berlin Blockade and in its less titanic but nevertheless successful re-establishment of the boundaries of the Republic of Korea. In Western Germany, the intellectuals were so overpowered, disordered and shamed by the Nazi régime and the military and moral defeat that they were rendered voiceless for some years. The firm stand taken by Konrad Adenauer's government and Dr Erhard's *Wirtschaftswunder* restored their self-respect and fostered their acceptance of the government of the Federal Republic and the new social order which was emerging. This lasted until the early 1960s. The British government in the decade after the War was on the crest of glory, extending its social services and dissolving its empire voluntarily after its victory in the Second World War. This was the time of "Butskellism." The turning point in Great Britain came in 1956.

THE FAILURE of the British and French military efforts to gain control of the Suez Canal, the speech by Khrushchev at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in February 1956, and the Soviet suppression of the effort to liberalise the Hungarian People's Republic were the beginning of a drastic reassertion of the earlier currents of opinion of many intellectuals in Great Britain and the United States. French intellectuals who had had no similar experience of reconciliation with their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia classics in paperback

DON'T ASK ME HOW THE TIME GOES BY
José Emilio Pacheco
Alastair Reid, Translator

"A choice, bilingual collection by a Mexican poet, recommended for poetry lovers and for advanced students of Spanish language and literature." *ALA Booklist.* $7.40

20TH CENTURY CHINA
Third Edition
O. Edmund Clubb

A carefully updated edition of the book which the *New York Times Book Review* lauded as one that will "force its readers to think about China's place in the world and how other nations must adjust to China's dangerous and dynamic revolution." $9.40

ANOTHER PART OF THE TWENTIES
Paul A. Carter

"Moves beyond the stereotypes of bootleggers and raccoon coats to establish the decade as a broad section of America actually experienced it." *Times Literary Supplement.* $6.25

ANTHOLOGY OF ARMENIAN POETRY
Diana Der Hovanessian and Marzbed Margossian, Editors and Translators

"We are lucky to have these poems moved over from Armenian to English. . . . Read Koutchak of the 16th century for instance and suddenly notice that good poetry is instantly irresistible and indestructible ever after." *William Saroyan.* $9.95

HOBBES'S SCIENCE OF POLITICS
M. M. Goldsmith

"The most reliable and most thorough introduction to both Hobbes's political philosophy and the recent controversies to which it has given rise yet to be published." *Political Science Quarterly.* $6.20

TRADITIONAL CHINESE STORIES
Themes and Variations
Y. W. Ma and Joseph S. M. Lau, Editors

The most comprehensive anthology of Chinese stories to appear in English, presenting the best and most representative works of many centuries of Chinese fiction. $11.80

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
15A Epsom Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national authority had been further severed from it by the war in Indochina, and they responded to the events of 1956 as did the British.

Beginning, however, from a much more advanced degree of dissatisfaction with their own government and their own society—they also had a much longer tradition of anti-bourgeois literary culture—the radicalisation of the French intellectuals went much further than the British. In the United States and Great Britain (and France to a less extent) the discrediting of the "Russian experiment" by the disclosures of Khrushchev's speech and the Hungarian military intervention threw radicals into a state of disorder; the disorder was less than it would have been had not the Anglo-French military operation against Egypt confirmed part of their radical view of the bourgeois world. None the less, the momentary and partial discredit of the Soviet Union liberated many of the radicals who had been attached to it; and it left them free to strike out on their own. They were released from the dogmatic intellectual slumber into which they had been cast by their obligation to defend the USSR; they were enabled to shed the burden of supporting a régime, the concrete particularity of which they had hitherto felt themselves compelled to justify. For British intellectuals, release from the obligation to the Soviet Union coincided with the diminution of their respect for British institutions. The failure of the British government in its military operation in Egypt released passionate sentiments of hostility against the government and against the British "Establishment" more generally.[1] There was a remarkable efflorescence of radical intellectual political activity for some years thereafter. French intellectual opinion was under no necessity to reoccupy the terrain of its older opinions: it had never evacuated it. The struggle in Algeria only made affirmation and reiteration of the older opinions more intense.

TRADITIONAL MARXISM, bearing the stamp of Leninism, ceased to dominate the thought of radicals. The way was opened to an eclecticism which had always been despised by Marxists. Radicalism, like religious enthusiasm, sloughed off its institutional connections and went off in search of the Kingdom of God on earth. There was much thrashing about. Traditional Marxism was revised to make room for the "anthropological" Marxism of the early Marx. Economistic Marxism became overrun by emancipationist Marxism. Variants of psychoanalysis were joined to "anthropological" Marxism. The restlessness of women, the discontent of students, the unsettledness of homosexuals, an assertive bohemianism were in a state of readiness for this release of radicalism from dogmatic Soviet Marxism and for the generation of a new, emancipatory Marxism. It was as if the new radicalism had heeded Lenin's counsel to professional revolutionaries to bring all discontent under the rubric of class conflict: but it disregarded the corollary of the leadership of the Bolshevik party. There were in fact no significant Communist parties in the US, Britain, and West Germany to take advantage of these multifarious discontents; in France and Italy, the Communist parties although very large and powerful could not quite contain the new radicalism. A freely floating radicalism, unattached to any mass party (although occasionally associating itself with one in order to gain influence over it), appeared. The new Marxist radicalism, although it had much in common with freely floating religious enthusiasm detached from any institutional form, was animated by its attachment to a rising star. It was linked to the more widespread, hedonistic, expressive antinomianism which had grown up without any connection with Marxism. The new Marxist radicalism clung to its deep, almost archetypal disposition towards the socialistic ideal. In this respect, too, it participated in a wider and deeper drift of opinion, the central theme of which is the paradoxical combination of the belief in the desirability of omniprovident, omnicompetent government with a belief in the primacy of an emancipatory antinomian individualism.

Yet with all its novelty, the new Marxist radicalism could not free itself wholly from the association of Marxism with the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union (and all the communist countries, including China, which had grown up under Soviet auspices) could not be expunged from memory and awareness. The growth to prominence of the emancipatory ideal and the demand for its immediate realisation from a state of implicitness which was to be realised in the remote condition of Communism, the increasing publicity about the Kremlin's repressiveness (even though the evidence is rebuffed by being attributed to "cold warriors") have put the attachment to the Soviet Union under severe strain.

THERE WAS A SHORT TIME in the heroic period of the Russian Revolution when the two ideals of

[1] The use of "Establishment" to describe a quiet undeliberated conspiracy against the common good became popular at this time. It had been given currency a few years earlier by Mr Henry Fairlie who had not meant it to bear the accent of abhorrence which was attached to it henceforward.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony Burgess 1985

Ingenious, chilling and darkly comic, this book combines a devastating critique of George Orwell's *1984* with an alternative fantasy of the future. £4.95

Kingsley Amis JAKE'S THING

His funniest novel for a generation. This hilarious study of a lecherous Oxford don in the twilight of his lust strikes the mood of the Sated Seventies with wicked precision. £4.95

Francis King THE ACTION

At the top of his form, the author has written this funny, moving novel about a woman novelist who libels her ex-lover's sister in a book — and lives to regret it. £4.95

Elaine Feinstein THE SHADOW MASTER

Her most ambitious and intriguing novel to date — the story of a group of English tourists on holiday in Istanbul who find themselves involved in the re-enactment of a 17th-century legend with bizarre consequences for the whole world. £5.50

Stanley Middleton TWO BROTHERS

The rivalry between two brothers — one a poet and the other a successful businessman — is at the centre of this powerful new novel by one of our most distinctive novelists. £4.50

HUTCHINSON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

governmental omniprovidence and of individual emancipation seemed to be on the verge of simultaneous fulfilment in the USSR. But this was very brief. For many intellectuals who supported the Soviet Union, the emancipatory expressive ideal was valid but had to await a more remote time for its realisation. This still enabled the Soviet Union to provide the site both of the ideal fulfilled and of the ideal still to be fulfilled. It was the flagrant infringement in the Soviet Union of the emancipatory ideal, coinciding as it did with the greater Western urgency for its realisation, that placed the attachment under great strain. The actual experience of Soviet economic backwardness and of bureaucratic inefficiency has also had a weakening effect. The upshot is that the Soviet Union has been deprived of its role as the site of the ideal—but not entirely so. It has become dissociated from the archetypical, paradoxical two-fold ideal, but only on the level of particular facts and actions. Persecution and repression, economic inefficiency and hardship may be grudgingly admitted or angrily charged by many radical intellectuals but with all its shortcomings it is still, for them, in one form or another, a "worker's state." The radical intellectuals would like the burden of proof of assertions about the defects of the Soviet Union to be on its unsympathetic critics, whose perceptions they often share while abhorring their motives. They do so because they still believe that —despite all deformations and distortions, and with all the ravages of experience—the Soviet Union participates in the realm of the ideal. They are discomfited by the shortcomings of the reality, to which they have committed themselves. They are embarrassed by adherence to an ideal, the actual incorporation of which places the validity of the ideal in doubt. For a long time, the intellectuals who recognised that their god had failed were dismissed as traitors, weaklings, careerists; their criticisms were sometimes acknowledged and then shrugged off. None the less, they had some impact. It remains to be seen whether the *nouveaux philosophes* will be treated in the same way and will similarly further the process of disillusionment.

THE PROPONENTS of the democratic socialistic ideal are in a state of embarrassment as well. They have been embarrassed by the not wholly satisfactory way in which their ideal has been embodied in the incomplete approximation to it, in collectivistic liberal countries like Sweden and Great Britain. The fact is that the devotees of the democratic socialist and the collectivistic liberal ideals have begun on occasion to feel a little uncertain of the ideal itself. The dreariness and rigidity of bureaucracy in Sweden, the dismal performance of nationalised industries in Great Britain have both had a disillusioning effect. The loss in standing of scientific technology as an unqualified good has shaken radicals as well as collectivistic liberals. The squalor, repressiveness and backwardness of the totalitarian socialist societies have made democratic socialists less confident; the inflation and disorder of the collectivistic liberal societies have put their proponents somewhat on the defensive. They are sensitive to the criticisms directed to them, but they respond by reasserting all the more fiercely their belief in their own fundamentals while knowing that they are belied by the realities to which they have given rise.

THOSE WHO AFFIRM the ideals of traditional, individualistic liberalism also do so with some embarrassment. They are aware that self-evidence is not on their side. They are aware that they are thought to be anomalous by the dominant party of progressivistic outlook which includes both collectivistic liberals and democratic socialists. They have to argue from fundamentals—and fundamentals which are not already widely believed in, unless their proponents are zealots, seem very bare, too abstract, and even freakish, like a sleigh encountered in the middle of the Sahara.

They have another embarrassment. They know that the Western societies of the type which prevailed through much of the 19th century and up to the Second World War had many imperfections. They are aware of the recurrence of severe unemployment, of poverty and degradation in the lower classes of the societies which pursued and partly realised their ideal. They are aware of the injustice of their failure to achieve the equality of opportunity to which they were committed. To some extent, too, their minds have been invaded by some of the ideal of welfare which has been so zealously espoused for so long by socialists and collectivistic liberals.

Conservatives are in an even more awkward position. The value of tradition has had few spokesmen in the present century in intellectual circles. Rationalism has become so established that arguments that tradition should be respected are put forward with some uncertainty. To argue for hierarchy on grounds other than efficiency goes against the contemporary grain. To contend for the value of the national society and the integrity of its culture is generally thought among intellectuals to be fine for the societies of Asia, Africa, and Latin America; but there is less enthusiasm about these values when it comes to their own advanced countries. For all their hidden patriotism and its implicit hostility

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remarkable Lives

Mehmed the Conqueror and His Time

FRANZ BABINGER
Edited by William C. Hickman
Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim

From the spectacular siege of Constantinople in 1453 through the numerous campaigns in East and West that securely established the Ottoman Empire, the events in the life of Mehmed II form the complex and dramatic subject of Franz Babinger's monumental biography.
Bollingen Series XCVI Illustrated. £20.20

Marx's Fate
The Shape of a Life

JERROLD SEIGEL

Examining Karl Marx from a special perspective, this compelling intellectual biography reveals the coherence of his career and provides a vivid portrait of the man and thinker. Its combination of historical, textual, and psychological insights opens up major dimensions for both the philosopher's writings and his development. £11.00

An American Anarchist
The Life of Voltairine de Cleyre

PAUL AVRICH

A fascinating investigation into the anarchist personality. Paul Avrich's book on Voltairine de Cleyre (1866-1912) is the first full-length biography of this obscure rebel whose vision of a decentralized libertarian society has left a legacy to inspire new generations of idealists and reformers. Illustrated. £11.00

Princeton University Press

15A Epsom Road Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against other countries, modern progressive intellectuals do not like to admit the value of nationality and the patriotism which goes with it. Articulated theories are not one of the products which conservatives bring forth with ease, and they are aware that their fundamentals when stated overtly are what the age has moved steadfastly against. Yet as a "party in opposition" conservatives are thrust into the necessity of asserting fundamental principles.

I DO NOT THINK that a deep conversion of mankind from the ideals now so widely proclaimed is very likely to occur in the foreseeable future. Mankind moves very slowly in the realm of the spirit. What appears on the surface as a landslide is the result of a gradual and partial shifting underneath; it is also to some extent an artifact of the preoccupations and the superficiality of the observers who are located on the surface. Too many ideals, too deeply rooted in passionate aspirations, and in bitter animosity against the alternatives, are involved in the present installation of beliefs. There are too many vested interests among the beneficiaries of these beliefs, especially the public office-holders, the recipients of subsidies, and the protectors of their own reputation. The recipients of grants and subsidies include intellectuals who are also held firmly in the postulates of their beliefs, so that with all their variations of sensibility and with all their alleged desire to define their identity, their perturbations have a very narrow radius.

To make a *bilan de conscience* is even less common now than it was in earlier centuries of the modern age; the spiritual crises and religious conversions of the 19th century appear to be rarer nowadays. The ideals of collectivistic liberalism and of democratic socialism, recently reanimated by the clamour of emancipatory individualism and echoed in educational institutions and the organs of publicity, crowd the public scene. Egalitarianism surely has serious flaws, but such little of it as has been realised pleases its beneficiaries; its analytical partisans begin by assuming its rightness. The ideological image of existing Western societies, erroneous though it is, has too well-elaborated a tradition —and it is too vigorously propagated by zealous and cynical, ignorant and learned intellectuals— for it to be washed utterly away. The present ideals of collectivistic liberalism and democratic socialism hold out the promise of perfection, the promise of a life free from pain and affront, from anxiety and unrealised aspirations. They offer the prospect of surcease from travail. These ends are too precious to those who are attached to them for them to be lightly renounced.

The failures in practice of the ideals of collectivistic liberalism and democratic socialism are tangible to sensitive persons who live under them. It is they who both experience the unforeseen costs of well-intended actions and realise the inadequacies of those who perform them. Many of them are reluctant, however, to admit that the shortcomings which they experience themselves and perceive around them are the results of the principles of the programme itself. They hope that mistakes will be corrected, that the course will be righted, and the journey completed as intended. Those who live under wholly socialistic or communistic régimes are so cut off from the truth about life in other societies that most of them, except where they are sustained by a powerful religious faith, have, for the time being at least, resigned themselves to the harsh life which they lead, as long as they believe that life is worse in non-socialistic societies.

FOR ALL THESE REASONS, those who are opposed to the present state of affairs, and to the collectivistic liberal and democratic socialistic ideals which have led to it, would not be justified in anticipating any profound change on a world-wide scale or within the bounds of Western civilisation, or even within the boundaries of any single country of the West.

The fact remains that significant changes in the state or direction of a civilisation or a society are never all-pervasive throughout that civilisation or society. Any given state of belief within a society is always the resultant of the interplay of a wide heterogeneity of beliefs and desires; the prevailing state of opinion is always the outcome of many unintended compromises among many intentions which are not visible on the surface. This is frequently true within individuals, even those who appear from the outside to be quite consistent. It is certainly true of all societies and especially of large modern ones. No single unitary outlook has ever prevailed throughout any single society. When individualistic liberalism was in the forefront, it was under steady pressure from the collectivistic liberalism and socialism which have since come to dominate the scene. It contained within itself elements which, becoming more salient, transformed it. It was through such a process that Benthamism grew into Fabianism.

DOMINANT IDEALS are dominant when the alternatives to them are in a condition of latency, both within the minds of those who are their proponents and within the larger society. Older ideals live on, not simply as residues which have not been swept away. The dominion of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actually dominant ideal is like the exercise of authority within a kingdom or a republic or a restless empire. Many beliefs are left unsatisfied by the reigning belief. The sovereign is sovereign largely by virtue of his maintenance of his ascendency, and that to a large extent is a function of his confidence in his own legitimacy.

The present situation of belief is little different. The sovereign ideals of present-day Western societies seem to be at the height of their ascendancy. Their realm consists however of many heterogeneous ideals coexisting in an unstable equilibrium. They are moreover afflicted with embarrassment. The standard-bearers carry an inheritance of which they would prefer to be free, but they cannot free themselves from it either in their own minds or in the minds of others. That is why their tenure is insecure. Therein lies one of the grounds for thinking that the dethronement of their ideals is not out of the question.

The Questions

The questions come flocking in
Since you went away
But you have smuggled the answers
Under the clay.

Was it blind tact not asking
The privileged things you knew?
Was shyness mere friend to shyness
Between us two?

I sort through a quick thief's scatter—
Relics twice left behind.
Photographs, letters, notes—
Such jetsam-kind—

Yield me such crumbs as these:
How one fast-shuttered day
You faced this way or that
Or wrote to say

Roses had blown too early
Or lettuces shot up tall—
Throw-away scraps of life
And that is all.

Now others are quietly leaving.
They wave back as they pass.
Maybe their ghost-selves tell you
How slow I was.

For answers get tired of waiting.
The questions come thrashing round
But deaf is the draughty sky, my dear,
And dumb the ground.

J. C. Hall

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mallarmé & the Language Obsession

By John Weightman

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ died in 1898 at the relatively early age of 56, and has now had a posthumous existence of some 80 years. If we date his publicly effective career from 1875, when he settled in Paris, in the flat in the Rue de Rome which was to be his final address, he has been an important and active influence for just over a century. It was some time after moving to the Rue de Rome that he began to act as host at the Tuesday evening meetings there, the famous *mardis de la Rue de Rome*, which were attended over the years by a great many writers and artists, a number of whom—including Paul Valéry, André Gide, and Paul Claudel—were later to become celebrated in their own right.

During this century of his operative existence, Mallarmé's literary fortunes have waxed and waned and waxed again. In his lifetime, while he was looked upon as an amiable and puzzling eccentric by some established men of letters, such as Leconte de Lisle and Anatole France, who never took him seriously, he was admired and respected by a select minority of his contemporaries, particularly the younger ones, and they included not only writers but also painters and musicians; it is well known, of course, that his poetry inspired Debussy and that he was a friend of Manet. After 1884, when he received favourable mention in the Decadent novel *A Rebours*, by Joris-Karl Huysmans, as one of the poets appreciated by the hero, Des Esseintes, the quintessential aesthetic dandy, he also enjoyed a certain public notoriety. Attempts were made to parody his hermetic style, on the assumption that his obscure compositions might conceal comic or even obscene meanings. By the early part of this century, a few of his easier poems had gradually found their way into the anthologies, at the same time as his example was beginning to influence poets in various foreign countries. In France itself, his poetic creed was perpetuated, at first with only slight modifications, by his most eminent disciple, Valéry, whose dramatic monologue, *La Jeune Parque*, published in 1917, reads in places like a pastiche of Mallarmé, just as some of Mallarmé's earlier works might have been mistaken for newly discovered poems by Baudelaire. In fact, the sequence—Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Valéry—must be one of the closest in the whole history of poetry.

Nevertheless, it is probably correct to say that, for a long time, Mallarmé's reputation was that of a relatively minor poet. For instance, he remained overshadowed by Baudelaire during the years when Baudelaire was being promoted to the position of chief French poet of the 19th century, in place of Victor Hugo who had seemed the dominant figure up to 1900 and beyond. Also, Mallarmé's three most notable poetic contemporaries—Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Lautréamont—have had their periods of pre-eminence, when they have seemed to push him into the background. Verlaine has always appeared more immediately poetic to the general public both within France and abroad. Rimbaud's extraordinary flowering before the age of twenty-one, his scandalous relationship with Verlaine, his renunciation of literature and his departure for Abyssinia surround him with an exotic appeal that has never declined and has given rise to what Professor Etiemble has called *Le mythe de Rimbaud*. Lautréamont was taken up by the Surrealists as a relatively unknown, enigmatic *révolté* and could appeal to them because of a violence that was totally missing from Mallarmé.

I THINK WE HAVE TO SAY, then, that while Mallarmé has always been important as a poet's poet, his general reputation has been slow to develop. There was a certain amount of interest in the 1930s, when Albert Thibaudet devoted the first full-length study to him and Roger Fry published his literal English transcriptions of Mallarmé's verse; but only since the 1940s has he come to be treated as a major figure, on a par with Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Rimbaud. Perhaps he benefited retrospectively from the fame of his disciple, Valéry. Certainly, it was a friend and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admirer of Valéry, Dr Henri Mondor—one of those devoted servants of literature that France seems to produce more frequently than other countries—who wrote the standard life and began the edition of the correspondence, which has been continued by Professor Austin of Cambridge. Incidentally, English-speaking scholars have been particularly active in the last generation in bringing to light Mallarmé material and producing interpretations of his poems.

But, over and above Mallarmé's present popularity as an object of academic study, one can feel his presence nowadays over a whole area of French writing. It is not simply that French poetry, in so far as it exists, seems to follow on from Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Valéry much more than from Baudelaire and Verlaine. There is also at the moment, in Paris, an overwhelming obsession with language, and a predilection for difficult, precious, abstract and contorted writing, which seems to owe something not only to Mallarmé the poet, but also to Mallarmé the prose-writer, the inventor of the curious style exemplified in his collection of essays entitled *Divagations*. Anyone familiar with that little work will recognise echoes of it in the writings of the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, the psychologist Jacques Lacan, the literary critic Maurice Blanchot, the essayists Michel Leiris and Roland Barthes, and in the prose of most of the contributors to the reviews *Tel Quel, Critique,* and *Poétique*. A certain Mallarmé-like flavour has been propagated over a wide field of literary and intellectual discourse in France, and Mallarmé has been a major promoter of the present self-consciousness about language in France and elsewhere. Certainly, his primary cultural importance lies in the fact that he was a language-obsessed man, although he is, of course, only one important element in a very rich and confused situation.

MALLARMÉ'S literary contemporaries already referred to—Verlaine, Rimbaud and Lautréamont—were also, in a less organised way, exponents of comparable varieties of linguistic obscurity, so it was a phenomenon that extended beyond himself. In the generation that followed his, Freudianism and psychology in general were to emphasise the uncertain relationships between language and consciousness. Later, Surrealism tried to disrupt language so as to get at truths that were felt to lie hidden somewhere beyond words. At the same time, the linguistic philosophers, in England and elsewhere, have had the contrary, but complementary, ambition to cleanse language of its so-called metaphysical, logical, and emotional impurities in order to arrive at some supposedly definite and reliable statement.

The Existentialists and Absurdists were acutely aware of the arbitrary nature of language and of the gap between reality—if indeed, such a conception as "reality" is valid—and its linguistic transposition. More recently still, the Structuralists have taken language as a model of all human patterning and have tended to stress the form of the pattern as being more important than any supposed content, or as being itself the real content. Simultaneously, certain branches of avant-garde literature, such as the New Novel in France, have made a cult of linguistic form, and have even argued that novel-writing, for instance, is a kind of language-game which should accept its own arbitrariness quite consciously and dispense altogether with the notion of necessary content.

Now it so happens that Mallarmé, because he concentrated so passionately on the problem of language, can be seen as having points of contact with all these developments, and can be quoted in connection with any of them, and indeed often has been. Moreover, in the other arts—painting,

MALLARMÉ BY PICASSO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sculpture, music, theatre, and cinema—the dominant theme during the last half-century or more has been *what each is to do with its language,* that is, its medium considered as being separable in some way from content, or as taking precedence over content, or as being indissoluble form/content. Here again, Mallarmé is often eminently quotable; he commented directly on some of the other arts, and what he says about poetry is sometimes transferable to them. Consequently, his *obiter dicta* may turn up in any context.

For instance, there is probably no more significant anecdote in recent art history than the one about his reply to Degas, whose *violon d'Ingres* was the writing of poetry. Degas was complaining that he found poetry surprisingly difficult to write, although he had plenty of ideas. To which Mallarmé answered:

> "One does not make poetry with ideas, Degas, but with words."

That is, the arts only exist in their material reality, their intellectualisations must be concretised, and that, precisely, is the problem. Of course, in other contexts, he may seem to be saying the opposite, that one should move back from the concrete phenomenon to the abstract idea, as in his famous definition of the flower: *L'absente de tous bouquets,* but I think the contradiction is more apparent than real, as I shall try to show.

BECAUSE Mallarmé links up in this way with so many aspects of the modern movement in literature and the arts, and has in a sense only come into his own quite recently, one is naturally tempted to apply to him the celebrated first line of his funeral sonnet on Edgar Allan Poe: *Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change.* But on reflection I am not sure that it is quite appropriate.

It is a magnificently sonorous statement of the fact that death can free the artist from the trammels of his personal situation and allow him to become his essential self for posterity, in so far as that self is embodied in his art. But it does not cover the other aspect of the truth, which is that, even for posterity, there is no stable self of the artist or final reality of the work, about which absolute agreement can be reached. Posterity, after all, is just an indefinite series of new people, reacting to things and rethinking things in their different ways. Time, as it happens, has not ratified Mallarmé's high estimate of Edgar Allan Poe, and opinions may legitimately differ about Mallarmé himself, both as an artist and a theoretician. While I myself have a great admiration for him, and think him unique in some respects, after reading certain recent books about him, I feel there may be a tendency in some quarters to take all his statements as revealed truth and to enthuse about all his poems as if they were equally successful. Perhaps we have entered the era of the Mallarmé myth: *enfin en mythe la postérité le change.* This is no doubt what happens eventually to all outstanding artists, so that it becomes increasingly difficult to see the wood for the trees.

FOR THE SAKE OF CLARITY—if it is not sacrilegious to try to be clear when dealing with Mallarmé—(and I don't think it can be, since Valéry, his most devoted follower, spent all his life trying to think clearly)—I would like to summarise his position in the history of the modern attitude to language, as I see it, under three headings: (*1*) his conception of the role of the poet or artist; (*2*) his subversion of traditional French clarity; and (*3*) the consequences of his artistic ideal.

The Role of the Artist

MALLARMÉ'S CONCEPT of the role of the artist involves, at first sight, a basic contradiction, which is not peculiar to him since he shares it with a number of his predecessors and contemporaries, but which he exhibits in an extreme form. He was at once alienated from the mass of the society around him, and yet had a high opinion of the function of the artist in relation to society. The contradiction still exists, of course, and some people would probably maintain that it is a permanent and inevitable tension. If, in the evolutionary scheme of things, art (in Sartre's phrase) is the negativity of society, and always consists in rising above that which is in order to create something better, new or different, then the artist, and more particularly the writer, can never be in a state of acceptance. The fact remains, however, that the tension has varied from period to period, and that it reached a peak in France in the second half of the 19th century, so that the poet had the strongest possible notion of his own importance at the same time as he placed his hope of recognition in the future with posterity.

It is easy to suggest reasons for this state of affairs. The concept of the poet as an outstanding figure who voices the highest truth about the world and is, in a sense, indistinguishable from the *vates* or priest, is an ancient tradition, which has re-emerged from time to time over the centuries. It was common, at least as a conventional theme, during the literary revival of the Renaissance. It burst out again with tremendous force as one of the aspects of Romantic egotism,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the beginning of the 19th century. Shelley proclaimed that the poet was the unacknowledged legislator; Victor Hugo referred to himself as *le mage* or magus; Alfred de Vigny likened the isolation of poetic genius to the solitude of Moses or the suffering of Christ.

In France, this sense of uniqueness which, we might say, was in the major key with the great Romantic poets, and which manifested itself also in prose—for instance, in the Napoleonic complex running through Balzac's work—gradually shifted into the minor key, because of changing social and political circumstances. In the generation before Mallarmé, Baudelaire had an almost hysterical vision of the poet as a sacrificial victim, a superior being with a mission which made him the interpreter of Nature and a favourite of God, and yet a social outcast, rejected by bourgeois society and rejecting it because of its materialistic values.

This polarisation between art and philistinism, Bohemians and Bourgeoisie, *poètes maudits* and respectable citizens, avant-garde and official art has been one of the great commonplaces of cultural history in France since the mid-19th century. It runs from the Art for Art's sake movement, through Parnassianism to the Decadents, and then continues in the Surrealist Movement and the Existentialist opposition between authenticity and bad faith, until it has broadened out immensely and become institutionalised today, not only in France but in many other parts of the world, as the contrast between the Establishment or the System on the one hand, and the various forms of artistic and social revolt, on the other.

IN THIS GENERAL PATTERN, Mallarmé has his peculiar place. Although he was obsessed to the point of mimeticism with Baudelaire and Edgar Allan Poe, and had fairly close relationships with some other Bohemian writers, such as Villiers de L'Isle Adam and Verlaine, curiously enough, he was not himself a Bohemian. In his late teens, he revolted against his bourgeois family tradition by refusing to be a civil servant, and he qualified instead as a teacher of English, under the impression—which turned out to be mistaken—that teaching would prove more congenial than office work. Also, when he was still only twenty or so, he seduced a German governess in his then home town of Sens, and eventually married her, although she had neither financial resources nor useful family connections. This was the sum total of his revolt.

Thereafter, he lived the humdrum external life of a breadwinner and respectable paterfamilias, moving from one southern provincial town to

TRUJILLO

The Death of the Goat

Bernard Diederich

The dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Trujillo Molina, was assassinated on May 30th 1961, after thirty-one years in power. This is the first book to describe the fall of the notorious dictator, and incidentally to explore the involvement of the CIA. It is based on interviews with protagonists and with scores of eyewitnesses.

'A fascinating enquiry in depth into the background of Trujillo's murder – a natural for the biographer of that other monster of the Caribbean, Papa Doc.' GRAHAM GREENE

£5·95

SCOTT & ERNEST

The Fitzgerald – Hemingway Friendship

Matthew J. Bruccoli

Scott & Ernest gives the richest account to date of the fruitful, if often tempestuous, relationship between Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Not only does it set the record straight with respect to names, places and dates, but it also provides psychological profiles of two of America's greatest writers.

'Here at last is the true story of their peculiar friendship.' *New York Times*

(To be published on 19 October) £6·95

BODLEY HEAD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another, until he was appointed in due course to Paris. His life was so empty of exciting events that he was credited with only one possible sentimental adventure, a liaison with a *demi-mondaine*, Méry Laurent, who was the ex-mistress of Manet and whose official protector was an American dentist called Evans, who made a fortune in Paris towards the end of the Second Empire, thanks to his acquaintance with Napoleon III. It is doubtful whether Mallarmé's relationship with Méry was anything other than platonic, although he frequented her salon in bachelor fashion. He refers to her unselfconsciously in his letters to his wife and daughter, and Dr Evans was helpful about Mme Mallarmé's false teeth; so it would seem that the connection never engendered any great stress. The only drama was in Mallarmé's career as a schoolmaster. His professional existence was one long martyrdom, because he was incapable of maintaining discipline, and he had no particular interest either in the English language as such[1] or in the business of teaching. The school-inspectors' reports were almost invariably unfavourable; and he was allowed to retire at the age of fifty-two.

HOWEVER, THIS MODEST and inefficient little teacher of English, whose domestic routine continued undisturbed for 30-odd years, had the highest possible conception of the dignity of the poet, that is of himself in his creative capacity, and this no doubt accounts for the ascendancy he was able to establish over the young men who attended his Tuesday gatherings. As we can now see from his recently published correspondence and from his other writings, he was totally devoid of vanity, but his pride as a poet knew no bounds. Indeed, his ultimate ambition, as revealed in the manuscripts published in 1957 by Professor Schérer under the title *Le Livre de Mallarmé*, might be considered by some people to amount almost to a form of megalomania. He dreamed of the creation of the perfect, definitive book—*the orphic explanation of the world*, to quote the expression he uses in a letter to Verlaine —which would be, as it were, the Bible of a new literary ritual. People would assemble in secular temples to listen to it being read aloud with due solemnity by hieratic officiants.

There is some disagreement among the critics about whether he had hoped to write this book himself, or whether, by the Book, he meant the collective achievement of all valid poets. But, in either case, it is certain that he had an all-consuming ideal, which he likens to *Le grand oeuvre* of the alchemists, the search for the philosopher's stone. The alchemists had sought to transmute base metal into gold; his passion was to convert all reality into its ideal literary expression: *Le monde est fait pour aboutir à un livre* (The world only exists in order to be turned into a book). The idea haunted him all his life, and is one of the constant explicit or implicit themes of his work.

THIS IS WHAT IS MEANT by the frequent assertion that Mallarmé's poetry is predominantly about the writing of poetry, or about the difficulty of writing the sort of poetry that he thought ought to be written. In the slim volume of his complete poetic works—he wrote in all between 50 and 60 poems, most of them short—a remarkably high proportion of the verse celebrates the poet in general or the poetic process, whether in connection with recently dead poets whom he admired—Edgar Allan Poe, Baudelaire, Gautier, and Verlaine—or in the guise of a symbol, such as the faun or the swan. In other words, with Mallarmé, poetry becomes the glorification of itself; it reaches its highest point of self-consciousness in the modern world, and in so far as self-consciousness and more particularly poetic self-consciousness is a good thing, Mallarmé stands supreme, since even Valéry's abundant analyses of the poetic function are basically developments of ideas initiated by him.

AN IMPORTANT POINT that needs to be emphasised here, and which at first sight may seem difficult to accept, is that Mallarmé, in placing his absolute in poetry, is not a transcendentalist, although he has been variously presented as a Neo-Platonic mystic or as a dabbler in the occult. He himself may be partly responsible for the misunderstanding, through his use of the comparison with *le grand oeuvre* and because of

[1] He published one book about English, *Les Mots anglais* (1877), and left another, *Thèmes anglais*, in an unfinished form. He himself dismissed them as textbooks written to earn money. Both are piously reproduced in the Pléïade edition of the *Oeuvres complètes;* but they are a bitter disappointment to the reader seeking enlightenment about Mallarmé's views on language.

The first contains some very dubious, and perhaps non-serious, remarks about the supposed psychological significance of the initial sounds of English words; the second is a list of English proverbs, chosen to illustrate certain grammatical rules. Neither, strangely enough, has any educational or linguistic interest, except that they show that Mallarmé could get his English wrong. If he wrote any extended, truly personal, analysis of language in general, it must have been among the papers destroyed after his death.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the religious tone in which he writes about *Le Livre* with a capital *L*, or *le Verbe*, the Word, with a capital *V*. Also, he shares to some extent the Symbolist and Decadent vocabulary with its many references to angel's wings, harps, and other august ecclesiastical attributes, and its paradisal or diabolical implications. Besides, many of the notable figures in the general poetic tradition to which he belonged were transcendentalists of one kind or another. Baudelaire combined Catholicism with a mystical apprehension of Nature as a system of divine intimations. Villiers, Verlaine, Robert de Montesquiou and Huysmans, with whom Mallarmé associated, were all Catholics, although their faith may not have been very orthodox. Even Rimbaud and Lautréamont can be put into the camp of the believers, and indeed have been put there by some of their admirers. They can be interpreted either as miscreants who denied the existence of God, or as blasphemers whose violence is an inverted recognition of the importance of God. A similar ambiguity was to occur later in the case of the Surrealists, who were loudly opposed to orthodox religion, at the same time as they tried to enter into communication with the Beyond under the name of the Super-real or Surreal.

In the case of Mallarmé, we can see clearly from his correspondence and some of his literary texts that he was a total non-believer. He had been brought up as a Catholic and his very early poems reflect conventional religious sentiment. But in his early twenties, when he was living in Tournon, he underwent a dramatic spiritual crisis, the so-called *crise de Tournon*, during which he accepted the scientific view of the universe as a mass of evolving forms with no perceptible Beyond and no ultimate meaning accessible to man. He repeats in his correspondence, and implies in certain of his poems, that everything in the end returns to *Le Néant*, nothingness, non-being or the void, by which he means, I think, not that matter itself is destructible; presumably, it isn't, or doesn't need to be; but that the semblances of significance taken on by matter are all ephemeral, and therefore equivalent to non-being. There is no immortality of the human soul, and although one proof of the quality of good art is that it survives the individual artist, there is, in the long run, no eternity of art either, since it too will eventually be obliterated by the passage of time: monuments crumble, aesthetic forms become incomprehensible, languages die out, and so on. As far as one can tell, Mallarmé was a complete sceptic, and so it follows that his use of the word "eternity" in the line: *Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change* is purely relative and as a literary intensifier.

Frank Grunfeld Ltd

Congratulations to **Encounter** *on their 25th Anniversary, from the suppliers of fine book papers to publishers and printers*

42 BEDFORD AVENUE LONDON WC1B 3AT · TELEPHONE 01-636 5295

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUCH SCEPTICISM was not unique in the late 19th century. It was, as it happened, the professed philosophy of Leconte de Lisle, the semi-official poet who was an avowed pessimist, whereas the other well-known, semi-official poet of the day—and eventually a Nobel Prize-winner—Sully Prudhomme, represented a more optimistic trend. The difference between Leconte de Lisle and Mallarmé seems to have been that the former felt the metaphysical problem less deeply and was more fluent and conventional in his treatment of it, while Mallarmé was subject to attacks of despair and artistic paralysis.

The theme of literary impotence to which he gave such poignant expression—*le vide papier que sa blancheur défend*—is obviously related to his philosophical position. But in his positive moods, which were on the whole the dominant ones, his curiously original solution to the problem of metaphysical despair was to place his concept of the absolute in language, *when it is used poetically,* and by this he meant when its significance cannot be exhausted by an immediate act of apprehension, but goes on echoing indefinitely in the mind. He did not believe in the divine nature of language. He accepted language as a human invention, the origins of which are lost in the mists of time. He saw each given language as a historical build-up of sounds and symbolisations, and therefore as being largely accidental or arbitrary from the point of view of any particular individual who has to use it.

LANGUAGE, as it comes to us, is a collective product, full of the impurities of haphazard creation since the beginning of time. The function of the poet is to select and arrange words in such a way as to conquer accident or chance—*vaincre le hasard*—so that the sounds and their connotations, instead of operating more or less at random, as they do in ordinary speech, echo symphonically to produce an unbroken aesthetic experience, which is the highest form that human existence can achieve. This is the meaning of the phrase: *donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*, which Eliot transposed in the *Four Quartets* as "to purify the language of the tribe." I repeat that this ideal has the paradoxical nature of what one can only call *a relative absolute*. Man's noblest function, to which Mallarmé subordinated everything else, is to treat language as an aesthetically exploitable mystery, but the most successful poem cannot lead us beyond human experience into the transcendent. It remains a phenomenon within the human area, and moreover a transient phenomenon, since it will eventually disintegrate in the evolving universe. This sense of the cosmic fragility of the aesthetic moment is, in fact, one of Mallarmé's most poetic features and is behind the haunting quality of some of his finest lines.

IT IS, OF COURSE, STRANGE that he should have maintained such a passionate belief in poetry against a background of general non-belief. If, in spite of what I have said, he is to be called a mystic, I think we have to say that he is an exponent of a humanistic mysticism, which happens to have fixed on a particular form of literary activity. It is worth noting that, in spite of his friendship with various artists and musicians, he was quite convinced of the superiority of poetry over the other arts, and he doesn't even seem to have been flattered when he heard that Debussy was composing his *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*. He is said to have murmured reproachfully, "I thought I had set it to music myself." (The French phrase is: *Je croyais l'avoir mis en musique moi-même,* which is still more pointed.) In short, he is quite unique, I think, in his total commitment to poetry as the supreme value, since he is not followed all the way even by Valéry, who placed his absolute not in poetry as such but rather in the self-knowledge of the conscious mind.

But other examples of humanistic mysticism are not unknown in French history, and it may be a phenomenon more prevalent in French culture than elsewhere. When Mallarmé played with the idea of public readings of the Book which would regenerate society through the collective experience of poetry, he was not so far removed from the fervent rationalists of the French Revolution, who had actually organised Feasts of Reason to celebrate what they considered to be man's essential attribute. A little later, Auguste Comte invented the Positivist religion and produced his calendar of Positivist saints.

In our own time, we have had two intriguing instances. General de Gaulle, whose Catholicism was no more than conventional, placed his absolute in a humanistic religion of France, corresponding neither to French people as they actually are, nor to any particular moment of France in history, but to an idea or ideal of France as it might be. Similarly, Jean-Paul Sartre, a professed atheist, treats human freedom as an article of faith, and yet expends enormous energy on proving again and again how difficult, if not impossible, it is to exercise human freedom in any significant way. There is a kinship here with Mallarmé, who believed so utterly in poetry as the ultimate human value and yet found the proper sort of poetry almost impossibly difficult to write, not only by himself but by everyone.

Another of his sayings is: *Nous sommes tous des ratés* (We are all failures), by which he meant

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failures not in respect of any literary or social career, but in relationship to the ideal. This intensity of feeling can, I suppose, be called religious in the sociological or anthropological sense, and consequently Mallarmé's status, in poetry, is, like Baudelaire's or Rimbaud's, that of a prophet or a saint.

French Clarity

I MOVE NOW to my second heading: the subversion of the French tradition of clarity. Up to the middle of the 19th century, and indeed up to 1918 or even 1939 over the major part of the field, French writers subscribed to the view that *ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français, ce qui se conçoit bien s'énonce clairement,* and so on. The change began in poetry and now, for a number of reasons, it has eventually spread to prose, with the result that the Parisian literary language of the present moment is one of the most difficult dialects that have ever existed, and certainly the most complicated form of French that has occurred in history.

If Mallarmé is referred to so often now, this is because he played his part in originating hermeticism both in poetry and in prose. It is extraordinary to think that, according to his own account, he began his poetic career as a schoolboy with the ambition to rival the ballad-writer, Béranger, than whom no one could be easier to understand or more popular in his appeal. The change was fairly abrupt, since by his early twenties Mallarmé was already writing verse that was more difficult than the norm. Thereafter, he went on to develop obscurity as a deliberate technique and carried the process so far that several poems of his maturity remain permanently undecipherable in rational terms. Interpretations are not lacking, but they all contradict each other to some extent, and the divergencies may be so wide as to involve disagreement about the actual subject-matter of a given poem. Mallarmé provides no help with the very difficult pieces, although he gave literal transcriptions of some of the easier ones, such as "Le Tombeau d'Edgar Poe", for the benefit of American translators. Nor does he offer any full account of his philosophy of obscurity. He deals with the subject to some extent in *Divagations,* which contains some very striking and beautiful formulae, but his prose is usually poetic rather than explanatory and almost as difficult as his verse. Nor is there any mass of posthumous manuscripts in which we can trace his development, as is the case with Valéry. He instructed his wife and daughter to burn his papers, and they appear to have obeyed him as literally as possible. So, in discussing his motives

Hitler's Spies
German Military Intelligence in World War II
David Kahn

"Ever since the publication of THE CODEBREAKERS, I have the greatest admiration for David Kahn's work. Here, as there, he has chosen an exceptionally difficult task. But he knows where to look for evidence; he knows how to test it; and he knows how to interpret it.

This is the only work which really penetrates the Nazi intelligence system as a whole: a work of profound research and intelligent criticism by a master of the subject."

Hugh Trevor-Roper

£9.95 Illustrated

Tormented Warrior
Ludendorff and the Supreme Command
Roger Parkinson

Friedrich Wilhelm Ludendorff, victor of Tannenberg, was one of the most skilled soldiers in history, an important tactical innovator, and a genius as Chief of Staff to his friend and partner Hindenberg.

In place of the hitherto accepted image of the obstinate, obsessive, rude and ruthless general, Roger Parkinson's penetrating portrait reveals a different man – with traits which now can be regarded with some sympathy as the author skilfully uncovers the tragic elements of Ludendorff's twisted career.

£7.50 Illustrated

Hodder & Stoughton

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I can only make a few suggestions, based on extrapolations from what he actually says.

THE TURNING-POINT was obviously his reading of Baudelaire, which was a sort of revelation on two counts. Firstly, although Baudelaire never tried to be obscure, some of the most beautiful poems in *Les Fleurs du Mal* are spontaneously mysterious and dreamlike, in a way unparalleled in French writing of the first half of the century, except in the work of Gérard de Nerval, whom Mallarmé may not have come across at that stage. I am thinking of such poems as "La Mort des Amants", "La Vie Antérieure", "La Géante", "Le Balcon" and the great cat poem, "Dans ma cervelle se promène." These poems depart from what one might call the linear rhetoric of neo-classicism, which had been only slightly modified by the Romantic Movement. They proceed by apparently irrational juxtaposition or telescoping of metaphor, which corresponds however to a deeper rationality of feeling.

Now Baudelaire's remarkable originality lay in the fact that he wrote this sort of poetry in the heyday of Victor Hugo, the most fluent inventor of rhetorical, linear verse that France has ever produced. André Gide's famous reply to the question: Who is the greatest French poet? (*Victor Hugo, hélas!*) means precisely this. In Hugo's torrents of eloquence there are single lines or fragments of great beauty, but Hugo wrote no work that would be recognised as a poem in the modern sense of a permanently satisfying interlocking structure of metaphor, with the possible exception of "Booz endormi", which has a slightly oneiric character.

Mallarmé immediately grasped the original, non-Hugolian element in Baudelaire, and went on to intensify it consciously in his own way. As I mentioned before, there is a parallel development of deliberate obscurity in Verlaine and Rimbaud, as if they too were reacting against Hugolian rhetoric, either in the wake of Baudelaire or independently. But Mallarmé cannot have owed anything to their example at the time when he was evolving his style, and in fact the debt, if there is one, may be the other way round. Secondly, Baudelaire, more clearly still than the major Romantics or even Gautier, presented Mallarmé with the image of the poet as a consecrated, sacrificial figure, a *poète maudit*, to use the expression invented later by Verlaine, and a *poète maudit* of inherent distinction. In spite of his bourgeois origins, Baudelaire was a self-elected, spiritual aristocrat, an aesthetic dandy, entirely devoted to the pursuit of beauty, and Mallarmé followed his example, switching completely from the *vox populi* function as represented by Béranger, or by Hugo in most of his moods.

In one respect, Mallarmé carried his aristocratic dandyism even further than Baudelaire. An initial reason for his obscurity is the unashamedly high-brow intention of keeping the philistines or the *hoi polloi* at bay by creating a semi-secret language within ordinary language, a *trobar clus*, to mark the shift from the plane of humdrum speech to the aesthetic level of poetry. Rhyme and rhythm did not seem enough to him to underline the distinction. He says rather quaintly in *Divagations* that poetry, using a medium accessible to everyone, is at a disadvantage in comparison with music, which is protected by its special notation.

I don't think he would have been able to say this today when music, in its various forms, is part of the everyday consumption of democratic society, whereas poetry has retreated to a very narrow area, and is practically ignored by the vast majority. However, such was not yet the case in his time. Rightly or wrongly, he was reacting against the democratic literary tendencies of the earlier part of the century as being aesthetically vulgar. Victor Hugo claimed to have abolished poetic élitism, saying "*J'ai mis un bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire* (I have placed a red, revolutionary cap on the old dictionary)", and Wordsworth had advocated a return to plainness of speech. Mallarmé places himself squarely in the opposite camp, which believes in poetic diction, preciosity and complexity of metaphor as being essential for the creation of the poetic experience. But he doesn't theorise much about this, nor does he show any knowledge of, or interest in, the precious or hermetic poets of other periods: the troubadours or Maurice Scève in France, Lilly or the metaphysical poets in England, or Góngora in Spain. He was not a scholar, but a craftsman trying to work out his linguistic salvation as he thought best, and this involved erecting deliberate linguistic barriers, although he sometimes flavoured the operation with a certain amount of humour.

BUT THE FURTHER REASONS for his obscurity are, to my mind, much more interesting. Also in *Divagations*, he distinguishes between the instrumental and the poetic uses of language, and his distinction has become more or less axiomatic in modern French culture, since it is repeated, and developed for very different purposes, on the one hand by Valéry and on the other by Sartre. According to this view, ordinary prosaic language is immediately functional. It expresses a meaning which can be assimilated independently of the words used, and then re-expressed, perhaps in different words; that is, language, in its prosaic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspect, is translatable, because its content is referential, in a rough and ready way, to the external world.

If, for instance, you need to manipulate an object on the level of physical reality—a chair or a chest of drawers—you can refer to it by its usual label and the desired effect will normally be achieved. But if you wish to convey the significance of the object on the level of psychological reality, to reconstitute it, as it were, in its concrete poetic presence, the last thing to do is to name it directly, because you will short-circuit the poetic charge by the literal meaning, which does no more than place the object in the general abstract category signified by the term: chair or chest of drawers. You have, on the contrary, to keep the meaning in suspense, and create a context of appropriate impressions so that the absence of the object is eventually experienced as its poetic presence.[2]

THE METHOD can be called Impressionism, since the Impressionist painters also reconstituted the object by means of its context, in the form of the play of light on it and around it. The difference is, however, that the subject of an Impressionist picture is not usually in doubt. If you stand at the right distance, you can see that Monet has painted water-lilies, because the eye automatically interprets the signs. In language, the operation is much more difficult, since we may have no means of ordering the impressions to reconstitute the central theme unless the poet gives us a clue. The connotations of words are infinitely more varied

[2] On one occasion, Mallarmé achieves his effect the other way round. In the famous paragraph on the flower, he names the object first, enhancing the everyday word with an exclamation mark, and then he produces a gloss which is a sort of mimesis of the ideal growth of the flower. The stalk snakes up gracefully in stages, almost as in speeded-up photography of plant life, to open out at the top into the *idée même et suave*—the broad, sweet, anonymous, phantom bloom:

> *Je dis une fleur! et, hors de l'oubli où ma voix relègue aucun contour, en tant que quelque chose d'autre que les calices sus, musicalement se lève, idée même et suave, l'absente de tous bouquets.*

This is what Mallarmé means by the phrase: *peindre non la chose mais l'effet produit* (to describe not the thing in itself but the effect produced); and "thing", of course, refers not simply to material objects but to any phenomenon.

THE GUARDIAN
The Washington Post WEEKLY Le Monde

PROBABLY THE MOST CIVILISED AND ENTERTAINING WAY TO KEEP INFORMED

All that you would expect from The Guardian plus international coverage from The Washington Post and Le Monde.

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY 20p

Order from your newsagent, or write for subscription rates and sample copy to
The Guardian Weekly, 164 Deansgate, Manchester M60 2RR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and misleading than the effects of light, and the problem of controlling them correspondingly more complex. Besides, some connotations may be peculiar to the poet; they may be part of his private relationship with language, and so remain permanently inaccessible to the reader. For these two reasons, I must confess that I have always found myself shut off from several of Mallarmé's poems. I cannot reactivate the connotations harmonically, through the lack of a central guiding line, and the conflicting interpretations put forward by the specialists merely seem to prove that the words are hopelessly ambiguous.

On the other hand, in those cases where I do understand, I readily agree that Mallarmé's method can produce poetry of a quite unique richness and delicacy. To quote one instance, which is sometimes dismissed as minor—I have

Autre Eventail

de Mademoiselle Mallarmé

O rêveuse, pour que je plonge
Au pur délice sans chemin
Sache, par un subtil mensonge,
Garder mon aile dans ta main.

Une fraicheur de crépuscule
Te vient à chaque battement
Dont le coup prisonnier recule
L'horizon délicatement.

Vertige! voici que frissonne
L'espace comme un grand baiser
Qui, fou de naître pour personne,
Ne peut jaillir ni s'apaiser.

Sens-tu le paradis farouche
Ainsi qu'un rire enseveli
Se couler du coin de ta bouche
Au fond de l'unanime pli!

Le sceptre des rivages roses
Stagnants sur les soirs d'or, ce l'est,
Ce blanc vol fermé que tu poses
Contre le feu d'un bracelet.

MALLARMÉ

Another Fan

Belonging to Mademoiselle Mallarmé

Dear dreamer, that I may plunge
Into pure, trackless delight,
Know, by a subtle deceit,
How to hold my wing in your hand.

A freshness of twilight
Upon you at each wing-beat
Whose prisoned strokes defer
The horizon delicately.

Vastness! See how thrills
Space like an immense kiss
Which, mad to be born for no one,
Neither can flow nor be still.

Do you feel the wild paradise
Which like laughter entombed
Flows from the lips' last curve
Down the unanimous fold!

The sceptre on rose-red shores
Stagnant on evenings of gold is
This white flight which you place
Against a bracelet's fire.

TRANSLATION BY ROGER FRY

A still more literal version.

Oh dreamer, so that I may plunge into pure, trackless delight, know how, by a subtle deceit, to keep my wing in your hand.

A twilight coolness comes to you with each beat, whose tethered movement delicately repels the horizon.

Dizzy rapture! Space itself thrills like a great kiss which, crazed through being addressed to no one, can neither burst into being nor die down.

Do you feel the wild paradise which, like stifled laughter, slips from the corner of your mouth into the unanimous fold!

It is the sceptre of rose-red shores, spread out motionless over golden evenings—this white flight which, when closed, you lay to rest against your bracelet's sparkle.

J. W.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always been convinced that the second fan-poem, "Eventail de Mlle Mallarmé", is an almost miraculous work, in which the object, the fan, is recreated in words through a phenomenon of depth, or circularity, or linguistic abstraction, so that its beating on the air becomes the most poignant symbol of the lyric state. But I would immediately add that, in this poem as in all the others I understand and admire, the obscurity in the last resort is not really obscure. It could be better defined as the complex creation of linguistic perspective in an area where impressions are normally confused, and so it is ultimately the triumph of a certain kind of clarity.

In other words, at its best, Mallarmé's cult of obscurity is an attempt to replace the superficial clarity of ordinary speech, or of average linear rhetoric, with a deeper or higher aesthetic clarity which, however, remains surrounded by that irreducible mystery inherent in language, and indeed in the whole of existence. Clarity, we might say, is never more than a provisional aspect of mystery, and Mallarmé sees the poem as a sort of musically patterned clearing in the forest of meanings.

IF I MAY REFER AGAIN to the celebrated expression: *donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu,* it should be noted that the term *pur* cannot be taken in the sense of simple or univocal. No one was ever more sensitive to the multiple associations of words than Mallarmé; by purity he must mean maximum control of linguistic ambiguity so that nothing is alien to the required effect. He wants to eliminate haphazard linguistic noise in order to produce continuous linguistic music.

And again, in this context, music does not mean the obvious musicality of external onomatopoeia. The aim is to create the deepest possible correspondence between sound and sense, at a level which is only intermittently accessible to consciousness. All good poetry is fundamentally onomatopoeic in this way, and the difficulty is to ensure that the various parts of a given poem are all equally effective. Mallarmé never writes at random like the Surrealists; in fact, he would have been totally opposed to their philosophy. Nor is he content with facile mystery or blurring of meanings, like some other undisciplined obscurantists. But I think he was prepared on occasions to trust his instinct or his principles beyond his own understanding, and if I am right in believing that some of his poems fail to come off, this is because he was not quite correct in his judgment of the extent to which he could go too far. We might call him a specialist in the poetic long shot. When it succeeds, the effect created is one of unparalleled beauty, but when it fails, the result can be a sort of tortured blankness.

For instance, the sonnet which he placed at the end of his collected works, "Mes bouquins refermés sur le nom de Paphos", is, for me at least, three-quarters magic and one-quarter dead wood. The second quatrain, in particular, has always bothered me, because it contains one of the most wonderful evocations of winter and snow ever penned and yet ends with a conceit that, to my

Charles Mauron's Commentary

THIS POEM *is spoken by the fan. A curiously subtle fan, since it knows what is perhaps the secret of all aesthetic, how to refuse Life, lie to reality, and not respond to an exterior stimulus by the appropriate response, but, having reached the threshold of action, to stop, laughing at the universal deception, and play or contemplate rather than act. Man is an artist in so far as he can stop living. As a painter he draws, rather than embraces, the nude. Poet, he gathers not fruit but images. Or so at least thought the Faun, whose pipe "turns the cheek's trouble to itself." So also thinks the fan. Being winged, as its movement shows, it should have known the real pleasures of flight. But, since it is an artist, it knows better. If the dreamer's hand can hold and imprison this flight, it will plunge into the space of pure imagination. For as soon as one lies to life, one enters the Platonic kingdom of Ideas, of Not-being.*

So the game begins. The imprisoned fan goes through the motions of flight. But instead of serving in some useful progress, each movement of the wing only serves to open, dilate and reclose the space before the young woman's face—without any object except the pleasure of the emotion.

An immense space comes into being when the horizon under the fan draws back—it comes into being, but for no one. Nothing really happens; if any happiness were possible, it would not happen. The girl's lips, uncovered by the fan, suggest a kiss, but there is no one to kiss them. The excitement of the imagination arises from just these checks on the threshold of action. And, when the fan recloses, shy happiness, a happiness which flees reality, like a laugh which is checked and becomes internal, flows and glides along the converging folds of the fan, closing like a folded wing. This is the game; all idea of power is banished from it. It gives no real control, over the actual world. But it opens up, to anyone who plays it, the territories of imagination, the shores of non-existence, those which "stagnate on the gold" of twilight. The folded fan is the sceptre of these. The final couplet closes the poem with the fixity of a scintillation immobile as the contemplator.

From **Stéphane Mallarmé, Poems,** *translated by Roger Fry, with commentaries by Charles Mauron (Vision Press Ltd, 1951; originally published by Chatto & Windus in 1936).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge, has never been properly elucidated:

Coure le froid avec ses silences de faulx
Je n'y hullulerai pas de vide ménie
Si ce très blanc ébat au ras du sol dénie
A tout site l'honneur du paysage faux.[3]

The puzzling use of the verb *dénier*, at the end of the third line, about which the specialists are in disagreement, is an example of a last reason for Mallarmé's obscurity. He occasionally allows himself to use words in special senses that he himself determines, or more accurately leaves indeterminate, and he violates normal French usage to achieve particular effects or greater concentration. It has sometimes been argued that he was attempting to transpose certain English turns of speech into French or that he wanted to approximate to the lapidary constructions of Latin verse. In my view, this is a mannerism which has little connection with his true quality, which depends on elision but never on distortion.

The mannerism may result from an occasional mood of linguistic authoritarianism in one who was so strongly convinced of the uniqueness of the poet's relationship to language. Valéry said, with some degree of exaggeration:

> "Mallarmé understood language as if he had invented it."

Mallarmé may have felt at times that he had a right to invent it, at least in certain details. No doubt this is a matter of taste, but I think such systematic distortion of accepted usage is a sterile error, a sort of linguistic dead-end, just as mistaken as Joyce's tedious development of the multiple, intercultural pun in *Finnegans Wake*. It is quite different from the bold and positive creation of metaphors and conceits, which is Mallarmé's forte.

I suppose he had his moments of impatience when he felt that to conquer chance, *vaincre le hasard*, in literary composition, he would bend language to his will. But language is, by definition, that which belongs, not to the individual but to the multitude, *la tribu*, and its obligations are in the end statistical, and therefore always an effect of chance or necessity, either term being appropriate according to one's angle of vision. Language, one might say, is chance always hardening into necessity, or necessity always threatened by some new collective wave of chance. Mallarmé, I am sure, was perfectly well aware of this most of the time, and I suspect it is one of the possible meanings of the haunting title: *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard.* Each use of language is a throw of the dice intended to establish a necessary relationship between words and psychological reality.

The poet hopes that he will throw nothing but sixes, but even when he has a run of sixes, he knows that their pseudo-necessity is an effect of chance, and that chance may again be less favourable at the next throw.

Artistic Consequences

AS REGARDS the general consequences of Mallarmé's artistic ideal, I can only offer a few tentative speculations because, as I suggested earlier, he has become, or is in process of becoming, a myth, and once that stage has been reached, an artist can engender all sorts of effects which may have little or nothing to do with his central reality. And if, in addition, he is seen as a positive representative of obscurity, the deductions that can be made from him are correspondingly more various.

No one, I should think, now believes in the mission of the poet with the same fervour as he did, but he must have played his part in emphasising the divorce between the sensitive individual and the immediate society of his time, which has been such a feature of the modern era in France and elsewhere. He was not a case of flamboyant alienation, like Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Lautréamont, Jarry, Artaud, and so many others. He was quietly and discreetly alienated, like Flaubert, say, or like the majority of French intellectuals, who tend to live with both feet in the bourgeois world and their imagination elsewhere. He can thus serve as an attractive model for contemporary schizophrenia.

It is very interesting, I think, that Sartre should always have treated Mallarmé with respect, and should have preferred to use Flaubert as his whipping-boy, although the theory of committed literature is the exact reverse of Mallarmé's artistic philosophy. *Le monde est fait pour aboutir à un livre* becomes, in effect, with Sartre: *Le livre est fait pour aboutir au monde*. But Sartre

---

[3] Roger Fry gives the following literal translation:

Let the cold course with its scythe-like silences
I will not wail there for a vain reproach
Even if this so white gambol along the ground denies
To any site the honour of the unreal landscape.

This does not solve the problem, and even blunts that part of the meaning which is intelligible through the use of the preposition "for" in "for a vain reproach." The sense is: "I shall not wail a vain lament against or in the cold." But, in any case, it is probably impossible to render in English the perfect patterning of the vowels and consonants in the first two lines and the astonishing use of the rare word *ménie*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has now more or less abandoned commitment and again taken refuge in language in a Mallarmé-like manner, although he is as fluently inexhaustible as Mallarmé is succinct.

I HAVE SAID that, in my view, Mallarmé is not a transcendentalist. He is a conscious exploiter of the mystery of language, which is an empirical fact. When he goes over the edge into incomprehensibility, this is because he has carried his principles too far—almost, one might say, through an excess of rationalism. But his example may have given extra force to the great stream of anti-rationalist and would-be transcendentalist writing which has developed since the second half of the 19th century, and which has been nourished by Rimbaud's *dérèglement systématique de tous les sens*, the Surrealist cult of randomness, and the various more or less frantic reactions to the concept of the Absurd.

Strangely enough, Mallarmé, although a non-believer, seems to have helped Eliot, the believer, to write more astringently, and to react against the softness of Georgian rhetoric and Swinburnian fluidity. But I suspect that a number of minor writers may think they are following in Mallarmé's footsteps when they compose flaccid verse that they themselves do not wholly understand, or when they doodle with language without Mallarmé's strict attention to sound and connotation.

On the other hand, because of Mallarmé's self-consciousness about language, there are rigorous exponents of form in literature and the other arts who see him as the great representative of the idea that what counts, in any artistic enterprise, is not the ostensible subject-matter—that is the relationship to the vulgar world of everyday phenomena—but the aesthetic essence, the pure, distilled, intangible something, which is very close to nothingness and yet makes all the difference between success and failure.

Undoubtedly, Mallarmé's most characteristic verse hovers delicately between existence and non-existence, and is concerned with the diaphanous, evanescent quality of the lyric state. The debate about *la poésie pure*, which developed in the 1920s in the wake of Mallarmé around the verse of Valéry, also helped to increase the feeling that poetry is something which usually exists in a highly rarefied, autonomous, linguistic form, and need not be referential to life as it is actually lived. This concept was generalised to all the arts through the use of the expression "significant form", an invention of Roger Fry, who was a professed admirer of Mallarmé, although it is difficult to guess, from reading his English transcriptions of the verse, what exactly he can have got out of it.

It has further been claimed by some art critics that Mallarmé's distortion of syntax, an innovation in form, encouraged the Cubists to impose their geometrical patterns, which are Platonic abstractions, on to the impurities and irregularities of the given world. Various more recent schools have rejected representational content entirely, as Mallarmé abandoned explanatory linear rhetoric in favour of opaque ultra-poetic concentration. Similarly, in the French New Novel, there has been an attempt to empty fiction of social significance, individual or collective psychology and didactic purpose, in order to isolate the so-called ludic quality of language, which is held to be the essential aesthetic function that fiction illustrates.

IN REACTING TO ALL THIS, each person must make his own choice, according to his philosophy of language or his philosophy of form, both of which are, perhaps, in the last resort, a matter of temperament.

Most of us, I would say, are born to be either Realists or Idealists. The Realists put their trust more in the primary world of phenomena than in the secondary world of language or man-created forms, and the Idealists do exactly the opposite. Mallarmé's peculiar strength came from the fact that, while being an Idealist, who was ultimately on the side of language rather than of life, he was *also* a Realist who kept a firm grip on phenomena, and so embodied an interesting tension between the two philosophic possibilities—a necessary tension, which has perhaps not always been fully understood by some of the people who look upon him as their master.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. S. Thomas

Thirteen Blackbirds Look at a Man

1.
It is calm.
It is as though
we lived in a garden
that had not yet arrived
at the knowledge of
good and evil.
But there is a man in it.

2.
There will be
rain falling vertically
from an indifferent
sky. There will stare out
from behind its
bars the face of the man
who is not enjoying it.

3.
Nothing higher
than a blackberry
bush. As the sun comes up
fresh, what is the darkness
stretching from horizon
to horizon? It is the shadow
here of the forked man.

4.
We have eaten
the blackberries and spat out
the seeds, but they lie
glittering like the eyes of a man.

5.
After we have stopped
singing the garden is disturbed
by echoes: it is
the man whistling, expecting
everything to come to him.

6.
We wipe our beaks
on the branches
wasting the dawn's
jewellery to get rid
of the taste of a man.

7.
Nevertheless,
which is not the case
with a man, our
bills give us no trouble.

8.
Who said the
number was unlucky?
It was the man who
trying to pass us
had his licence endorsed
thirteen times.

9.
In the cool
of the day the garden
seems given over
to blackbirds. Yet
we know also that somewhere
there is a man in hiding.

10.
To us there are
eggs and there are
blackbirds. But there is the man,
too, trying without feathers
to incubate an answer.

11.
We spread our
wings, reticulating
our air-space. A man stands
under us and worries
at his ability to do the same.

12.
When night comes
like a visitor
from outer space
we stop our ears
lest we should hear tell
of the man in the moon.

13.
Summer is
at an end. The migrants
depart. When they return
in spring to the garden
will there be a man among them?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas Dunn

Elegy for the Lost Parish

Dream, ploughman, of what agriculture brings,
Your eggs, your bacon to your greasy plate;
Then listen to the evening's thrush that sings
Exhilarated sadness and the intimate.

Your son's in Canada, growing his wheat
On fields the size of farms, and prosperous
On grain and granary. His world's replete
With life and love and house and happiness.

Dream, ploughman, of the lovely girl who died
So many summers gone, whose face will come
To you, call to you, and be deified
In sunlight on one cut chrysanthemum.

A nod of nettles flutters its green dust
Across small fields where you have mown the hay.
So wipe your brow, as on a scented gust
Your past flies in and will not go away.

Dream, ploughman, of old characters you've known
Who taught you things of scythe and horse and plough;
Of fields prepared, seed rhythmically sown,
Their ways of work that are forgotten now.

Remember, sir, and let them come to you
Out of your eye to mutter requiem,
Praising fidelities, the good of you.
Allow their consolations, cherish them

Into a privacy, as, with hand's slow shake,
You reach towards your glass, your hands reach to
Where no one is or can be. Heartbreak,
Heartbreak and loneliness of virtue!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Castro plus 20

Cuba's Martial Apotheosis—By HUGH THOMAS

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION will be twenty years old this winter, for it was on the last day of 1958 that Batista flew out of Havana to cultivate his well-prepared garden in exile and in January 1959 that Castro came into Havana surrounded by, as it seemed, a handsome group of bearded young idealists. Twenty years! Could it be so long? Yet all the men whom Castro challenged, or made up to, from Kennedy to Khrushchev, Nixon and Figureres of Costa Rica, are now dead or retired. Only ex-President Betancourt of Venezuela remains, an active friend of the victims of repression everywhere, and of those in Cuba particularly. Castro, however, continues president and commander-in-chief, still only in his early fifties, for two decades a caudillo.

Cuba in the 1950s was a nation in limbo, halfway between being a rich country and a poor one. It was rich in the sense that its sugar had made a major contribution to the world's commerce, and to its stomach, for well over a hundred years. Cuba had all the technology and the sophistication associated with a country which has the great industriousness needed to market an internationally sought-after crop. Those skills had enabled Cuba to enjoy a good rail and road network and excellent international communications. Cuba was, of course, known too for her cigars, made from a tobacco grown in a tiny stretch of Western Cuba which produces a crop as much respected internationally as that grown on the *côte d'or* in Burgundy. Numerous cattle ranches, a large number of small farms producing winter vegetables for sale to the US western seaboard, and some valuable reserves of minerals in the east of the island also helped Cuba to seem a country with considerable economic promise. In addition, the Cuban middle class was large for a Latin American country and many of its members had been educated in the USA. The Cuban *peso* was a strong currency and was interchangeable with the US dollar. Relations with the US were close and of very long standing: indeed, the US had played a decisive part in assisting the Cubans to break away from Spain at the end of the 19th century. The natural consequence was that the Cuban standard of living, measured by all the normal indices (doctors, cars, refrigerators, income per head), was among the highest in Latin America. In some departments of life, such as, for example, in numbers of televisions *per capita*, the Cubans were even in advance of some European countries. A lovely climate, attractive islands off-shore (so well described in Hemingway's last novel), a divinely beautiful sea, great forests, cities with Spanish colonial architecture fairly well preserved, charming and attractive, easy-going people who appeared to have almost solved the problems of living in a multi-racial state, caused Cuba to seem in the 1950s a "paradise" . . . as a doctor once put it to me nostalgically in Havana in 1962.

A "PARADISE"? Surely that cannot be true? I mention these things since, though there were many serpents in this garden, the charms should not be forgotten and usually are. The continuing appeal of Cubans and the Cuban countryside still, also, exercise a spell upon some visitors who take for a revolutionary achievement an indigenous part of the Cuban scene. I recall myself passing in 1969 an avenue of royal palms leading to a coffee farm in the company of a well-known US liberal editor, who especially admired the achievement of the régime in planting such a successful row of trees. But I expect those palms had been there for at least a hundred years.

The serpents in the garden were these: the Cuban sugar economy was quota-controlled and organised so greatly that the nominally independent sugar companies, US or Cuban or Spanish as they might be, had virtually ceased to compete

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and seemed already like a bureaucratic department of state, rather than a part of the capitalist world. The Sugar Acts which called on the President formally to open the year's harvest were a prophecy of nationalization. Partly this bureaucratization was the fault of a restrictive trade union organization which had climbed (like England's) into a position of almost determining political power during the harsh days of the depression, and was powerful enough to keep wages for those with regular work relatively high, even with unemployment, and to prevent cane-cutting machinery from being used on the island. Julio Lobo, the last of the great sugar kings of Cuba, tried to import a cane cutter from Louisiana where (as in Australia) such machines had been in use since about 1910. After leaving his machine two years in a bonded warehouse on Havana docks, Lobo sent it back to New Orleans. Nor was Cuban sugar competitive enough to preserve its overwhelmingly important place in world sugar markets, though the demand for that commodity was greatly increasing (this failure was partly due to the desire of all manner of new countries to produce their own sugar rather than import it). The consequence was that, while (as the World Bank's perceptive report on Cuba of 1950 pointed out) the whole economy revolved around the price of sugar on the international exchange, the amount of sugar being produced in the 1950s was much the same as it was in the 1920s. Some encouragement of a diversified agriculture had been given but the monoculture seemed likely to last a long time, with all the limitations that that imposed on commercial and foreign policy. True, the level of US economic investment in Cuba in 1957 was a fraction of what it had been in the 1920s; the actions of unions had made the country less appetising for risk capital, while a conscious policy of "Cubanization" by some proprietors such as Lobo had increased the Cubans' own holdings very considerably. But the memory of the far greater US political and economic dominance during the early part of the century (when Cuba was really more a US dependency than an independent state) caused Cuban nationalism to take the shape of an anti-Americanism more deeply felt than in other Latin American countries because it was directed against so close a neighbour.

Furthermore, though Cuba seemed well off statistically, the eye of the most casual visitor suggested that the riches of the island were very ill-divided. There was a great contrast between the arrangements for health and education in the cities and in the country. Corruption, strong for several hundred years under Spain, affected most political and commercial enterprises; and, in that respect, Cuba's democratic politicians of the previous fifty years (Grau San Martín, Prío, Zayas, Menocal, Gómez) had been as discreditable as the dictators (Batista and Machado). The judiciary, although some judges maintained independence, was also affected. Though there were no large landed aristocrats left (as there were, and are, in some countries of South America), the political life had never properly become articulated. In 1952, Batista's dictatorship had been established with nobody willing enough or determined enough to fight for a democracy both debilitated and corrupt. That political life was also dogged by a kind of gangsterism which if it now seems rather mild in comparison with that of Italy or Argentina today, nevertheless was certainly enough, combined with the corruption, to render the body politic much more like a victim of alcoholic over-indulgence than a working enterprise. Little help to anyone was given by the Church of Rome, whose prestige was modest and which seemed a largely Spanish institution, lamely staffed by Spanish priests. It ministered feebly to a society which was as irreligious as it was licentious.

IN THE LATE 1940s and 1950s, there was a widespread demand for an end to all these indignities. The socially responsible middle class was growing and, though the first leader of this movement (Grau) was a failure when he became president, and the second (Chibás) shot himself in a highly egotistical manner, Castro, while in the hills between 1956 and 1959, was able to gather this opinion to himself with great skill. When

"Ethiopian Armour"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Castro first took up arms to fight against Batista the few people who knew him admittedly regarded him as a survivor from the political gangsters who had dominated the University of Havana in the 1940s. But he soon established a rough suzerainty over a large alliance of people who hoped for a change to a more decent country, and overthrew Batista in a minor guerrilla war, assisted by a successful campaign of public relations. He reached Havana with a loyal army, but without an organised party and without a clear programme. He soon made himself prime minister, at the head of a nationalist government, which became weekly more anti-American. In May 1959, after four months as prime minister, Castro was still talking about the necessity for a "humanistic revolution" and criticising the communists. But by July, anti-communism had become virtually a crime of state, and in January 1960 Mikoyan paid his first visit to Havana. A full-fledged communist state was soon set up, largely, it would seem, on the initiative of Castro himself rather than (as is still sometimes alleged or, anyway, felt) because of the USA's mistakes and perhaps against the initial inclinations of the Russians. After 1968, the private sector of the economy was virtually restricted to agriculture.

Between 1960 and 1968, meanwhile, the USA sought, by a variety of inept means, to kill or overthrow Castro but, for the last ten years, has acquiesced in his existence. Up till about 1968, too, Castro was obviously hoping to extend his revolution into other countries of Latin America—he always felt Cuba rather small for his own ambitions—but that goal has been abandoned for the moment at least, while he concentrates on assisting, where he does not instigate, Russian policy in Africa.

'I'll Keep Cuba Stable While You Stabilise Africa.'

Since Castro still seems anxious to carry the message of his achievements across the seas, it is interesting to ask what these revolutionary achievements actually are.

THE FIRST QUESTION which must occur to the serious enquirer is how far are they really revolutionary at all?

This is not a deliberate echo of de Tocqueville's magnificent rejection of the received view of the importance of the French Revolution, but a simple recognition of the fact that the pattern of the Cuban economy has not changed since the 1950s. Of course, as in all communist states, the state plays the determining role in the economy but what that economy is itself dominated by is—in 1978 as it was in 1957—sugar. If anything, the monoculture has been increased.

For example, in 1957 Cuba exported a total of $818 million worth of goods, of which $654 million (79.95%) was accounted for by sugar. In 1976, the last year for which I have been able to find satisfactory figures, total exports were $2,925 million, of which sugar accounted for $2,590 million, or 86.1%. Early on in the régime's history, there was a great deal of talk about "diversification of agriculture", but from about 1968 (perhaps on Russian insistence) sugar has received the bulk of investment and attention generally. Nor has there been a very great increase in the amount of sugar produced. Total sugar production in the last few years has been around the 6 million ton mark, which is a slight increase on the average of the late 1950s, but still Cuba produced 7 million tons of sugar in 1952 and 5 million as long ago as 1925. Modern technology has increased the yield of sugar on the 1.2 or so million hectares now, as in the 1950s, sown with cane; and the revolution has managed to introduce cane cutters into the harvesting, for the unions have become part of the state's bureaucracy (a definite if not greatly publicised benefit to the economy), but there can be no doubt but that the revolution has preserved, even heightened, the extent to which the country depends on one crop. For that reason, if for no other, Cuba's foreign policy is as dependent on the Russians as it used to be on the USA. It is from Russian or other COMECON countries that the Cubans now gain, of course, their fertilisers, wheat, oil, and other essential imports. Cuba has been a part of COMECON since 1972 and one must assume, therefore, that the thrust of her economy is dictated by what that organisation wants from her and not what she (or her farmers) would really like to produce in different circumstances.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some further indication of the innovatory success or failure of the Revolution can be gathered from looking at a number of other figures for agricultural products (See Table, p. 116).

Now between 1957 and 1975 the Cuban population increased from 6.6 million to 9.3 million (despite the emigration of about 500,000 people between 1959 and 1966), or 41%, so that the only items of Cuban agriculture which have really increased over the pre-Revolutionary figures in relation to population are: poultry, tomatoes, eggs, and fish—a clear picture of what the régime would like the population to eat or produce for sale abroad.

The most notable of these changes for the better is obviously fish, where the fine new Cuban fleet (well fitted out in Spain) now plays a part in Atlantic fishing on an international scale, alongside the far larger Russian fleets, with which the Cuban activity there is doubtless coordinated.

It is undoubtedly true that industrial activities make up a little for this far from impressive picture of things: notably steel, cement, and sulphuric acid. But even New Man cannot live on steel alone, and the modest rations which the ordinary Cuban has now to put up with must seem a comedown to a great many people who in the past could certainly aspire to, and in a vast number of cases actually enjoyed, a much greater variety of food than is ever now available —a point made by the most outspoken of the contributors to Oscar and Ruth Lewis's account of Cuban testimonies in *Four Men—Living The Revolution* (1977).

This rationing, of course, puts Cuba a long way behind the countries of Eastern Europe, which seem indeed a cornucopia in comparison, as Eastern Europeans would be the first to agree (one even volunteered that to me in the 1960s, in the days when I was accustomed to go to Cuba when I could).

TURNING FROM the economy and standard of living to the political structure, it should not be forgotten that Cuban democracy, always halting and infirm, fell in 1952 not 1959, and the dictatorship of Batista was really the, as it were, forerunner of that of Castro, not its obverse. The chief difference between Batista and Castro was not that the first was ruthless and the second just; on the contrary, Batista's tyranny seems, from the angle of the present, a mild and indolent undertaking, an insult to responsible citizens no doubt, but far removed from the iron certainties imposed by Castro.

Batista, a mulatto, had been a popular figure in his youth, when he first staged the famous

In the year of their 50th anniversary
Victor Gollancz Ltd
congratulate
Encounter
in the year of their 25th anniversary

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sergeants' revolt in 1933, and, between then and 1944, when he stepped down from a presidency to which he had been reasonably fairly elected in 1940, he seemed a progressive general, a foretaste of the present Peruvian régime more than of his own later system. He legalised trade unions and the Communist party, which served in his government. But, in the 1950s, Batista's interest in power was in its trappings.

A characteristic story is that when he issued communiqués announcing that he had been closeted with his generals all day discussing the fight against Castro, he had really been playing canasta throughout. He did not even have the energy to control his police, who committed numerous atrocities which he condoned, though probably did not inspire. The Castro régime paints Batista in propaganda as a tyrant for whom Gibbon would have exhausted his superlatives of denigration. But he was hardly as bad as all that. He presided, till the end, over a negligent, feckless, spendthrift but prosperous country where a great many minor crimes and acts of violence occurred without direct political significance. He paved the way for Castro in two ways: first, he established the rule that (to recall Halévy's thesis) if a gang of armed men could find a common cause they could easily enough "proclaim themselves the State", once they had captured the public buildings; and secondly, he continued (or completed) the destruction of what institutions there were in the country. This applied very strongly to the civil service and to the trade unions who, well organised as they were, put up no effective fight against Castro in 1959–60, since many of the leaders were compromised with the old régime. Batista's *coup d'état* in 1952 also divided the Army, fatally for himself.

IN PLACE OF THAT OLD RÉGIME, Castro established a state with himself as the "maximum leader", perhaps for life. The new Cuban Communist Party does not much differ in organisation from the parties in other communist states, and, with the important exception of Castro himself, the leaders of the party are now mainly men who were communists before 1959 (this goes particularly, it is worthwhile and probably significant to add, for those who have been primarily concerned in Cuba's African adventure).[1]

The Cuban Communist Party is still a bit smaller per head of the population than is normal in other communist states, and there are some other unusual institutions: for example, the committees for the Defence of the Revolution, an undertaking which began as a kind of neighbourhood snooping organisation (to see that those who had decided to leave the country did not illegally dispose of their furniture to friends instead of the state as they were bound to), has ended up as a galvaniser of civic action in support of the Communist Party proper. On the whole, Castro's own leadership seems more flamboyantly presented than other leaders of communist states, and he still has a gathering of old-time faithful, largely non-ideological warriors from the days of the civil war against Batista, as confidantes and bodyguards.

Whether this means any real independence of Castro from the Russians is difficult to say. On balance, I should guess that the bureaucratic and

TABLE (1000 metric tons unless stated)

PRODUCT	1957	1975	INCREASE OR DECREASE %
Rice	260	337.7	+ 29.6
Beans	17	5.0	− 70.6
Potatoes	104	116.8	+ 12.5
Sweet potatoes & yams	184	98.3	− 46.7
Yucca	186	84.8	− 54.0
*Malanga**	250	32.5	− 87.0
Tomatoes	45	188.3	+ 31.0
Pineapples	102	22.2	− 78.0
Citrus Fruit	150	182.3	+ 21.0
Plantains, bananas	360	204.6	− 43.0
Livestock—beef and veal for slaughter	335	240	− 28.0
Milk	780	800	+ 2.6
Eggs (million dozen)	22	154	+600.0
Pork	42	44	+ 4.7
Poultry	14	56	+300.0
Tobacco	52	41	− 21.0
Coffee	44	27	− 38.6
Fish, other seafood	21	143	+580.0

* *The old root vegetable very popular in the country in the past, but a symbol of backwardness.*

[1] Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the vice-premier, has been a communist since the 1930s; Leonel Soto, the Cuban Communist Party's international secretary, since about 1945; Sergio Aguirre, the ambassador in Moscow, has been a Party member since about 1940; Raúl Valdés Vivo, the journalist who was selected to write a history of the "Ethiopian Revolution" for mass diffusion in Cuba, was a communist student leader in the 1950s too; and Raúl Castro, the minister of defence, was a communist since about 1952.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ageing Soviet leadership look on Castro as an asset, a focus for attracting people in the propaganda-dominated Third World (and even in Europe), a source of original and daring ideas. Castro's part in persuading the Russians to interfere in Africa may yet be revealed. (This is, of course, a different matter from suggesting that Castro acts on his own in Africa as is optimistically, or pessimistically, believed by some.) Russian leaders must appreciate that Castro is still able to exert a very considerable degree of charm and diplomatic skill as shown by the fact that he is permitted to lead the "non-aligned" nations while Cuba also belongs to COMECON. If this skill failed, it does not take too much imagination to realise that the Russians would ensure his eclipse. Since 1970, when Castro's failures in Latin America were followed by the failure of the 10-million-ton sugar harvest, Cuba has, it must be realised, come under Russian direction more and more. Both the personnel and the organisational changes previously noted bear witness to that, and in 1971 the Cuban political police, the *DGI*, was apparently purged, to the Russians' benefit, by the *KGB*.

But having set up a powerful state, what has actually been done? First of all, the nation has been, as it were, whipped up, into one large, military camp. The military element in the régime's propaganda, in which its leaders probably believe, is far more striking than in any other communist state. Castro surely believes it when he announces (*Granma*, 19 December 1976):

> "As long as there is a revolutionary with a gun, no cause will ever be lost."

This military aspect of the régime has increased rather than slackened, as the years have gone by, even though the threat from the United States is plainly a matter of history, and no other North or South American state could attempt to unseat the Cuban régime by force of arms. Nor are there any armed enemies of the régime within the country. Castro appears in the press no longer as "Major Fidel Castro", "Doctor Fidel Castro", or the "Maximum Leader of the Revolution Fidel Castro", but as Commander-in-Chief Fidel Castro. Reports of military manoeuvres or preparations are continuously prominent. The public has been endlessly fed with tales of the old guerrilla war against Batista and when a rest is needed from that epic, there is always the fight of the Cubans against Spain in the 19th century to fall back upon. (In this respect, as in some others, the revolution is presented to the Cuban people as the continuation of an apparently never-ending nationalist conflict.) In the last few

new from Manchester

THE BLACKPOOL LANDLADY A SOCIAL HISTORY **John K Walton** Most people think they know what a Blackpool landlady ought to look like, and how she ought to behave. The typical landlady of the comic postcard is red-faced and broad-spoken, with hair in curlers and feet in carpet slippers. She sometimes has an insignificant little husband who may be found doing odd jobs about the house. But is this the whole story? John Walton has pieced together the history of the Blackpool landlady from the town's Victorian heyday to the present. He has produced not only an entertaining and unusual book, but also an important contribution to a neglected field of social history. *Illustrated £5.95 October*

POLITICS IN AFRICA **Dennis Austin** An experienced student of modern African politics presents a commonsense analysis of the ways in which the newly independent governments of the continent have tried to adapt to their own purposes the structures of power within the former colonial States. Professor Austin provides in his latest book a considered, reflective judgement on the trend of post-war developments in Africa. *£7.50 cloth £2.95 paper October*

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS Oxford Road Manchester M13 9PL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years, for example, the role of the "apostle of liberty", José Martí, has also been downplayed to the benefit of the "titan of bronze", Antonio Maceo, rebel general and veteran of both Wars of Independence, "whose life was an everlasting dialogue with duty", a man whose black blood would, we are led to suppose, have caused him to sympathise with (or perhaps even to lead) the Struggle against Imperialism in Angola or Ethiopia, or Zaire: "to honour him today is a battle cry: a call to revolutionary action; to take a stand; an appeal to the energy of man; and an invitation to victory. . . ."

THUS THE FIRST AND MOST STRIKING achievement of Castro's state has been the creation of a nation in arms.

The mere size of the Cuban armed forces—190,000, plus 90,000 army reserves, 10,000 "state security troops", 3,000 border guards and 100,000 militia—makes them far and away the largest military force in the Caribbean region except for the United States. Of Russia's Eastern European satellites, only Poland has larger forces (and Poland has a population four times that of Cuba). "Military dictatorships" like Chile or Argentina have far fewer men under arms than Cuba has. This large force is also the most important institution in the nation, and has plainly played a large part in the economy, in supplying extra hands for cane cutting for example. René Dumont (author of *L'Afrique: Est-elle mal partie?*) pointed out the beginning of this "militarisation" of the Cuban Revolution over ten years ago and was called an agent of the CIA for his pains; but if a small Caribbean island which proclaims itself the Friend of Humanity also creates an armed service as large as that of Peter the Great, it is ridiculous not to notice it. The financial relations between Russia and Cuba on military matters are secret, as one would imagine. But basically the Cuban armed forces (like the police) are armed, clothed, and trained by Russia; and I expect that Cuba has made only a very modest contribution to the costs. "The more we go into these matters", said Castro on 1 December 1976,

> "the more grateful we feel to the Soviet Union which provided us with these magnificent weapons (APPLAUSE) and taught us how to use them . . . thanks to the extraordinary efforts of Soviet scientists, technicians and workers our weapons are also constantly being revolutionised, and improved on" (*Granma*, 19 December 1976).

The unmistakable inference is that the Cuban army is interlocked with the Red Army, a factor which must at least be considered by anyone who wishes to suppose that Cuba has any independence of action available to it in Africa or indeed anywhere else.[2] Perhaps Russia indeed built up the Cuban army specifically for these surrogate activities.

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, benefits to be gained from living in a regiment; and the régime's achievements in health, social services, and education must be viewed in this respect. In these spheres, the Cuban régime has managed to achieve some things which no other Latin American government has done. Cuba is now a country with virtually universal literacy and access to education (whereas in the 1950s a third of the population could not read and write, and only about half those of school age went to school). Most people are now within reach of clinics and doctors, whereas, at least in the country, that was out of the question in the 1950s.

What, however, are these activities for? Slaveowners in the past looked after their stock of labour as well as landlords looked after their property, and for a very obvious reason. In Cuba, people are kept in good health, and are educated, specifically to serve the cause of the Revolution, to enable them to take part in the "heroic caravanserai" (a phrase of David Caute's), to bear the flaming torch of revolution, to carry the gun wherever the Maximum Gunsmith determines. Travellers to Cuba are sometimes impressed by the morale of the doctors and educators whom they meet. But this is a morale of a nation whose leaders have been able to simulate a permanent war through an aspiration to permanent revolution.

One achievement of the revolution in Cuba can scarcely be gainsaid: that is, its great propaganda success among all those in Europe or elsewhere who, for a variety of reasons, need some flag to wave against the United States whenever they can find such a banner. The causes of the unpopularity of the US even before Viet Nam were diverse: jealousy must have played a large part; anger that the US should have superseded the Europeans as supreme power; fear of US technology; fear of the world state that the US, unfortunately perhaps, did not try to set up. However it arrived, hatred of the US led to a quite extravagant indulgence being afforded to Castro in his early days, and it continues. We do not need to travel far to find good examples of this tolerance: our own enlightened trade-union leader Clive Jenkins visited Cuba in 1961, and

[2] I have discussed elsewhere this aspect of the case: see *Survey*, Autumn 1978, and ENCOUNTER, February 1978.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked a militia soldier if he wanted elections. "He looked at me and shook his machine gun: we've got these", he said. "At this point in time", said Jenkins (using an early version of *that* famous cliché), "I found this a convincing reply."

Within the regiment of modern Cuba there are of course, guardrooms. In camps or jails, there linger opponents of the régime from more or less every epoch, including, I imagine, some who opposed Castro's revolution by siding with Batista and somehow managed to escape being shot "up against the wall" in 1959. Most of the more prominent prisoners, however, are men of the failed "humanistic revolution" of 1959. They were people who constituted the essential supporters of Castro before he got to power and in his first months in Havana. They separated themselves from the régime in 1959–60; perhaps sided with the exiles operating from Miami, or perhaps not; but, at all events, hoped (and often did little more) for a liberal outcome to the Cuban revolution. This generation is symbolised by the heroic person of Major Hubert Matos, arrested in October 1959 when he was Castro's governor of Camagüey province, and since that time incarcerated. (Condemned to twenty years for being "anti-communist" in a trial in which Castro himself hectored the magistrates, it is a commentary on the tragedy that the demand made by his patient wife is not so much for his "freedom now" as merely for his release when he has fulfilled his twenty-year sentence.) There are, of course, many others, driftwood they must now seem from one or other of the waves of the Cuban revolution. Yet, are they driftwood? Are they not perhaps the real victors of the Cuban revolution, the men whose names will be remembered in history as the heroes when Castro's generals are forgotten?

Numbers, details and whereabouts of most prisoners are difficult to establish, for Cuba refuses collaboration with *Amnesty* or other international organisations. A prisoner of US nationality, Frank Emmick (he was recently released, having been imprisoned for 14 years without a trial and only on suspicion), estimates the total as 40,000. For a large number of prisoners, conditions can be improved if the prisoner makes his obeisance to the régime by accepting attendance at a Marxist-Leninist course of study. In that case he can work in labour camps which are doubtless more tolerant places than those in Russia, if only because they are in the sunshine; and he can even spend week-ends of conditional liberty with his family. However, that choice has been refused by a hard core of prisoners and has not been extended to a number of others of special political importance, such as Matos.

Thrillers

Genesis and Structure of a Popular Genre

Jerry Palmer

This fascinating study deals with the origins and development of what is arguably the most successful genre in popular literature. It tackles the questions: what is a thriller? why did the thriller emerge when it did? how does one account for its popularity? and is the thriller dead? These questions cannot be answered without an extended exploration of thrillers, their origins in other literary forms and their roots in social reality, and a consideration of the notions of the hero, of personal competitiveness and of conspiracy.

Jerry Palmer begins by analysing the distinctive features of the thriller—what it is in the formula that makes it so successful. In Part III he examines the historical emergence of the genre, and concludes with an analysis of genre theory and its application to thrillers. Part IV is concerned with the socio-historical basis for the thriller's immense popularity, discussing the attitudes to crime, law and order and competitive individualism in the later nineteenth century; and the conclusion looks at the fate of the thriller in the 1970s.

This book is a lively analysis of a popular literary phenomenon, and an important contribution to the sociology of literature.

Cloth £8.95
Paper £4.75
Publication Autumn 1978

Edward Arnold
41 Bedford Square,
London WC1B 3DQ

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RÉGIME has made much of the fact that its prisoners are not tortured under interrogation. Carlos Franqui, writing recently in *Cambio 16* Madrid (no. 333 April 23, 1978), a man who was for a number of years Castro's confidant and friend and who now lives in Europe, believes that, technically, that may be true if torture is defined as simply the use of physical assault to obtain information or confessions. But, he tells us (and other evidence suggests that that is the case) endless psychological terror is brought to bear on arrested persons, including day-upon-day incarceration in lightless rooms and simulated executions. (Frank Emmick has described a week passed in a refrigerated and absolutely dark chamber.) As for the prisons themselves, barbaric overcrowding and brutality by guards seem normal, as the French writer Pierre Golendorf made clear in one of the very few books as yet published on Cuba's Caribbean version of Gulag.

IT IS EASY ENOUGH to visit Cuba and draw the conclusion that the régime is popular. But that impression has been gained in innumerable dictatorships by now in the 20th century. Will we never learn that those whom travellers may meet would not speak critically of the system to those who might betray them by negligence or by design?

The pretence of enthusiasm in a crowd is also easy. In crowds, too, and again we should have learned that by now, people can be carried away. The number of independent-minded Cubans who established their position in life before 1959 and therefore might (if they could be reached) count on some international connections to assist them, even if only morally, grows daily less and less. As for the rank-and-file Cubans, doubtless the two short, sharp, and successful wars against feeble enemies in Africa may have made the régime seem for a time popular. But how will the families of the dead greet the news of those killed on behalf of faraway causes of which they know nothing?

On this matter I reserve judgment; to find a hint of criticism from within of the Cubans for their actions in Africa requires investigation which more resembles cryptography than reading. Many warm-hearted Cubans no doubt have the same sort of half-moral, half-religious enthusiasm for the régime which Germans used to have for the Nazis, being dazzled by Castro's oratory, bewitched by his cleverness and capacity for survival, proud of his *machismo* on the international stage, pleased to think that the Cubans have ceased to charm the world with their cigars and their music but are terrifying it with their guns—as some Italians did under Mussolini.

More and more when thinking of Cuba, parallels with fascism come to mind, as they did once before in this journal—when Richard Lowenthal (ENCOUNTER, November 1969) compared Castro's revolution to that of D'Annunzio at Fiume. The attention paid to propaganda, the cult of leadership, the doctrine of endless struggle, the exaltation of nationalism and violence, the emphasis on carefully staged oratory, the deliberate exacerbation of tension before the leader speaks, the rhythmic responses of the crowd,[3] the banners and the ferocious "opinions in arms" supported by mob intimidation, the mass rallies and the outrageous prisons—all those characteristic Castroist methods of the early days recalled Fascism, and many of those techniques have continued.

This régime seems indeed to have been more than anything the first fascist Left régime—by which I mean that it is a régime with totalitarian left-wing goals established and sustained by methods of fascism. Perhaps we should have realised as much when people who knew Castro in his days as a student recalled that he took a marked copy of *Mein Kampf* about with him, and others remembered that he had José Antonio Primo de Rivera's works in the Sierra Maestra. Hitler, at his trial in 1923 after the Munich putsch, said:

> "You may pronounce us guilty a thousand times over, but the goddess of the eternal court of history will smile and tear to tatters the brief of the State prosecutor and the sentence of this court. For she acquits us. . . ."[4]

Castro ended his first famous speech at his trial in 1953 more briefly: "Condemn me: history will absolve me."

---

[3] A good indication of this is given by the greeting in Havana to Colonel Mengistu on April 26 last by a huge crowd of Cubans whose presence there was surely no more accidental than that of the Germans who went to Hitler's speeches. Colonel Mengistu began by shouting

Death to imperialists! **(Shouts of "Death")**
Death to capitalism! **(Shouts of "Death")**
Death to feudalism! **(Shouts of "Death")**
Long live socialism! **(Shouts of "Viva"—)**

This technique of exciting a response from a crowd in the form of a chorus was, of course, very intensely practised in Fascist and Nazi rallies.

[4] Alan Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny* (1962 ed.), p. 120.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION

Evensong at Peterborough

By Philip Toynbee

ON ONE OF the wettest and foggiest days of early May my wife and I were driving from our house in the Wye valley to the house of a friend near King's Lynn. Neither of us had ever seen Peterborough Cathedral, so we started early enough to include it in our journey. We knew most of that cross-country route very well—the road along the suddenly-narrowing Severn between Lydney and Minsterworth; the ring-road round Gloucester; the sharp rise into the Cotswolds; the gentle countryside of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, ending so abruptly in the slashed soil, bulldozers, and new urbanisation of Milton Keynes. But this time we were travelling further north than usual, to skirt Northampton and Wellingborough; and we had just got a faint whiff of the fens when we were grabbed, so it seemed, by a great new highway which thrust us through the scattered industry, suburbs, and railway-yards of Peterborough.

We got no more than a glimpse of the old inner city before we saw the long, low-slung cathedral in front of us and an open gate into the close. There is something in every cathedral to take the breath away, and at Peterborough this comes as soon as you set eyes on the amazing west front with its three huge and equal portals, early Gothic in their perfect simplicity, and only slightly marred by a fussy little fifteenth-century porch stuck on to the base of the central arch. A notice on the porch-door told us that Evensong had already begun and would we please sit down until it was over. If we wished to join the service we could take our seats in the choir.

But to do this would have meant a rather ostentatious walk over the last, and pewless, section of the nave; so we compromised by sitting down on the foremost nave pew but one. The choir was half-way through a psalm as we sat down, the choirmaster hunched at the western end of the first decani stall, conducting with a passionate, almost agitated fervour. Between this surpliced conductor and ourselves a congregation of some twenty or thirty faced each other in the remaining stalls of the choir, and each row was neatly terminated by two clerics in full canonicals—perhaps the dean and three of his canons.

Choir, congregation, and priests seemed to be islanded there, between the nave to the west, the aisles to north and south, and an eastern space of crossing, chancel and apse which we had not yet been able to see but which seemed to stretch almost as far beyond the celebration as the splendid late-Norman nave was stretching away behind our backs. As for us, although we are familiar with Anglican liturgies and have often attended Evensong in the chapel of a little convent across the valley from our house, it was impossible to feel that we were fully a part of those proceedings in the unknown cathedral.

This was not only due to our physical separation from the service, but also, I think, because a strange air of professionalism and remoteness enveloped those priests and choristers as they went so gracefully through the prescribed devotions for Saturday, May 6th, 1978 A.D. Both the real professionals and the congregation seemed like figures on a stage, so isolated were they from the rest of the cathedral, so brightly lit in the surrounding gloom.

A LONG LESSON from Judges was read by a priest on the decani side: we were reminded of how Gideon had been called by the angel to destroy the altar of Baal before attacking the hosts of Midian. Then everyone turned to the east to recite the creed; and after this an old hymn was sung, but to a difficult modern setting which needed even more passionate gestures from the choirmaster. A succession of prayers was then read aloud by a second priest, and when these were finished another of the celebrants read a lesson from the Epistle to the Hebrews.

At about 3.45 Evensong was gracefully brought to an end, and the choir filed westward towards us, smallest choristers in the lead, then wheeled with excellent precision to their right and disappeared up the north aisle and into the transept. The priests followed them, and finally the congregation began to break up with that air

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of informality too suddenly returning which always gives a certain awkwardness to the ending of a religious function.

So we also got up from our places, to make our slow circumnambulation of the cathedral, guide-book in hand, much admiring, as we were told to do, "the 15th-century retro-quire which envelops the apse in its lower stories." We walked through the west porch again and found ourselves back in the quietly undistinguished close. We drove out of that drizzling city and lost ourselves for many minutes on the great new ring-road before we found our way out at last towards Wisbech and the east.

BY NOW this episode has compelled my imagination many days, and driven my mind in several different directions. Sometimes, when I think of Peterborough, the whole of that Evensong seems almost as unreal, even uncanny, as the famous 18th-century Versailles ball which those two English ladies claimed to have watched some eighty years ago. Entering a cathedral is often followed by at least a hesitant translation through time and this little remembered drama of traditional Evensong sometimes seems as remote in time from the England we had been passing through as it had immediately seemed remote in space. Yet there were elements in the celebration itself which showed very clearly that it belonged to our own age: a modern translation of the Bible had been used; that hymn had been sung in a thoroughly modern manner; there had been a merciful absence of any parsonical droning.

But the dominant impression which remains is of a gracious, holy but esoteric ceremony being performed in the choir at Peterborough, massively isolated from the modern city outside by the wider spaces of the cathedral; by the close; by the little market-town which had already been long surrounded by an outer ring of railway-works and suburbs, and which was now being further enveloped by a new industrial sprawl.

And yet we had not been only spectators of that deft performance; so far as each of us had found it possible we had also been participants. And if we had arrived five minutes earlier we would certainly have accepted the invitation to take two of those vacant places in the choir-stalls. For certainly we both belonged—wholly in spirit and largely in faith—with what was being celebrated in Peterborough Cathedral on that Saturday afternoon at the tail-end of the football season. And certainly we were saddened by the weird isolation of that evensong; and certainly we were well aware of how strenuously the Churches have been trying to break through that isolation during the last fifty years.

But I doubt whether even the most fervent moderniser could believe that if only the choir had been singing rock-and-roll, if only the lessons had proclaimed God the True Integration of Self, then the whole nave would have been filled with cheerful and loud-voiced participants, greatly to the detriment of the takings that afternoon by Peterborough United Football Club. It is absurd to pretend any longer that a jazzed-up liturgy and a castrated faith will bring the multitude flocking back into our cathedrals and our parish churches.

And yet there seemed to be something serenely *resigned* about that celebration; as if to say, "we've done our best to bring them in, but since they won't come at any price let's get back to doing it just the way *we* like. This drama is now being performed for the sake of the cast alone, and if the auditorium is empty all we can do is to keep the old play going in the hope that it may one day attract an audience again. . . . "

Perhaps this seems the only possible attitude for the Churches to adopt in an age when ninety per cent even of that minority who ever enter a cathedral do so only in order to admire the 15th-century retro-quire. "Damn!" they mutter, as they come through the great west door, "There seems to be some sort of service going on. We'd better go out and have some tea and come back later." But surely every practising member of a Christian church must hope that cathedral naves will be filled again for other ceremonies than a performance of *The Messiah* or Verdi's *Requiem*. So I began to ask myself whether certain hesitant divinations of my own might, after all, make some small contribution to the rebirth of Christianity in England. What follows is the (almost desperate) compression of a much larger work called *A Marriage of Heaven and Earth* which I abandoned about six months ago.

1. THE FULL ARRAY of orthodox Christianity has been a splendid and inspiriting body of doctrine. And if this faith is now dying to be born again, the emergent phoenix must shine at least as brightly and transformingly as the old one used to do. "Glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord."

2. And like every new Christian exploration this one must turn back yet again to the New Testament and find in that undimmed constellation yet a new pattern of signs and proclamations.

3. Reading those too-familiar books again I have begun to think that I see something hinted at there, and nearly spoken aloud, which may have been missed by other readers and which might, by one of those slight shifts of vision, re-illuminate the word and give a new Christian message to our time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. The earliest recorded Israelites had understood God in the image of their Most Admired Man. At that time this meant any great king or emperor who had carved out a great dominion for himself; who ruled it with beneficence towards those who humbled themselves before him, but with terrible anger against all who resisted or denied him.

5. But a new kind of God has been gradually softening the harsh lines of the old one; and what Jesus nearly did, by his recorded words, his life and death, was to proclaim this new vision of God as a total transcendence of Jahweh, the tribal tyrant of Israel.

6. Yet what was left to the world, according to the traditional interpretation of the New Testament, is like a sublime statue half-emerging from a great block of rough-hewn granite. Because Jesus was himself a believing Jew; because he suffered from an anger which could distort his marvellous vision; perhaps because his words were misunderstood even by his closest disciples, the Christian Churches inherited a concept of God which is centaur-like in its weird inconsonance.[1]

7. The traditional God of Christianity has been that same old Emperor-Creator but one who also loves his creature-subjects as a father loves his children. Thus the Problem of Evil has bedevilled the Christian faith at least since the age of Augustine and Pelagius. This ancient conundrum of a God who is both all-powerful and all-loving has become even more acute both as men have learned more about the physical universe and also as they have come to regard cruelty as the worst of all human—and *a fortiori* of divine—abominations.

8. We have been told that an all-powerful, all-loving Creator-God has made a world of earthquakes and meningitis; of Belsen and Hiroshima; a world which has reached its present state after the brutal, billion-year tale of the fittest so savagely surviving.

9. Almost every modern theologian has tried to solve this problem; but it can never be solved until one of the contradictory terms is removed. What was so nearly revealed in the New Testament, what can be seen there now in brilliant but elusive outline, is *a God who does not possess two distinct attributes called "power" and "love", but a God whose power lies only and wholly in his love.*

[1] This may seem a blasphemous impertinence; but there is an old image of the pygmy who sits on a giant's shoulders, and sees a few yards more of the great landscape discovered by the giant's mighty vision.

Catholicism and History
The Opening of the Vatican Archives
OWEN CHADWICK
'Professor Chadwick's Hensley Henson Lectures are a fascinating and informative account of the gradual opening of the Vatican archives and the inevitable struggle between those who wanted strictly to control what was released to the public and those who sympathised with the historians seeking free access.'
The Tablet
£5.90 net

The Art of Ted Hughes
Second edition
KEITH SAGAR
For the second edition of his widely-acclaimed critical study of Ted Hughes' work, first published in 1975, Keith Sagar has added a chapter on each of Hughes' three most recent collections, *Season Songs, Cave Birds* and *Gaudete*, revised the earlier text and brought the comprehensive bibliography up to date.
Hard covers £12.00 net
Paperback £3.95 net

Paperback edition
Mandelstam
CLARENCE BROWN
'There can be no doubt that Professor Brown's study of Mandelstam's life and works is by far the most significant contribution to the subject to date . . . Professor Brown's particular achievement has been the provision of a chronological narrative of the years up to 1925, in which the biography is followed by an account of the poetry written during those years, where the relevant biographical details are supplied for each poem discussed.'
Modern Language Review
Paperback £4.95 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10. A believable God must always be an extrapolation from the most admired of men, for we see such men as true manifestations of God. In our own time all Christians, and all those non-believers who still live in the moral ambiance of Christianity, are agreed that Jesus is more to be admired than Augustus; St Francis than Genghis Khan; the Curé d'Ars than Napoleon. Yet most Christians still try to worship a God who is half-Genghis-Khan and half-St-Francis.

11. And even if the Jesus of the New Testament is not a sinless man—his terrible rages against all who would not accept him are all-too-human—the essential message of his words, his life and his death is that love triumphs not only over all physical power but even over death itself. (We have tended to treat St Paul's great passage in his First Letter to the Corinthians as the natural hyperbole of a poet. But it is literally true, even in this world, that love is the only enduring power, since it is the only power which is not ultimately self-defeating.)

12. All Christians believe that God was made manifest in Jesus Christ: many Christians still believe that God *was* Jesus Christ. But Jesus not only exercised no physical or political power; he treated the offer of such power as a temptation by the devil. Can anyone believe that the Father revels in what the Son so scornfully rejected?

13. Every theology is a mythology and must have new stories to tell.

14. This story begins in that total ignorance of

"Afternoon Prayers"...

IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT *after the First World War there would have to come a second, a third, a tenth. Most faces expressed callousness, supreme egotism, indifference to everything outside their own ken, and, quite often, stupidity. Here they prayed and there they slaughtered. The same priests who preached love on Sunday morning hunted a fox, a hare, or some other helpless creature on Sunday afternoon or tried to hook a fish in the Vistula. The Polish officers who strutted about displaying their medals, brandishing their swords, and saluting each other hadn't the slightest chance of defending their country if it were attacked by Russia or Germany. And it was just as hard to believe that England would surrender her mandate in Palestine or that the Arabs would allow the Jews to establish a nation there.*

By now, I knew that atheism and materialism were just as unsubstantial as the religions. All my probings led to the same conclusion—that there was some scheme within Creation, someone we call God, but He had not revealed Himself to anyone nor was there even the slightest indication that He desired love, peace, and justice. The whole history of man and beast; all the facts pointed to the very opposite —that this was a God of strength and cruelty Whose principle was: Might makes right.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THIS TOTAL SCEPTICISM **or agnosticism led me to a kind of private mysticism. Since God was completely unknown and eternally silent, He could be endowed with whatever traits one elected to hang upon Him. Spinoza had bestowed Him with two known attributes and an endless array of unknown ones. But why couldn't one fantasise many other attributes? Why couldn't creativeness be one of His attributes? Why couldn't beauty, harmony, growth, expediency, playfulness, humour, will, sex, change, freedom, and caprice represent divine attributes too? And where was it written that He was the only God? Maybe He belonged to a whole army of gods, an infinite hierarchy. Maybe He procreated and multiplied and brought forth billions of angels, seraphim, Aralim, and cherubim in His cosmic harem as well as new generations of gods. Since nothing was known about Him and nothing could be known, why not confer upon this divine X all the possible values? The cabbalists had done this in their own fashion, the idolators in another, and the Christians and Muslims in another still.**

I personally was fully prepared to crown Him with all kinds of possible attributes except benevolence and compassion. To ascribe mercy to a God who for millions of years had witnessed massacres and tortures and who had literally built an entire world on the principle of violence and murder was something my sense of justice wouldn't allow me to do. In my mind I created a kind of pecking order between us. I, a dust speck trembling with fear and filled with a sort of sense of right based upon my own silly urges and convictions; He, a universal murderer, a cosmic Genghis Khan or Napoleon—eternal, infinite, omnipotent, so wise and mighty in knowledge and technique that He could keep track of every electron, every atom, every gnat, fly, and microbe. It was even possible that one could phone Him directly with a request through the medium of prayer but with no guarantee whatsoever of an answer. I had actually appropriated Spinoza's God but I had extended Him, anthropomorphised Him, bestialised Him, and reworked Him in my imagination to suit my moods. Incredibly enough, I "phoned" Him my requests and hoped somehow that He *could* answer me if the notion struck Him to do so. At that time my most urgent request was that my stories be printed and that I could have a room of my own. . . .

MY MUSINGS *brought me no closer to any conclusions regarding the world nor my own duties toward God and man, but I enjoyed—I might say—philosophical fantasies: variations on Spinoza, Kant, Berkeley, and the cabbala, along*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all origins which most physicists and astronomers now confess to. And the story itself is taken up where the scientists first begin to make persuasive guesses. The earth is thrown off the sun: it cools: life begins in the ocean: life evolves on land and culminates—so far—in man.

15. But those who believe that this is a summary of the *whole* story are surely confronted by the exact converse of the problem which has tormented so many orthodox believers for so many centuries. Rationalists, materialists and atheists have never yet fully faced the *Problem of Good.*

16. If man had been the product of natural evolution alone he would indeed be a Naked Ape: all his superb intelligence would be directed only to the survival of his own species in a state of maximum pleasure and minimum pain. He would differ from the other animals *only* by the higher degree of his intelligence.

17. The best we could ever expect would be a society conforming to some old blueprint drawn up by Sidney and Beatrice Webb—a community organised with the maximum intelligence to provide the greatest possible physical and mental satisfaction to all its members.

18. There would be no art in such a society, for art always implies a dissatisfaction with given reality. There would be no religion, for religion is always the yearning for an unachieved condition —of love, of wisdom, of illumination. Men and women would be united by bonds of enlightened self-interest, but there would be no love between

. . . by Isaac Bashevis Singer

with my own cosmic dreams. Since time and space were merely points of view; since quality, quantity, and even existence itself were categories of reason; and since the thing in itself remained completely concealed, there was room left for metaphysical fantasising. My God was infinite, eternal, and possessed of endless attributes, properties of which we humans could only grasp a select few. I didn't agree with Spinoza that all that we know of God are His extension (matter) and His thinking. I was sooner inclined to see in Him other such qualities as wisdom, beauty, power, eternity, and maybe too a kind of mercy that we could never comprehend. The cabbalists attributed sex to God, and I more than agreed with them in this concept. God Himself and all His worlds were divided into he and she, male and female, give and take, a lust that no matter how much it was satisfied it could never be sated completely and always wanted more, something new, different.

Since man is created in God's image, man could learn more about God by looking within himself, observing all his aspirations, yearnings, hopes, doubts. I envisioned God as resembling myself. He got much, much love from the Shechina, His feminine counterpart, the angels, the seraphim, the cherubim, the Aralim, the holy wheels and holy beasts, from the countless worlds and souls, but this wasn't enough for Him and He also demanded love from insignificant man, the weakest link in the divine chain whom He exhorted: "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

HE WANTS LOVE **(as I do) regardless of whether He has earned it. He frequently punishes His creatures but He demands that they forgive Him and acknowledge that all His intentions are of the best. He Himself keeps many secrets yet at the same time He demands total candidness and a full baring of the soul. . . .**

MY FATHER AND I STROLLED *for a long time in silence.*

"Father, what does God want?"

Father stopped.

"He wants us to serve Him and love Him with all our hearts and souls."

"How does He deserve this love?" I asked.

Father thought it over a moment.

"Everything man loves was created by the Almighty. Even the heretics love God. If a fruit is good and you love it, then you love the Creator of this fruit since He invested it with all its flavour. And if someone is a lecher and lusts for females, it was the Creator who bestowed them with their beauty and allure. The sage recognises the source of all the good things and he loves that source. When the fruit rots, you no longer love it, and when the woman grows old and sickly, the lecher runs from her. The fool will not give any thought to where everything stems from."

"What about the evil things? What is their source?"

"There are no evil things. Death which man fears most is a great joy and a blessing to the just."

"What about suffering?"

Father was silent a long time and I assumed that he hadn't heard me, but then he said: "That is the greatest secret of all. Even the saints weren't able to fathom it. So long as man suffers he cannot solve the riddle of suffering. Even Job didn't arrive at the answer. Moses himself didn't know it. The truth is that body and pain are synonyms. How could there be free choice without punishment for choosing evil and reward for choosing what is right? Behind all this suffering is God's infinite mercy."

Father paused and then asked: "Is there a house of worship in the neighbourhood? Time to say the afternoon prayers."

Isaac Bashevis Singer
in his Memoir of Warsaw in the 1920s
A Young Man in Search of Love (1978)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them: for love leads to the pains of separation; to the ultimate anguish of bereavement.

19. Why, then, has such a "utopia" never been achieved? Why would most human beings reject it with horror if it were offered them? Why do men hunger so irrepressibly for love, for beauty, for truth? At least *for struggle*? Why does the totally supererogatory goodness of Jesus or St Francis continue to captivate the imagination even of those who cannot believe in the God of Jesus and St Francis? *Where* did Jesus and the saints find that sublime love which would not only be superfluous in a Naked Ape but deeply destructive of his supersimian contentment?

20. "Naturalistic" interpretations of Jesus or St Francis, of St John of the Cross or St Theresa do not seem blasphemous or even disrespectful. Such accounts of those figures never get near the reality of those extraordinary lives; they seem grotesque in their irrelevance. It is as if someone had given an account of a great picture by a careful description of all its shapes and colours.

21. So this theological story tells of something outside our universe, and of a different kind from it, which is constantly pressing in upon our domain of the senses and trying to introduce the freedom of the spirit into an order of vigorous material necessity.

22. When we think of this "something other" as a force, a state or a domain we call it Heaven: when we think of it as a person we call it God. And just as physicists treat light as either waves or particles according to context, so we talk either of God or of Heaven as it suits us. Yet we are *always* fully aware that whatever words we use will be no better than pointing fingers; gestures of dumb joy; grimaces of bewildered love.

23. One model might be a black and hollow globe surrounded by radiant light; whenever the smallest chink appears in the surface of our globe the light *will* enter, of its very nature. Or we may think of a wise and loving father or mother who is constantly offering strange and inestimable gifts to sons and daughters who seldom even hear the parental voice, and still more rarely open their hearts and minds to receive what is being offered.

24. The present story tells us that as evolution proceeds, on this or any other planet, so God enters the expanding minds of thinking beings as best he can. (He may have other ways of entering our universe and influencing events here, but the only way we can hope to understand is the way he makes into our own minds.)

25. These divine gifts are prodigious and invaluable, for all of them are of heavenly origin and could not have been the products of any earthly process. The greatest gift is the gift of religious understanding, for this can enable us to receive as much of Heaven's light as we are ever able to receive. Other gifts are inner freedom (for the natural world knows nothing but necessity); the knowledge of good and evil (for the natural world knows nothing but advantage and disadvantage); art; love; a joyful perception of beauty in the uncreated world around us; ardour for truth; redeeming pain. . . . When we see, or feel, these gifts in action surely they seem like mysterious colonists from some more splendid realm of being than our own?[2]

26. So the supreme function of men and women is to receive God's gifts, the light of Heaven, as fully as they can. Some people are congenitally better attuned to the will of God, more permeable to Heaven's light; but all of us can work continually to make ourselves more receptive—by encouraging whatever we can find in ourselves of faith and hope; by prayer and meditation; by reading; by self-attrition; by alert attention to even the most familiar and everyday experiences. But, above all, by practising the art of love. "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

27. If we find it hard to reach this God it is not because he coyly, or pedagogically, withdraws himself from us, but because it is as hard for him to penetrate our world as it is for us to receive the radiance of his love. For most of us God is an endless journey.

28. The tragedy of this life is in no way diminished by discovering a God of Pure Love, but the tragedy is not due to God's obscure purposes in tormenting us but to the hard fact that we are truly the creature-victims of a world ruled by unfeeling necessity. Yet the tragedy is now truly redeemable by the accessibility of God's *unequivocal* love.

[2] Thus God is indeed the creator *of man*, in the sense that he has given man everything which is of the least value in him, and which enables him to value truly.

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS
Leading academics

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS
Experienced honours graduates

TRANSLATORS
Qualified, most European languages

ARCHIVISTS
Try our range of services, sources and subjects

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
25 Woodhayes Road, London SW19
Phone 01-947 5614

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29. Stupidity, blindness, folly and wickedness form a thick impasto around us through which God can scarcely reach us, even though his effort to do so is never relaxed. (This is clearly a God to whom the phrase "forgiveness of sins" cannot be attached with any meaning whatever.)

30. Many modern theologians have mocked the idea of "a God out there", and many of them have ended up with the man-centred parochialism of suggesting that "God" is simply another term for "our deepest concern" or "the depth of our being."

31. But the present story, while reluctant to use such huge and hollow words as "infinite" and "eternal", records that God/Heaven was there long before the arrival of man on Earth, and will be there long after man's departure. (God may be latent within us all, but he can be brought into loving activity only by our worship of a God whose existence is in no way dependent on our own.)

32. But it seems futile to speculate about the intrinsic nature of God, and it was the tormented efforts of early theologians to do this which led them to create their forbidding structures of creed, dogma, and anathema. New Testament Christianity scarcely concerns itself at all with the inner nature of God and Heaven. The gospels, the Acts and most of the epistles, Pauline or otherwise, are intensely concerned with the mystery of God's dealings with man as revealed by the recorded words, life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

33. The first two supplications of the supreme Christian prayer contain the heart of the whole proclamation. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." For the kingdom is *not yet* come: God's will is *not yet* done on earth.

34. Indeed if we now read the New Testament in the light of the present story it is extraordinary how little needs to be surrendered; or even reinterpreted. And there are some great utterances which make *more* sense in the light of a God truly revealed by the life of Jesus; truly almighty in love alone. "My grace is sufficient for you: my power is made perfect in weakness." (If God were really a wielder of mighty physical power surely he would choose for his most favoured children those who most resemble him; not the weak, the poor, and the humble but the great kings of the earth, But being himself a persistent suppliant on earth it is to the weak, the humble, and the supplicating that he finds it easiest to come.)

35. The great Heaven-sent utterances of the New Testament surely sound all the louder and clearer once we have banished that Omnipotent Creator and Omniscient Predestinator. "Abide in me and I in you." "Perfect love casteth out fear." "The truth shall make you free." "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." "Rise, thou that sleepeth, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall enlighten thee." "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." "God is spirit, and those that would come to him must come in spirit and in truth." "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "Seek and ye shall find." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you."

UNDER A NEW PROCLAMATION of God Almighty in Love Alone there would not have to be any new and outlandish words at Evensong, in Peterborough Cathedral. Not that a merely amended liturgy would bring the football-fans crowding into the cathedral on a Saturday afternoon. But as I listened to the beautiful singing of the choir there a month ago I already felt the presence of that true Christian God among us; and I know very well that many of the celebrants felt his presence far more strongly than I have ever been able to do.

But how can one deny that the proclamation

g&m NEW BOOKS

A Dictionary of Irish Biography
HENRY BOYLAN
The only modern work of biographical reference available to readers of Irish history. October £11.00

The Dramatic Imagination of W.B. Yeats
ANDREW PARKIN
A full length study of Yeats' imagination both as he conceived it and as he expressed it in prose, poetry and drama October £9.00

The Irish Renaissance:
An Introduction to Anglo-Irish Literature
RICHARD FALLIS
A unique survey of literature in Ireland from 1885 to the present day. September £3.60

Gill and Macmillan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was muffled on that occasion, and not only by the bewildering intrusion of Gideon and his god of tribal vengeance? For how can we ever call clearly, out of our affliction, for the loving help of a God who is himself responsible for our affliction? Creatures of earth and necessity, sharing the bitterness of that condition, how much more clearly and truly we could sing to God if we knew him to be as urgently concerned to give us his unconditional love as we are to receive it. A song of true revival and of faith reborn in new simplicity might, after all, be heard beyond the cathedral walls, beyond the gates of the close, and even as far as the factories and the railway-yards. "From glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Geoffrey Grigson

Flowers on Silk, by a Feudal Oppressor

A pity—yet as well—this uneducable
branch of bullace opening

has no chance to emulate or imitate
the spray Hui-Tsung

compelled to flower, on silk, in snow
(his signature is written below)

eight hundred and some eighty-six
comfortless springs ago.

A Troo, les Lilas

It is possibly a time to fear.
He is young, he plays a silver flute
Among the lilacs on the cliff
And she walks to him with the light
Shining in her long hair,
And it seems that consequence,
Negation, and condition, disappear,
That *and*, as well as *but* and *if*,
Has dissolved in this scented air,
And it is not a time to be
Cynical and jeer, even though
Possibly it is a time to fear.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LANGUAGE

The Point of Severance

English in 1776 & Beyond—By R. W. BURCHFIELD

RECENTLY I visited 78 Banbury Road in Oxford, until 1915 the home of Sir James Murray, the founding Editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, and stood on the sacred spot of the "Scriptorium", now gone forever—the damp, ill-ventilated shed in which Sir James and his immediate colleagues edited the *OED* until Murray's death. The present owner of the house, Dr Desmond Morris, well known as the author of *The Naked Ape* and *Manwatching*, showed me his own fine collection of dictionaries, including a first edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and numerous other treasures, among them a set of the *OED* with the original prefaces still in place. When he bought the house, Dr Morris noticed a mound at the end of the garden: he decided to excavate it because North Oxford was once a dwelling-place of the prehistoric mound-building Beaker people. In fact he found no beakers but he did find a child's iron hoop, a little rusty but otherwise in good condition. It was identified by Dr Murray's granddaughter, Miss Elisabeth Murray, the author of the recent successful biography *Caught in the Web of Words,* as probably the actual hoop that Dr Murray bought for his children about a century ago. I exchanged the hoop for a copy of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* and this trivial item of industrial archaeology now forms part of the "archives" of the OED Department in Oxford.

The child's hoop takes us back to the last quarter of the 19th century when English was still thought of as the language of Great Britain, with variants of it, pronounced in strange and not necessarily unpleasing ways, and with its syntax and vocabulary modified or amplified in certain respects, in various other parts of the globe. The vocabulary being collected and analysed in that improbable and ill-lit "Scriptorium" was mainly the English of Great Britain from Anglo-Saxon times onward, together with such additional items from abroad as could conveniently be gathered from the sources available to the Editors.

GO BACK ANOTHER CENTURY, to the last quarter of the 18th century, and in particular to the year 1776, a year that can be regarded as a point of linguistic, as well as of political, severance.

In England George III had reigned for sixteen years and Lord North was the first minister of the Tory government of the time. Other leading politicians included William Pitt the Elder, who had been the first minister in 1766 and 1767 but was now too ill to spend much time in Parliament; Edmund Burke, the great Irish-born orator and writer; the controversial radical John Wilkes; and Charles James Fox, one of the best known debaters in the House. William Pitt the Younger had just taken his M.A. at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was not yet a force in politics. Many of the major literary figures of the 18th century were already dead, Pope in the 1740s, Henry Fielding in 1754, Laurence Sterne in 1768, Smollett in 1770, and Oliver Goldsmith in 1774. Jane Austen and Charles Lamb were babies of 1, as was the painter J. M. W. Turner; Samuel Taylor Coleridge was 4, Walter Scott 5, and William Wordsworth 6. William Blake was a young man of 19 and Fanny Burney a young woman of 24. Samuel Johnson was 67 and his friend Mrs Thrale 35. The language of Johnson and Mrs Thrale, and that of their adult contemporaries, was the stately language of the time, polished, stylish, unordinary, even in the intimate pages of their diaries, and the régime of instruction was severe and practical. Here is what Hester Thrale wrote in her diary on 20 January 1775, describing the education of her sixth child Susanna, then five years old:

> "Her Improvements more than equal my hopes, my Wishes, nay my very Fancies. She reads even elegantly & with an Emphasis, says her Catechism both in French & English: is got into Joyn hand [i.e. cursive script] with her pen, & works at her Needle so neatly, that She has made her Sister a Shift all herself. She knows

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> the Map of Europe as well as I do, with the Capital Cities, Forms of Govt. &c. the Lines Circles & general Geography of the Globe She is Mistress of; & has a Knowledge of the Parts of Speech that She cannot be ensnared by any Question."[1]

I will not go into detail here, but what emerges from the books and dictionaries of the time is an orderly language. Almost everyone had absolutist views of linguistic correctness, and their views were buttressed by contemporary grammarians like Robert Lowth and Lindley Murray.

FROM THE EARLY 18th century, and especially in Swift's *Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue* (1712), the rallying cry was for a linguistic standard. The main outlines of the argument are well documented and are well known. Inherent in Swift's *Proposal* is the cyclical nature of language—that, however language first descended to Man, whether as a gift from God, or as a spontaneous creation of a group of men at a particular point in time, or for whatever reason, a given language slowly made its way to a fine point of perfection, as it had in ancient Greece and Rome, from which it would gradually become subject to debilitating influences and become weakened. Swift was hopeful that the cyclical movement of English might be arrested at the point of perfection:

> "The English Tongue is not arrived to such a degree of perfection, as to make us apprehend any Thoughts of its Decay; and if it were once refined to a certain Standard, perhaps there might be Ways found to fix it forever."

The debilitating influences, he thought, as others also did, were far more potentially dangerous in the *spoken* language than in the *written* form, and were present especially in regional and provincial forms of English. In the coffee houses and picture galleries of London the language of the literary élite, that is of Johnson and his companions, was proclaimed to be the form of English to which others should aspire. Out there in the provinces, and in the colonies, the death-watch beetles of language lurked.

Dr Johnson learned many things through the actual practice of lexicography that escaped the theorising minds of the unlexicographical Swifts and Defoes—lexicography is a chastening as well as an illuminating and fascinating art. For example (and this is pure entertainment, and not relevant to my main argument) he discovered from his dealings with the brewing business of the Thrales that his routine treatment of brewing terms in the first edition of his dictionary (almost all the terms being drawn from current manuals on the subject) was capable of subtle and substantial improvement in the fourth edition of 1773, by which time he had personal acquaintance with the terminology of the subject. But he did not visit America, and his well-known comments on America, and on the English used in North America, fall far short of the subtlety with which he applied his mind to subjects like brewing that he knew from personal experience. That other great lexicographer of the 18th century, Nathan Bailey, in his *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* (1721) gave scant space to words like *spider* and *butterfly*, both of which are defined simply as "an insect well known." But he tried harder with many American words: for example, the to him exotic *loon* is defined as

> "A bird, in New-England, like a Cormorant, that can scarce go, much less fly; and makes a noise like a Sowgelder's Horn."

In passing, it is interesting to compare the definition of *loon* in the current edition of Webster's Collegiate:

> "Any of several large fish-eating diving birds (genus *Gavia*) of the northern part of the northern hemisphere that have the legs placed far back under the body and as a result have a clumsy floundering gait on land."

Dr Johnson would have none of this: there is no entry for *loon* in his Dictionary, nor entries for any of the Indian words like *skunk*, *squaw*, and *moccasin*, that we know now were well established in American written English long before 1755. In his review of Lewis Evans's *Map and Account of the Middle Colonies in America* (1756) Johnson remarked: "This treatise [is] written with such elegance as the subject admits tho' not without some mixture of the American dialect, a tract of corruption to which every language widely diffused must always be exposed."

IN 1776, AT THE point of severance, except for an infusion of words from east coast Indian languages, the English language of North America was not in any radical way dissimilar from that of what the American settlers called the mother country. Some regional English words and senses had already made their way to America, but not to London: for example, the word *body* to mean "a person", as in "a body should be very cautious in admitting a stranger to her family", was taken to North America by regional speakers of English, and was not a home-grown Americanism. And

[1] Mary Hyde, *The Thrales of Streatham Park* (1977), p. 112.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English reviewers of about this time were already complaining about the presence of distinctive American words and senses in publications emanating from North America: for example, a reviewer in the *Critical Review*, writing of Charles Chauncy's *The Benevolence of the Deity* (1784):

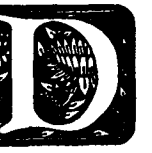
> "The style of this treatise is, in general, clear and unaffected, though not elegant. We meet with some uncouth words; such as *bestowment, exertment, lengthy, enlargedness, preparedness*; which we cannot account for on any other supposition that that of their being current in America."

The same reviewers made very similar remarks about works written outside the literary groups of London. For example, the *Monthly Review* reviewer of a book by "Peter Pennyless" called *Sentimental Lucubrations* (1770), believing that "Peter Pennyless" was either a Scotsman, or a Scotsman living in America, objected to such "unspiritual and carnal words" as *perlimanory, facilitously, positiviously*, and *concentricated*. It was the start of a long period of assuming that unfamiliar words were very likely either of provincial origin, or, much more disastrously, of American origin. In 1776, however, the cloud was no larger than a man's hand. There were only three million people in the American colonies, that is as many people as there are at present in New Zealand, and no one sees any threat to current English from New Zealand.

GREAT CHANGES came about. The pound turned into the dollar, and the population of the USA increased at a phenomenal rate. The heady and healthy nationalism of the period brought political and linguistic imperatives in its wake. From 1806 onward Noah Webster made at first a tentative and then a more permanent record of the vocabulary he found in the works of his fellow countrymen. He observed that certain spellings were more frequently used in American publications than in their analogues in Britain, and he built them into his dictionaries. American English, no longer in his eyes a mere dialect of English, was on a separation course from any variety of English spoken or written in Great Britain, and the outline differences are clearly observable in successive versions of his dictionary.

This is not the occasion to give a formal account of the attitudes of scholars and men of letters to the evolution of the English language in the 19th century. Suffice it to say that the two forms of English slowly drifted apart, as languages tend to, when most of the speakers of one branch of a language never actually meet or talk to most of the speakers of a geographically separated branch.

DILLONS
UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP



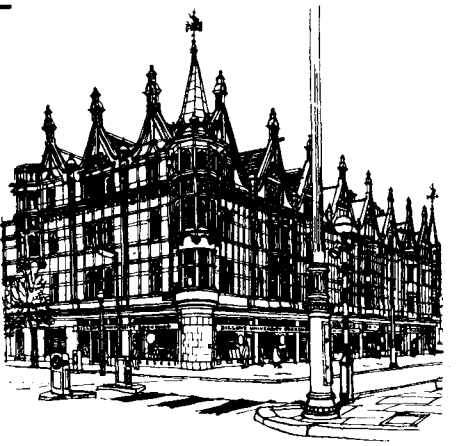
The tradition of Dillon's University Bookshop is to provide a comprehensive bookselling service to the Academic World.

Conveniently situated in the heart of London University, Dillon's invite you to make your selection from over 150,000 titles in more than 20 subject departments.

The Opening Hours are

Monday	9.00 – 5.30
Tuesday	9.00 – 5.30
Wednesday	10.00 – 5.30
Thursday	9.00 – 7.00
Friday	9.00 – 5.30
Saturday	9.30 – 1.00

A Member of the Pentos Group



1 MALET STREET, LONDON WC1E 7JB
Telephone 01-636-1577

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even by 1926, however, one writer who knew both countries well—T. S. Eliot—did not judge that American English had any particular independent power:

> "America is not likely to develop a new language until its civilisation becomes more complicated and more refined than that of Britain; and there are no indications that this will ever happen. Meanwhile, America will continue to provide a small number of new words which can usefully be digested by the parent language."

EARLIER THIS YEAR I was asked by the Editor of a student journal in Oxford if the English language was an endangered species. Clearly he, and many other people, felt that our precious English language is suffering from a sort of creeping fungus. *Time* Magazine had claimed on 2 January that the air is "saturated with recent coinages, 'reverse discrimination', 'mainstreaming', 'ten-four', 'good buddy' ", and so on. Books and articles appear all the time, pushing out a boat of prescriptivism, complaining of new applications of words like *charisma, consensus, fruition, scenario*, and so on.

My reaction was roughly as follows. Notwithstanding the fundamental changes to the language over the centuries, structural as well as lexical—for example, the sense of anxiety some gifted Anglo-Saxons must have felt when they realised that the progressive simplification of their language, especially the loss of grammatical gender, was leading them away from Europe and into an unpredictable grammatical isolation—no abstract sense of past suffering has been transmitted to us genetically, or by word of mouth, or by the formalisation of any transmissible rules or laws.

Our present century stands out from all that precedes it as one in which educated people, or at any rate some sections of them, suffer more grievously than in the past from the way in which language appears to be being wounded *now* by those who use it. And it is Americans who are being blamed for much of the wounding. But prolonged study of the English language leaves me with a conviction that nearly all the linguistic tendencies of the present day have been displayed in earlier centuries, and it is self-evident that the language has not bled to death through change. Vulgarity finds its antidote; old crudities become softened with time. Distinctions, both those that are useful and those that are burdensome, flourish and die, reflourish and die again.

I am convinced that the structure of the English

A Portrait of
Jane Austen
16 colour plates, over 50 black-and-white illustrations
£6.95, October 26, Constable
David Cecil

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

language is not seriously at risk. I am equally sure that the two main forms of English, American English and British English, separated geographically from the beginning and severed politically since 1776, are continuing to move apart, and that existing elements of linguistic dissimilarity between them will intensify as time goes on, notwithstanding the power of the cinema, TV, *Time* Magazine, and other two-way gluing and fuelling devices.[2] In Britain the standard form of southern English remains unthreatened by the captive and contained regional forms of English within the British Isles, and it is this Received Standard that is learnt by foreigners. It may be true that there is a form of Standard American to which all Americans ultimately aspire. If there is I have not yet encountered it, though the several approximations to one standard spoken form tend to merge into one in the written form of the language when the copy editors of newspapers, and of books and journals, have done their work. What one finds in America is a series of free-ranging, self-assertive, unrestrained regional forms of English. In the UK it seems unlikely that Scottish English, in any of its numerous regional varieties, will supplant Received Standard southern English, as the "best" and "most admired" form of English. Similarly, it seems unlikely that any of the varieties of English used in speech or writing by the Chicanos, Indians, Blacks, or Anglos of Arizona, for example, would be chosen in a nation-wide referendum as the "best" or "most admired" form of American English, however admirable they may be in their own right. At present it seems unlikely too that educated white Americans will decide to adopt any of the apparently ungrammatical linguistic features commonly found in the written work of Black college students in many parts of the States, for example, uninflected plurals ("all my Black brother"), the reduction of final consonants ("a novel base on"), the absence of the verb "to be" in utterances like "he a Black bitch", or double negation ("God didn't make no two people alike").[3]

AT PRESENT our knowledge of 18th-century English vocabulary is inadequate. The editors of the *OED* only dimly realised the linguistic significance of the events of 1776 and beyond, and gave routine treatment to the vocabulary they collected from English sources of the century, and quite inadequate treatment to the vocabulary of North America. Professors Craigie, Hulbert, Mitford Matthews and others have set the American record straight in those two noble works, the *Dictionary of American English* and the *Dictionary of Americanisms*.

But a new dictionary is required in which the vocabulary of all forms of 18th-century English is recorded in one work—that of Great Britain, North America, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australasia. With such a dictionary all of us could see the language that our great-great-grandfathers actually wrote, whether they lived in Boston or in Bristol or had strayed to more distant parts of the globe. Present-day vocabulary is being collected on a massive scale and the reference works needed for the purpose are reasonably adequate if one knows how to use them.

I hope that this dreamed-of 18th-century dictionary will be embarked on when the *Supplement to the OED* is complete, so that English vocabulary at the point of severance will receive parity of treatment with that of the 1970s.

[2] Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien (*The Observer*, 2 July), commenting on reports of my remarks in Chicago, maintained that "barring disasters of the order of thermonuclear war, the indicators surely are that the rate of divergence is much more likely to slow down than to speed up." In reply (*The Observer*, 30 July) I pointed to powerful models of the severance of a language into two or more constituent parts, especially the emergence of the great Germanic languages of Western Europe—English, German, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, and so on—from the mutually intelligible Germanic dialects of the 5th century A.D. East German and West German are already demonstrably dissimilar after a period of just over 30 years of political severance: West German, for example, has a seemingly limitless capacity to absorb English and American loanwords, while East Germans seem reluctant to absorb any—even Russian—loanwords. Moreover such East German words as *Reisekader* (staff who undertake most of the official visits abroad) and *Solispenden* (solidarity donations or contributions) have no equivalent in West German and could not have in any German-speaking capitalistic country. Dr Cruise O'Brien, in pointing out that "in so far as there is a world language today, that language is English", overlooks the fact that English, as the *second* language of many speakers in countries throughout the world, is no more likely to survive the inevitable political changes of the future than did Latin, once the second language of the governing classes of regions within the Roman Empire.

[3] Examples cited in a paper by David L. Shores in *Papers in Language Variation*, edited by David L. Shores and Carole P. Hines (University of Alabama Press, 1977), pp. 181–3.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Lodge

Where It's At

The Poetry of Psychobabble

IF YOU DRIVE northwards out of San Francisco by the Golden Gate bridge you will find yourself entering an idyllic landscape known as Marin County. It has hills and valleys crammed with redwoods and eucalyptus, a spectacular Pacific coastline and, on its lee shore, looking across the Bay, sheltered coves, marinas and the picturesque Italianate harbour town of Sausalito. In this immensely desirable location live the affluent, progressive, trend-haunted and fad-obsessed Californians who are the object of Cyra McFadden's wickedly knowing satire, *The Serial: A Year in the Life of Marin County*.[1]

A bestseller in the United States, *The Serial* has made less impact in Britain, which was predictable, given its subject matter, but by no means necessary. Anyone with the slightest interest in or acquaintance with transatlantic culture, especially as manifested in language and life-style, will find this book hugely enjoyable. One British reviewer apologised for not having finished it in time to meet his editor's deadline: it was, he said, giving him such exquisite pleasure that he was eking it out, one chapter a night. I was not able to ration myself so strictly, but I too was delighted and fascinated by *The Serial*, and found it perfect bedtime reading (the unusual format—a large quarto paperback with spiral binding—makes it particularly handy for this purpose).

The Serial is made up of fifty-two short chapters, each illustrated by a naturalistic pen-and-wash drawing of the kind one still encounters in the women's magazine fiction which the story itself parodies. It concerns the ups and downs of a group of Marin County residents, their matrimonial crises, affairs, divorces and remarriages, difficult children and sick pets, money worries and career problems, fears, doubts and aspirations.

The peculiar *frisson* experienced by a reader of *The Serial* derives from the narration of this suburban soap opera in a style borrowed from the characters themselves, a language which is constantly asserting their membership of a sophisticated, liberated, trend-setting élite. As one of them says, "Marin's this whole high-energy trip with all these happening people", and what these people are "into" is "the human potential movement" in all its ramifications (one character alone has tried, over the years, "Gurdjieff, Silva Mind Control, actualism, analytical tracking, parapsychology, Human Life Styling, postural integration, the Fischer-Hoffman Process, hatha and raja yoga, integral massage, orgonomy, palmistry, Neo-Reichian bodywork and Feldenkrais functional integration"), plus physical fitness (jogging, cycling, diet), protection of the environment (taboos on aerosols and weed-killers, preference for small European cars, solar energy), and the cultivation of everything ethnically exotic in dress, food and design.

Being with it in Marin County is a constant nervous strain, partly because fashions are constantly changing, partly because, these days, consumption has to be conspicuously inconspicuous not to be vulgar. Consider Kate Holroyd's dilemma when planning a dinner party:

> Ten years ago, when she and Harvey had first moved to Mill Valley and started making the scene, it was easy; if you had people to dinner, you just cooked yourself blind. . . . Then came phase two, when everybody got tired of pickled squid and stuffed grape leaves and decided food was *fuel*, and that placing all that emphasis on it was "decadent." During phase two, Kate planted her Mongolian hot-pot with Swedish ivy. She no longer cooked three day Julia Child spectaculars, but instead called people at five o'clock, just off the wall, to ask them to drop round and take pot luck with "the family" if they didn't have anything else going. She promised not to fuss and said she'd "just dump another quart of water in the lentil soup."
>
> For the last two weeks she'd worried about whether phase two was still in effect or not.

[1] *The Serial* is published in Great Britain by Picador, £2.50, and in the United States by Knopf, $4.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had "getting back to the basics" also become decadent, while she was still too hung up on her own scene with Harvey to pick up on it?

THE MARITAL "SCENE" of the Holroyds is the core of *The Serial*'s plot. A not-so-young couple whose income is not quite adequate to their social and cultural aspirations, they have to settle for a tract house in Mill Valley (rather than "the old canyon house with a view of Mount Tam" they had in mind when they first moved to Marin County) where they live with their disaffected teenage daughter Joan, their cat, Kat Vonnegut Jnr, their dog Donald Barthelme, and their shamefully outmoded Danish Modern dining suite. Kate is heavily into women's liberation and macramé, while Harvey, who works in a bank in San Francisco and cycles home from the Sausalito ferry every evening on his ten-speed Motobecane, is all too susceptible to other liberated ladies in the area, notably his secretary Ms Murphy and the teenage supermarket checker, Marlene. In the course of the year the Holroyds have a trial separation and both experiment unsuccessfully with alternative partners and lifestyles, before, in the last chapter, renewing their marriage vows at a totally laid-back party where the Reverend Spike Thurston of the Radical Unitarian Church pronounces them conjoined persons and the guests shower them with brown rice.

As this synopsis implies, however, it is not the narrative structure of *The Serial* that is important, but its verbal texture. It is a veritable compendium of the dialect of the Bay Area, "the consciousness-raising capital of the western world" as Cyra McFadden has justly called it, a golden treasury of the slang that is spoken there by the educated middle classes, and carried, by a kind of cultural gulf-stream, to every part of the world where English is spoken. The linguistic ingredients of this dialect are varied and sometimes difficult to discriminate. The Counter Culture of the 1960s, black ghetto slang, jazz and rock jargon, sporting terminology, are certainly key sources, and it tends to be adopted and disseminated around the world most readily by pop musicians, disc-jockeys, top athletes and "alternative" artists. But what this language is applied to by the cultured, progressive middle classes is human relationships and states of mind. It is essentially a language of psychological description and negotiation.

For example, Kate's friend Martha feels that she has learned after five marriages that "marriage was this dynamic process. You had to stay in touch with yourself if you were going to relate to the other person's feelings instead of just ego-tripping"; but she hesitates to get involved in counselling Kate because "after all, she and Bill

The re-trial of Socrates

Did Socrates hold the 'instrumental' view that virtue was a means to good? Or did he hold the 'sufficiency' view that virtue was itself the good?

That question was argued at length in the correspondence columns of the Times Literary Supplement earlier this year. The exchange, at once expert, vigorous and elegant, was in the very best TLS tradition.

That is a tradition you can experience for yourself every Friday, in the TLS's many informed, some would say definitive, reviews of new and recent books.

T·L·S

On sale at newsagents every Friday.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were still getting inside each other's heads, a high-energy trip that didn't leave a lot of space for outside interaction." Kate herself puts off an intrusive acquaintance by saying "Harvey and I are going through this *dynamic* right now, and its kinda where I'm at. I haven't got a lot of psychic energy left over for social interaction. So whatever it is, maybe you should just run it by me right here. Off the wall."

ALL THE PUBLISHED COMMENT on *The Serial* that I have read has assumed that this idiom is self-evidently absurd and vicious, and that by merely exhibiting its intensive use in cold print Cyra McFadden has destroyed its potency and performed a valuable act of linguistic hygiene. The author herself has given considerable support to this view by her comments in interviews and articles. A former college teacher of "bonehead English", she has presented her book as a polemic against sloppy and automatised speech, and has endorsed, as a generic term for the idiom her characters use, "psychobabble", a word coined by R. D. Rosen, in a critique of do-it-yourself ego-psychology entitled *Psychobabble: Fast Talk and Quick Cure in the Era of Feeling*, published in America last year not long after *The Serial*. According to Rosen, psychobabble is

> "a set of repetitive verbal formalities that kills off the very spontaneity, candour and understanding it pretends to promote. It's an idiom that reduces psychological insight to a collection of standardised observations, that provides a frozen lexicon to deal with an infinite variety of problems."

Cyra McFadden agrees. Conversations conducted in psychobabble, she says, "make any exchange of ideas impossible; block any attempt at true communication; substitute what Orwell called 'prefabricated words and phrases' for thought."[2] British commentators, always prone to fits of linguistic chauvinism, have eagerly concurred. In a long article in *The Guardian* heralding the English edition of *The Serial* and referring to Rosen's book, Christopher Reed declared that psychobabble is "the Newspeak of our age—puerile pap, specious speech, yet a dangerously pretentious nonsense talk which one day could engulf us all."[3]

I REGARD THIS CONSENSUS of opinion as simplistic and unduly alarmist, for several reasons.

(*1*) Any language is necessarily a finite system applied with different degrees of creativity to an infinite variety of situations, and most of the words and phrases we use are "prefabricated" in the sense that we don't coin new ones every time we speak. Spoken (as distinct from written) discourse is especially dependent upon verbal formulae because we can't take in more than a certain density of information through the ear and because speech is not always primarily referential in function, but also phatic, affective, expressive, etc., and formulaic repetition may be useful for these purposes.

(*2*) Slang (of which psychobabble is an example) is generated precisely to relieve the inevitable monotony and deadening familiarity of ordinary speech by providing an alternative lexicon which is both novel and yet easily acquired and widely applicable. It also serves to define membership of a particular social or cultural sub-group, and to this end may be made deliberately mystifying to the uninitiated (e.g. criminal argot), but most slang, and certainly psychobabble, is not deliberately exclusive in this way. Slang is the poetry of ordinary speech in a precise linguistic sense; it draws attention to itself *qua* language, by deviating from accepted linguistic norms, substituting figurative expressions for literal ones, and thus "defamiliarises" the concepts it signifies. Once slang becomes so common and familiar that it is no longer foregrounded in this way against the background of more orthodox usage, its days are numbered and it either disappears or is absorbed into the standard language.

(*3*) The very success of psychobabble (for the sake of consistency I will adopt this heavily pejorative term)—the way it has spread across America and begun to penetrate English English[4]—suggests that it must answer some genuine linguistic need and possess some distinctive rhetorical appeal, which it would be worth trying to analyse and understand.

This brings me back to *The Serial*, which I

[2] Cyra McFadden, "Psychobabble", *Harpers Queen*, February 1978.

[3] Christopher Reed, "The Psychobabble Enigma", *The Guardian*, 14 January 1978.

[4] I recently had personal experience of the contagiousness of this idiom in the perhaps surprising situation of a university English Department's examiners' meeting. When a rather disappointing result was being discussed, I remarked (no doubt as a result of reading *The Serial* in bed the night before) that the candidate, though with a good record in course work, hadn't been able "to get it together" in the final examinations. Within half an hour, two of my colleagues, including a senior lecturer in Anglo-Saxon and historical philology, had used the same expression in similar contexts, though I had never heard it pass their lips before.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found pleased and fascinated me to a degree that could not be accounted for solely in terms of satirical effect, or the author's stated intentions, but derived in large part from the purely aesthetic appeal of its dialect. Probably the English reader will react to this differently from an American—certainly from a Californian. What is no doubt familiar to the latter is still to a large extent novel to us, and its "poetic" dimension consequently more perceptible. That is my justification for venturing a rhetorical analysis of psychobabble. I write in the spirit of an anthropologist who once did some field work in the area,[5] but is a little rusty and subject to correction by the natives.

THE GENERAL DESCRIPTIVE POINTS I would make about psychobabble are these. It is a predominantly metaphorical type of discourse, and the metaphors are usually drawn from *the movement or organisation of matter in space*, though the vehicle[6] of a given metaphor is often extremely vague (this is what makes it both attractively flexible in application and vulnerable to criticism as lacking precision). Psychobabble is predominantly verbal rather than nominal in emphasis, and relies heavily upon the deviant use of adverbs and prepositions to give commonplace verbs a new, figurative force.

Now for examples from *The Serial*, beginning with some words and phrases that are already well established in English English.

For instance, *into*, as in the description of Ms Murphy's date as "an artist who was heavily into belt-buckle casting", or the description of a former banking colleague of Harvey's who has "dropped out" (itself a spatial-dynamic metaphor) and is "into bonsai trees, meditation and Zen jogging." In standard English, *into* is a preposition qualifying verbs of motion and investigation like *go*, *come*, *run*, *look*. As a qualifier of the verb *to be*, which expresses a steady state, it is anomalous, and it is only figuratively that *into* may be applied to activities which have no precise location in space, such as belt-buckle casting, the cultivation of bonsai trees, meditation and Zen jogging. Used in this way, *into* becomes a metaphorical substitute for participles like *interested in*, *absorbed by*.

Another deviant combination of the verb *to be*

[5] See my novel *Changing Places* (Secker & Warburg, 1975; Penguin, 1978).

[6] I. A. Richards distinguished the two elements of a metaphor as the "tenor" and the "vehicle." Thus in "the ship ploughed the waves", the movement of the ship is the tenor and *ploughed* is the vehicle.

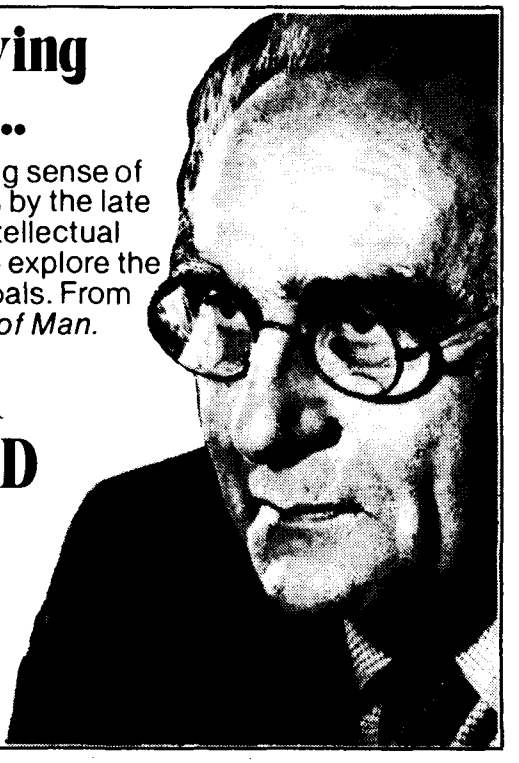
After we stopped believing love moved the planets...

Mankind found a new strategy for making sense of things: science. These refreshing essays by the late Jacob Bronowski take us through the intellectual revolution of early scientific discovery to explore the dimensions of science and its human goals. From the author of the acclaimed *The Ascent of Man*.

Jacob Bronowski
MAGIC, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION

$8.70
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

15A Epsom Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

+ preposition is the phrase *where* [pronoun] *is at*, as in "Harvey and I are going through this dynamic right now and it's kinda where I'm at." This use of *at* is redundant in standard English, since the sense is adequately expressed by "where I am." However, by adding the tautological *at* in the emphatic position at the closure of the clause, the speaker implies that a position has been reached in a process of change which has been going on and is (by implication) likely to continue. Kate feels the need of a friend who knew "where she was coming from and where she was at." There is a kind of contradiction here, and in the previous example, in that Kate seems to see herself as both stationary and moving; and this illustrates one of Cyra McFadden's most effective devices for ridiculing psychobabble, namely to make its exponents mix their metaphors.

Where you're/I'm/he's/she's/coming from is a metaphor of movement in space particularly favoured by the Marin set, used to denote the values or philosophy of life or personal experience that motivates behaviour and speech. "I know where you're coming from" is roughly translatable as "I understand what you mean", but additionally connotes that the addressee is undergoing a process of change and has in some sense *moved* towards an encounter with the addresser. Another popular phrase, again a metaphor of movement in space, is *get behind*, meaning to accept, support, identify with. "Weddings were much less conformist now that people were getting behind marriage again", Kate reflects; and, told that one of her friends has become a Lesbian, exclaims, "How does she *feel* about it? I mean, can she get behind it?" When the two tropes are combined, the effect is comical. "So you see, Harvey", says Kate in the course of one of their matrimonial rap-sessions, "I can't exactly get behind where you're coming from."

ANOTHER, RELATED, satirical device of Cyra McFadden's is abruptly to expose the metaphorical nature of a psychobabble phrase by unexpectedly bringing into play its literal meaning and application. Kate's friend Martha insists on sending her husband's shirts to the laundry because she "couldn't get behind ironing boards." Harvey's daughter Joan refuses to wash her father's socks because "I'm not into that laundry bag." (*Bag* is of course another spatial metaphor in the same dialect, meaning matrix of interests, concerns.) These are unintended collisions of the metaphorical and the literal; but sometimes Harvey, who has a thin core of resistance to psychobabble and the life style it articulates, will make conscious play with the same device. One evening he arrives home from work to find his wife and mistress lying in wait for him with a jury of feminist sisters. "I know where you're coming from", he acknowledges as they accuse him of being a male chauvinist pig.

> "So what are you going to do, Harvey? Where are *you* coming from?" "I'm coming from the bank", Harvey said. Nobody laughed.

Later, Kate refuses to tell him who she is meeting for a lunch date, on the grounds that she is entitled to her privacy. "Oh, sure", says Harvey. "Listen, I know where you're coming from. I just wondered where you're going."

As well as *coming from*, there is *coming down* (possibly a weather metaphor deriving from the sea-fog that suddenly descends upon the Bay Area in summer), meaning "happening" and usually applied to something unpleasant or serious or worrying. "Hey, look, what's coming down here anyway?" says Harvey, when he finds himself ambushed by the women's libbers. And there is *come on*, meaning "behave", but connoting movement again, as if the person to whom it is applied is advancing upon the addresser with offensive intent. "Stop coming on with all that incredible crap", says Kate to Harvey at the beginning of the same scene, when he defensively addresses the women as "Ladies." Then there is, of course, *coming out*, which used to be done by debs and is now done by gays.

But the verb that is subject to the greatest variety of mutation in psychobabble is undoubtedly *get*. In addition to *get behind*, already mentioned, there is *get centred, get down, get it on, get* [noun or pronoun] *together, get off on*, and *get to*. (I didn't notice *get with it* in *The Serial*, so perhaps that is now out, as distinct from far out, like Kate's Danish Modern extendable dining table.)

Get centred is self-explanatory ("What did matter was being true to yourself, getting centred. . ."). *Get down* is more elusive, but seems to be a contraction of *get down to* (a task), as in "That's why we're here [at a male-female consciousness-raising session], you know. To really get down and relate." But it can be applied to more hedonistic pursuits. For example, a party that is "getting down" is evidently becoming mildly orgiastic.

Get it on with has a specifically sexual meaning and is equivalent to the English colloquialism "have it off with", though I am unable to unpack this particular metaphor. The Rev. Spike Thurston presides at Martha's fifth marriage wearing a purple Marvin Gaye teeshirt inscribed, "Let's Get It On"—a witty play on literal and metaphorical meanings. *Get off on* is a doubly metaphorical expression, denoting the achievement of sexual excitement or climax of a masturbatory or

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fetichistic kind, but usually applied in *The Serial* to non-sexual gratifications. The following example brings out the distinction nicely:

> It sent Kate really into the pits when she learned from her "friend" Martha, who seemed to get off on laying bad trips on people, that Harvey was now getting it on with Carol.

Note the other characteristic spatial-dynamic metaphors here—*into the pits* (= depression), *lay* (= inflict) and *trip* (= experience). Variants on *get it together* include *get my head together* and *get my act together*, all metaphors of assembling and integrating something fragmented and disorganised. *Get to* means to hurt, annoy or disturb. "When the news of Kate's and Harvey's separation reached Martha . . . it really got to her"—a metaphor of penetration.

Another key verb in psychobabble is *hang*, meaning to act, behave, comport oneself. The injunction to "hang loose" is familiar and expressive, conveying a quintessentially Californian state of relaxed readiness for new experience. *Hang in* I find etymologically more mysterious. It seems to mean something like the English colloquialisms *hang on* and *hold on*, but without the connotations of strenuous effort those phrases have. "Now listen, Harv", his secretary counsels him when he is suffering from jealousy, "you gotta stay loose, you know? Hang in there; go with it. . . ." And Kate tells Harvey later: "So if you want me to hang in there any longer, you're gonna have to bring your energies to reconstituting this marriage entirely." *Hang in there* may be a sporting metaphor (I observed that it was popular with the tennis stars interviewed at Wimbledon this year)—but I cannot identify the metaphoric vehicle.

SOME OTHER CHARACTERISTIC spatial-dynamic tropes of psychobabble: *To blow away*=to surprise, astonish, as in "Martha's last wedding had just blown Kate away, so she was looking forward to this one too." This seems to be a pastoral mutation of the 1960s' psychedelic idiom, *to blow one's mind*, with its connotations of electric overload.

To dump on (intransitive)=to inflict one's worries upon, as when Kate says to a psychiatrist friend, "Leonard, I'm sorry to dump on you like this, but I'm on a really heavy trip right now."

Flash on=notice, realise, think of, an image of an object suddenly illuminated, as in this fragment of gallery talk: "symbolism's really heavy; did you flash on how all of her phalluses have these terrific mushroom clouds on top?"

Heavy=serious, grave, important, powerful,

TWO NEW JOURNALS FROM FRANK CASS

JOURNAL OF STRATEGIC STUDIES

Editors: **Amos Perlmutter**
John Gooch

This new journal will cover all aspects of strategy, both historical and contemporary. It fills a long-standing need by providing scholars and students with a platform for the discussion and dissemination of strategic study and research.

Frequency: three times a year
May, September, December

WEST EUROPEAN POLITICS

Editors: **Gordon Smith**
Vincent Wright

The aim of this journal is to provide a forum for the discussion of political and social issues relating to western Europe. The journal will deal with both specific and comparative subject areas and will carry an extensive reviews and bibliographic section.

Frequency: three times a year–
January, May, October.

FRANK CASS AND CO. LTD
Gainsborough House, 11 Gainsborough Road, London E11 1RS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oppressive (see two preceding examples). The adverb *heavily* is frequently used as an emphatic of *into*, as in "Julie had been the only other woman on the block who was heavily into macramé."

Interface=relationship, as in "she and Harry hadn't finalised the parameters of their own interface." Sometimes used as a verb meaning to have a dialogue, as in "we've got to interface about the menu."

Off the wall=spontaneously, as in, "She had decided to play the whole scene off the wall, to just go with the flow" (Kate preparing to confront Marlene for the first time). Presumably this is a sporting metaphor, an image of a ball bouncing.

Run [*it*] *by*=show, explain, as in " 'Martha', he said when she'd finished, 'run that one by me again slowly, will you?' " (Bill to Martha, when she proposes a mixed consciousness-raising group). An image of exhibiting a mobile object.

Swing with=accept, tolerate, as in "minor annoyances Kate could have swung with had it not been for other, more oppressive problems."

Upfront=honest, honestly, as in "Harvey told everyone that living with Marlene was fantastic, but if he'd been really upfront, their relationship wasn't really a waterbed of roses."

As I remarked earlier, adverbs and prepositions are particularly important in psychobabble, and the use of *out* illustrates this very clearly. It qualifies a great many words, both literal and metaphorical, usually connoting the breaking of some conventional limit or boundary, a dangerous but exhilarating excess, e.g. to *munch out* (to gorge oneself), to *mellow out* (relax as a result of taking dope), to *wig out* (to get very excited, a variant of the older "flip one's wig"), to *freak out* (to go or cause to become very excited), to *gross out* (to disgust) and to *luck out*, which means not to run out of luck, but to find permanent good fortune. And of course anything admirably original or daring is *far out* or *outasight*.

Finally, I would note the metaphorical use of the word *space* itself, meaning, well, where a person's at. "Kate wasn't really high on chest hair . . . but Leonard had a lot going for him otherwise, and Kate liked the space he was in." "I hear you, babe", says Martha's husband, Bill, "I just can't figure out what space you're in. Like, I'm just not in the same place, you know what I mean?" Used as a participle, *spaced out*, or adjective, *spacey*, the word refers to the slowing down of perception and loss of control of motor functions as a result of taking drugs.

THIS GLOSSARY is by no means exhaustive, but I hope it supports the generalisations I advanced earlier, that psychobabble is a pre-

EDWARD BOND
THEATRE POEMS AND SONGS
Over one hundred poems – a unique revelation by a working playwright of his creative processes.
Hardback £4.95 Paperback £2.50

RICHARD YATES
THE EASTER PARADE
A perceptive novel of two sisters, who each, in their different ways, find it hard to form lasting relationships. 'Few men since Flaubert have offered such sympathy to women whose lives are hell' *Kurt Vonnegut* £4.50

EM EYRE METHUEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dominantly verbal and metaphorical type of slang, which presents experience primarily in terms of the movement and organisation of matter in space. It thus has a kind of systematic coherence which lends itself to "poetic" patterning in a literary text like *The Serial*, and also expresses a definable ideology or world-view, which might be summed up in Martha's words of counsel to Kate Holroyd: "'Kate', said Martha soothingly, 'it's all process, okay?' "

Human existence is seen as a process of incessant change, readjustment and discovery—no one's condition is static or fixed. This is ultimately a very optimistic world-view of a characteristically American kind, since it banishes ennui and promises that no evil will be permanent. The rhetoric of psychobabble also tacitly allays the fear of death by avoiding metaphors drawn from organic life, in which change means eventual decay; its model of experience is drawn from physics, not biology—the individual is pictured in terms of energy and mass, moving about in a curiously timeless psychological space.

It is significant that psychobabble is verbal rather than nominal, abstract rather than concrete, in its emphasis, and hardly impinges at all on the world of material objects. Indeed, the characters in *The Serial* are almost obsessively literal in their allusions to concrete objects—everything is very precisely ticketed according to its brand name or technical specification or place of origin, and the reason for this is not far to seek: these material objects, consumed and possessed, confer status and define identity in the sub-culture, and their indexical function in this respect would be blurred by "poetic" language. Cyra McFadden's cataloguing of such objects is as observant as her ear for speech is finely tuned:

> Harvey made a lot more money now . . . but they spent it on things they hadn't known existed ten years ago: Rossignol Startos and season lift tickets at Squaw; twin Motobecane ten-speeds; Kate's Cuisinart, which did *everything* but put the pâté in the oven; Stine graphics; Gumpoldskirchner and St Émilion (Harvey had "put down" a case in the vacuum cleaner closet); Klip speakers and the top-of-the-line Pioneer receiver; Brown Jordan patio furniture; Dansk stainless and Rosenthal china; long-stemmed strawberries and walnut oil from the Mill Valley Market; Birkenstock sandals and Adidas (Kate didn't actually jog yet, but she was reading *The Ultimate Athlete*). . . .

The basic structural irony of *The Serial* is indeed the spectacle of people allegedly dedicated to "process", spontaneity, freedom and liberation, in fact being trammelled and subjugated by static, finite objects and possessions.[7] Still, there are worse human fates, and, just as I cannot agree with the wholesale condemnation of psychobabble, so I wouldn't trust any middle-class, educated reader of *The Serial* who claimed not to feel even a twinge of envy for the lifestyle of its characters. As one of them says:

> "Yeah, but who would live anywhere else? . . . Like, I went to this garage sale last weekend: live music, hot *hors d'oeuvres,* Parducci Vineyards Gamay Beaujolais. *Wow*, I said to myself, *only* in Marin. This is where it's at, you know?"

Cyra McFadden evidently knows, in spite of her unerring eye and ear for the absurd and pretentious in Marin life. She still lives there.

[7] There is a similar relationship between character and environment in Malcolm Bradbury's campus novel *The History Man*, a work of graver import and greater imaginative depth than *The Serial*, but one that affords comparable sweet-and-sour pleasures.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Redgrove

The Weddings at Nether Powers

I.
The grass-sipping Harvestmen, smelling
Like haylofts on stilts, creaking
Like wet leather; a raven hops
And picks at them through the gravel:
It has macabre dandruff.
In its spotted froth the bark-faced toad squats
Among the daffodils like Stars of David.

II.
A wasp crawls over the crucifix, sting out
Searching for a vulnerable part; the savage vicar
Strikes, the usurper bursts in melted butter
And horn-slices; another takes its place
Searching with its sting out over the holy places.

III.
A gold-and-black body pinned to a matchstick cross,
The extra leg-pair free, glossy with wax, their cloven
Dancing-pumps shadow-boxing with slow death;
The sting stretched out in agony and clear drops
Slipping along the horny rapier to the tip
Where a woman crops the venom in an acorn-cup.

IV.
The laboratory with skylights, the glass assemblies,
Tubes, taps, globes, condensers, flasks and super-hot flames:
With windows wide open to the pouring waterfall
White with every colour and exclaiming with every word,
With roof wide open to the starfall; just down the stream
The Mud Shop, with fifty-seven varieties of bath.

V.
Two birds singing together like learned doctors;
The dew is open on every page;
He washes the dog's feet gently with warm water;
She spreads luminous marmalade on cindered toast;
There is no tree of flies in which creamy skulls lodge, humming,
No dogs here have intercourse with any virgins;
There is a slug in the garden grey as a city kerbstone;
There is a cool sweet book of one page bound in appleskin.

VI.
One hundred ship-weddings, the scoured planking, the pure sails,
The bride's train blazing across the scrubbed poop,
The century of marriages and a hundred brides
Pulled over the water by their blinding veils.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalem

ETHOS: *Jerusalem's oldest and most famous book-dealer, Ludwig Mayer, died here today at the age of 99. Up until only a few years ago he spent every day in his shop. He was an old-fashioned book-dealer, and he believed in reading the books which he then recommended to his customers.*

DIE WELT

Wales

HEAP BIG PROBLEM: A little local linguistic difficulty has caused no small embarrassment at the Welsh Water Authority.

In the best interests of going bilingual the Authority decided to change the signs on all its vehicles. The new translation rendered Water—as in Welsh Water Authority as "Dwr."

This was a most unfortunate linguistic error, in the best tradition of bureaucratic blunders: although advice was taken about the change, the Welsh Office's translation unit wasn't consulted. "Dwr" should have had a circumflex over the 'w'. Without the circumflex—even in capital letters—it means "*heap*" not "*water*."

So 1,500 vans, excavators, sundry lorries and miscellaneous vehicles bearing the words "*Welsh Heap Authority*" all have to be changed, though the Authority assures: "We're not rushing round sticking on little circumflexes."

THE OBSERVER

Paris

MEIN KAMPF: *A Paris court today ruled that Hitler's* Mein Kampf *could be re-edited in France, but each copy must carry, on the first page, the text of the law of 1972 against racialism, and an extract of the Nuremberg verdict on Nazi war criminals. The text of the court decision will also have to be published in each copy.*

THE TIMES

Birmingham

QUEENSBERRY RULES: The Marquess of Queensberry is asking a High Court judge to stop a firm using his name. The marquess (48) has issued a writ against the House of Queensbury of Hurst Street, Birmingham, and Mr David Edwards of Bowling Bank, Wrexham, Denby. He seeks an injunction to stop the use of the name "House of Queensberry or Queensbury" or any other similar name. An inquiry is requested as to damages and costs.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Solomon Islands

SOME PIDGIN: *The Union Jack was lowered over the Solomon Islands for the last time Friday as the South Pacific nation marked its independence after 85 years of British rule.*

The Duke of Gloucester, representing his cousin, Queen Elizabeth, read a speech in Pidgin English, a band of the British Gurkha regiment played "Sussex by the Sea," and sailors from visiting British, Australian and New Zealand warships joined the march that closed the ceremonies.

The duke, in his uniform of colonel in chief of the Gloucesters regiment, said, "Tede wanfala big dei, hemi kam nao. Kantri blong yufala hem grou ap an kwin hemi wentem evri samting blong yufala, i kam ap gudfala long olgeta ias. Babae i kam." *In English: "Today is a big day. Your country has grown up and the Queen wants to see that everything you have and do may turn out well in the years to come."*

ASSOCIATED PRESS

London

T FOR TWO: Perhaps I may be permitted [Alastair Forbes writes] to preempt protest from any French person as surprised as I was by a quite false impression, created by the mysterious disappearance of a letter "t" from the word "this" towards the end of the first paragraph of my review (11 March) of the Memoirs of Jean Monnet? I had been at pains to stress the "ungratefully unrequited love of this country" (i.e. Great Britain) to which he had clung since boyhood, but, as printed by you, Sir, "this" became "his" and thus Britain France.

No wonder a friend, reviving an old French literary simile, remarked to me the other day that he found the British Press "comme une plage déserte, elle est si pleine de coquilles," coquilles being also French for printers' errors.

THE SPECTATOR

London

LOVE LETTERS: *A 24-year-old housewife, who could neither read nor write three years ago, told how she mastered her fear and humiliation. "My husband knew I could not read or write before we got married. He guessed it because all my love letters to him were in different handwriting. I used to get my mother and the rest of the family to write them."*

Her illiteracy was the result of changing schools at the age of seven. When her family moved from one home to another in the Rhondda Valley, the second school used the "Look and Say" method of reading.

Instead of being taught to read phonetically and to spell, she was expected to look at cards and remember words. Her teacher had humiliated her before the class by castigating her for not being able to spell her middle name—Janet.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York City

AUTOGRAPHS: A glimpse of contemporary values is granted by the discovery that tormented actor James Dean's autograph is worth twice that of Abraham Lincoln. The late rebel without a cause's signature fetched nearly £500 at auction the other day.

DAILY MAIL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHORS

Goronwy Rees has been a contributing editor of ENCOUNTER since 1966. His many published works include two volumes of reminiscences, *A Bundle of Sensations* (1960) and *A Chapter of Accidents* (1972), both published by Chatto & Windus who in 1974 brought out his *Brief Encounters*—a selection of the "Columns" which, as "R", he contributes to ENCOUNTER each month.

William Trevor's latest volume of short stories, *Lovers of Their Time*, is published this month by Bodley Head.

Leszek Kolakowski, who was dismissed from his Chair of Philosophy at Warsaw University in 1968, during a wave of cultural and academic repression, is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. His three-volume work on *Main Currents of Marxism: Its Rise, Growth and Dissolution* will be published shortly by Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press.

Günter Grass's "The Flounder: Pages from a Novel" is an extract from *The Flounder*, translated by Ralph Manheim, to be published this month by Secker & Warburg in England and next month in America by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich as a Helen and Kurt Wolff book. The photographs of his drawings, from which our blocks were made, are by Maria Rama: an exhibition of his graphic work will be held at the Patrick Seale Gallery (2 Motcomb Street, London SW1) from 10-27 October.

Lewis S. Feuer, who for many years held the Chair of Sociology at the University of Toronto, has now joined the Department of Sociology at the University of Virginia. His writings include *Marx and the Intellectuals* (1969) *The Conflict of Generations* (Heinemann, 1969), and *Ideology and the Ideologists* (Blackwell, 1975). He is the editor of *Marx and Engels: Basic Writings on Politics and Philosophy* (Fontana ed., 1969).

Edward Shils is Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago. Among his published work are two volumes of collected essays, *Intellectuals and the Powers, and other essays,* and *Centre and Periphery: Essays in Macrosociology* (University of Chicago Press, 1972 and 1975).

John Weightman is Professor of French at Westfield College, London. He is the author, among other books, of *The Triumph of the Avant-Garde* (Alcove Press, 1973) and the translator, with Doreen Weightman, of the works of Claude Lévi-Strauss. The drawing by Picasso is taken from the Paris quarterly *Les Lettres*, which published a special issue on Mallarmé in 1948.

Hugh Thomas was from 1966–76 Professsor of History at the University of Reading. His massive study of *The Spanish Civil War* (1961) was reissued in a revised edition by Hamish Hamilton in 1977, and his *Cuba, or the Pursuit of Freedom* was published by Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1970.

Philip Toynbee has been on the editorial staff of *The Observer* since 1950, and his literary criticism appears regularly in its pages. His published work includes fiction, non-fiction, and poetry.

R. W. Burchfield is Editor of the Oxford English Dictionary. His article is enlarged from an address to members of the American Library Association in Chicago.

Isaac Bashevis Singer's *A Young Man in Search of Love* was published in New York earlier this year by Doubleday.

David Lodge is Professor of Modern English Literature at the University of Birmingham. He is the author of five novels, including *Changing Places* (Secker & Warburg, 1975; Penguin, 1978). His most recent book of criticism is *The Modes of Modern Writing* (Edward Arnold and Cornell University Press, 1977).

RECENTLY published work by the poets who are published in this issue includes: **R. S. Thomas,** *Frequencies* (Macmillan); **D. J. Enright,** *Paradise Illustrated* (Chatto & Windus); **Peter Redgrove,** *From Every Chink of the Ark* (Routledge); **Vernon Scannell,** *A Proper Gentleman* (Robson Books); **Douglas Dunn,** *Love or Nothing* (Faber); **Anthony Thwaite,** *A Portion for Foxes* (Oxford University Press); **J. C. Hall,** *A House of Voices* (Chatto & Windus); **Geoffrey Grigson,** *Angles and Circles* (Gollancz); **Tom Paulin,** *A State of Justice* (Faber).

Henry Moore this year also celebrates an anniversary—his 80th—and the occasion has been marked by exhibitions of his work at the Serpentine Gallery and in Kensington Gardens, and also at the Tate Gallery. *The Artist at Work,* for which Gemma Levine has interviewed and taken many photographs of Henry Moore, is published this autumn by Sidgwick & Jackson.

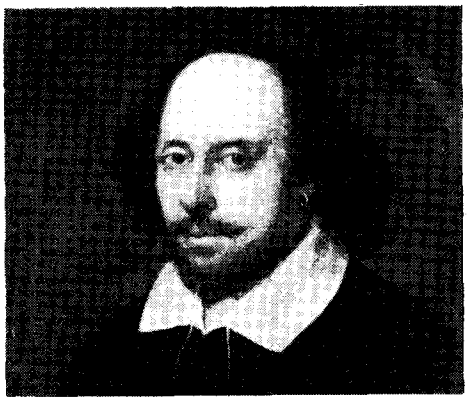
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dent congratulate Encounter on their 25th anniversary

A selection of our new publications

A book that no Shakespeare lover can afford to miss



Everyman's Companion to Shakespeare

GARETH and BARBARA LLOYD EVANS

Packed with fascinating information, this new Companion delves into every conceivable aspect of the man and his work — his life and contemporaries, the theatrical history of his plays on both sides of the Atlantic, famous actors and actresses, the bard in music and film. The plot summaries and full glossary will be invaluable for furthering the understanding and enjoyment of anyone seeing a play performed.

Illustrated with 24 pp of plates **£7.50**

An appreciation of an artist who brilliantly recorded his own time and its concerns

Rembrandt's House

The World of the Great Master

ANTHONY BAILEY

'Bailey has woven together a delightful image of Rembrandt's Amsterdam, of the people he knew, the houses he lived in, and the streets he walked. . . . It is an excellent book, easy to read, and filled with fascinating information about Rembrandt and his world.' *Washington Post*

64 illustrations **£7.95**

A magnificent album of pure nostalgia

The Day Before Yesterday

A photographic album of daily life in Victorian and Edwardian Britain

Introduced by PETER QUENNELL

300 photographs, of superb quality, largely taken by one of the greatest of all Victorian photographers, Francis Frith, none of which has been reproduced before.

£7.50

A revolutionary new theory about the extraterrestrial origins of life

Lifecloud

The origin of life in the universe

FRED HOYLE &
N. C. WICKRAMASINGHE

The popular view that life started in the primeval soup here on Earth is superseded by the authors' theory that a primitive biological system evolved in interstellar space and was carried to our planets, and probably others, by meteorites. The argument is convincing, the implications are momentous. . . .

Illustrated with 24 line drawings and 8 pp of photographs **£5.95**

DENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Günter Grass
THE FLOUNDER

His greatest novel since **The Tin Drum.**
"A work of that elemental originality which made **The Tin Drum** a literary event." **Neue Zürcher Zeitung**
Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim.
October 9 **£5.95**
Simultaneous publication of **In The Egg and other poems.**

Penelope Gilliatt
THE CUTTING EDGE

On the surface a simple story of two brothers, in Penelope Gilliatt's skilful hands **The Cutting Edge** takes on a delightful complexity and wit: her subsidiary characters are a joy and her set-pieces are hilarious. **October 16** **£3.95**

Hannah Arendt
THE LIFE OF THE MIND

Volume One: Thinking **Volume Two: Willing**
"One of the last major representatives of that Jewish intelligentsia of German and Central European background to which the moral and intellectual history of the twentieth-century West owes so much of its brilliance and pathos." *George Steiner,* **Sunday Times**
£12.95 for the boxed set of two volumes

Alfred Kazin
NEW YORK JEW

"Compelling, vibrant literary memoirs of our time . . .filled with illuminating anecdotes about the great and the near-great" *Mordechai Richler* on the front page of the **New York Times Book Review.** **£7.95**

John Higgins
THE MAKING OF AN OPERA

"Very enjoyable . . . excellently researched . . . handsomely produced." *Humphrey Burton,* **Times.**
Illustrated **£7.95**

Secker & Warburg

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED